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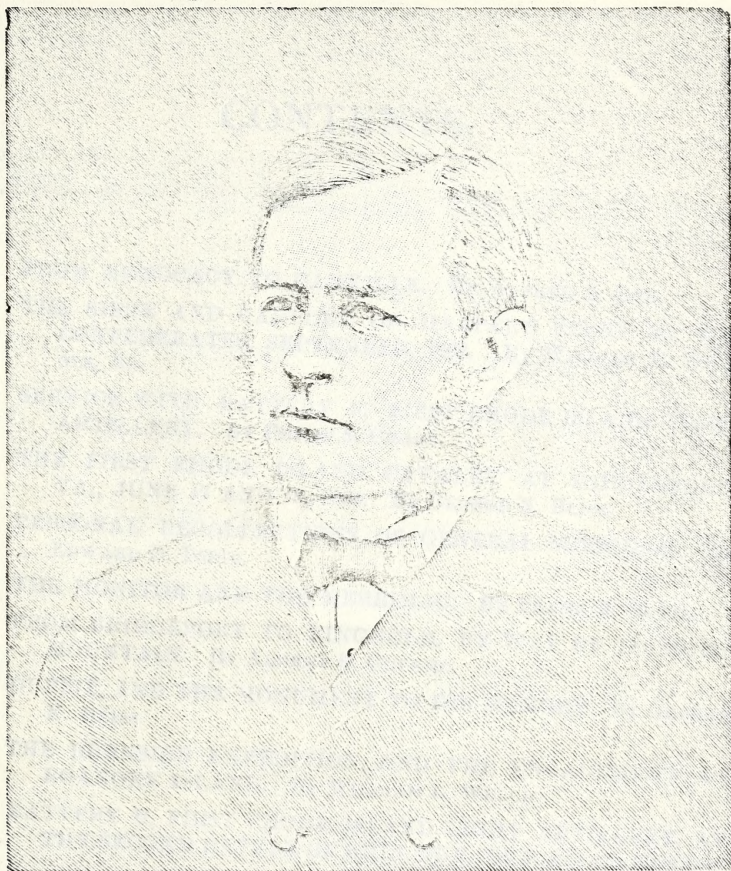
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Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society
OF RHODE ISLAND.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES:

Fourth Series, No. 1.

FROM MONOCACY TO DARVILLE.

ALFRED S. ROE.

THE
RHODE ISLAND
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PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
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FROM MONOCACY TO DANVILLE :

A TRIP WITH THE CONFEDERATES.

BY

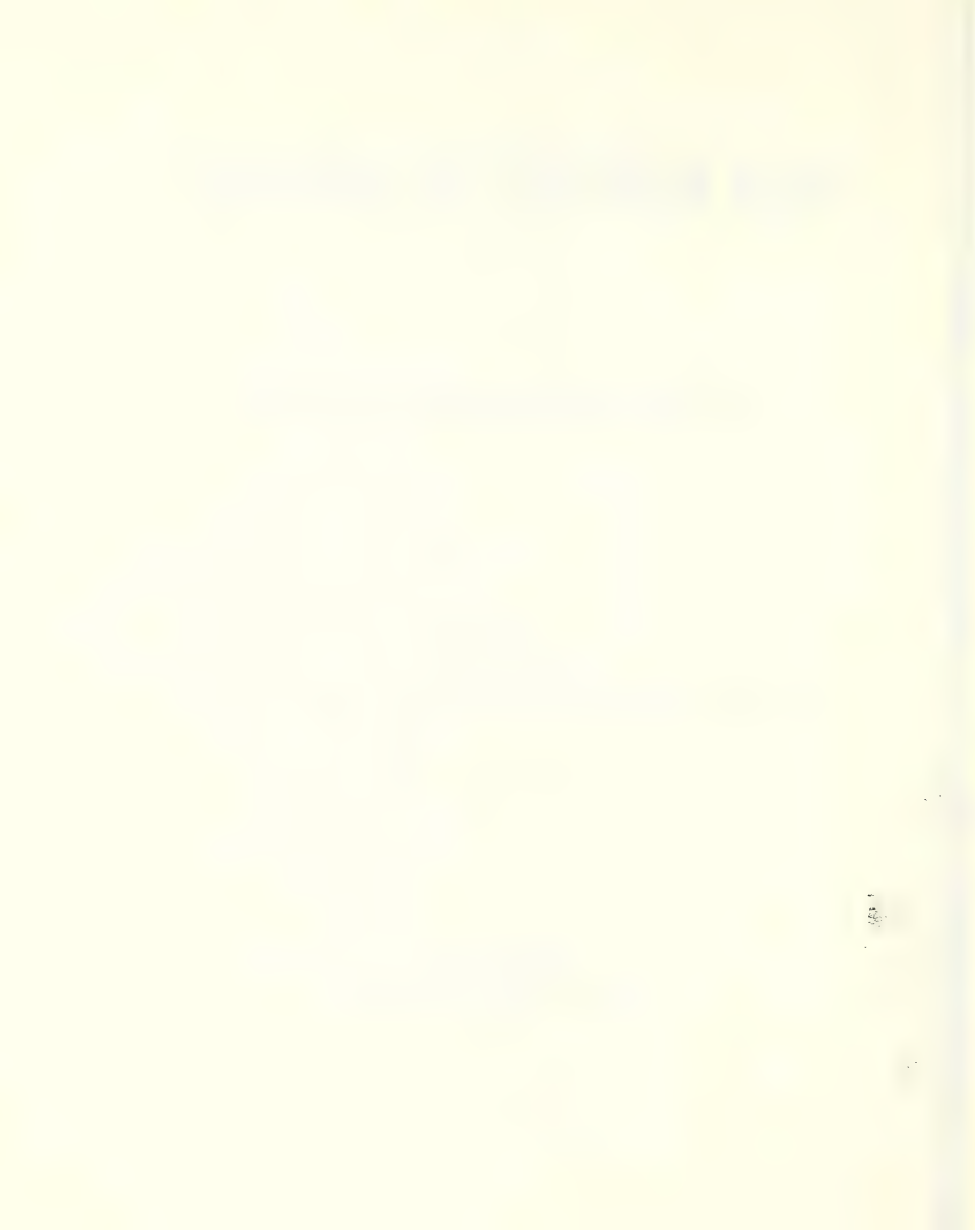
ALFRED S. ROE,

[Late Private, Company A, Ninth New York Heavy Artillery Volunteers.]

PROVIDENCE :

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

1889.



[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]

FROM MONOCACY TO DANVILLE.

CAPTURED in battle on Saturday, the ninth day of July, 1864, at Monocacy, or Frederick Junction, Md., the sun was well up his eastern way, when we, under Confederate guard and guidance, turned our backs on the burning stubble of the battle-field — dotted here and there with the naked bodies of our comrades slain, and took a road of which we knew only that it led southward. I have since learned that it was called the Georgetown pike. It was crooked and dusty; but not so much so as those which we had found in Virginia. A request to go out of the line to satisfy myself as to the identity of a dead man, lying by the fence, is refused by the philosophical guard, who tells me that I am better off without knowing. "For if he is your friend you

NOTE.—For the story of the author's capture, see "Recollections of Monocacy," paper No. 10, Third Series of these publications.

will have just so much more to trouble you, and so long as you don't know, why you may think him living. If he is not the man you are thinking of, it isn't worth your time to investigate." Such cool reasoning as that I thought worthy of the Mussulmans who burned the Alexandrine Library. At any rate my curiosity and interest were not satisfied. The ascent from the valley is gradual and as we wend our way, we repeatedly turn to look at the scene that is to be indelibly painted on memory's canvas. The river; the railroad, with its iron bridge; the turnpike bridge, now smoking in ruins; the big stone mill, near whose base I heard the last order, "Elevate your pieces, men"; Colonel Thomas's house, around which the tide of battle had surged the day before, and lastly, the wheat field, whence on that ninth of July, we had seen two harvests gathered: the one in the early morn of wheat, the staff of life, and the other at eve of men, and the reaper thereof was Death. Every feature of this scene prints itself on our memories, till finally the friendly hill shuts off the view and we can now give ourselves entirely to our immediate surroundings.

Marching in any way, under a July sun, in the Southern States, is not particularly pleasant. In our own lines, where one could to some extent pick his own way, provided he did not straggle too much, a man found walking wearisome; but under the direction of an enemy, whose march was largely a forced one, where we must keep in place and plod along, the course became especially tedious. It soon became obvious, however, that we had more friends among the people whom we met than our guards had. It was a very common thing to find tubs of newly drawn water placed by the roadside to satisfy the tormenting thirst engendered by the excessive heat. Of our approach, I suppose the people had been informed by the enemy who had started very early on his attempt to surprise Washington. The kind and sympathetic looks of many dwellers along that road, to say nothing of some pleasant words now and then heard, went far to alleviate the pain of our condition.

There were between 600 and 700 of us, many from the Third Division of the Sixth Corps, and others from the one hundred days men whom Ohio

had sent into the fray. It was their first and only experience, and many of them were in for a longer stay in rebel prisons than their whole term of enlistment called for. Speaking, once, of the little aid afforded by them at the Monocacy extremity, to a Vermont soldier who did valiant service on that day, he very graphically replied, "Hundred days men! Pshaw! They were only honey to draw the flies." I have many times since wondered whether I did just right in refusing a drink from my canteen to a tall, muscular Ohio man of the above category, who was marching unincumbered by anything save his uniform. "Where is your canteen?" said I. "I threw it away so that I could run," he very candidly answered. Moved by everything save admiration I assured him that he might run for his water. I know there was little of the Sir Philip Sidney in this reply of mine; but unlike the case of the great Briton and the dying soldier, I did not think his need greater than mine. Our first halt was at a pleasant little village, called Urbana, where a kind citizen, perhaps Columbus Winsor by name, of strong Union sympathies, sets out several barrels



of sweet crackers for our comfort, and bids us help ourselves. Many intervening years have not wholly effaced the regret that was mine over my inability to get what I deemed my share of those toothsome morsels, nor my admiration for the man who thus remembered those in bonds as bound with them.

It was while halting here that a rebel major, mounted upon a mule, propounded to me the question, as to why the Yankees always called the Southern soldiers "Johnnies." I assured him of my inability to ascribe it to any other reason than the well-known fact that johnny-cake was supposed to be the great source of life in the South. This appeared to him a not unlikely cause, and thereupon entering into general conversation, I found him an exceedingly agreeable gentleman. I soon learned, moreover, that personally, there could be very little animosity between the rebels and the men they guarded. The difference lay in the causes that they represented.

We had gone only about four miles from our starting place, and the time must have been near noon, but the command "Forward" to a soldier, bond or

free, is seldom more welcome than the parental summons to arise in the morning is to the farmer's tired and sleepy boy. The country through which we were marching seemed a veritable paradise. Soon after passing through Hyattstown, I picked up a letter, written from Georgia to a relative—I thought a brother—in the rebel army. In this missive the writer distinctly narrated the circumstances of several cases of bushwhacking. He set forth the shooting of unsuspecting soldiers by concealed civilians, in one case an uncle, for which offence the latter was summarily hanged. He also told of situations where he could have polled one for the confederacy, but fear of Yankee vengeance, he frankly confessed, prevented. This interesting and valuable letter I retained for several days, till, fearful lest finding it in my possession, my captors might think it grounds for ill-treating me, I threw it away, first, however, tearing it up. In these days of general denials of all rebel atrocities and of sympathy with the Rebellion, such written testimony as the above would have a particular value.

Our forward movement is unfraught with special

interest until we pass through the hamlet of Clarksburg. Near the outskirts of the village an aged man is sitting at an open window, the house being very near the street. An elderly lady, apparently his wife, is leaning past him with hands extended upon the window sill. So dust begrimed are we, that I do not wonder at her long mistaking us for a part of the rebel throng which all day long has been passing her door. Suddenly light dawns upon her, and raising her hands, with an astonished tone she exclaims: "Why, they are our men!" At once I eagerly ask, "Who are our men?" "Why, Union men, of course." Utterly heedless of the laws supposed to govern prisoners, we forgot our situation and laughed and cheered. But the nearest guard, not liking such demonstrations, thrust his bayonet through the window and thus drove from sight the good old dame who seemed to us, for the nonce, another Barbara Freitchie.

Near here I picked up a copy of army tactics, prepared expressly for those desiring to be examined for commissions in colored regiments. I remember well the thought that possibly, during the period of

my retention, I might be able to stow away enough military knowledge to enable me to pass successfully the examinations on my release, but this, too, I dropped the first time we were drawn up to be searched for valuables, not knowing how my captors might look upon a would-be officer among colored men. For aught I knew, the first man to throw it away did so for reasons similar to mine. To tell the truth I had several spells of carrying books while in the army, spells, however, that became much less intense as the heat and length of marches increased. I found many boys of similar tastes and experiences.

Our first camp was south of Clarksburg, and as our haversacks, filled on the field at Monocacy, were yet distended, there was nothing unusual in our preparation of coffee and consumption of hard-tack, nor in the refreshing sleep that soon fell upon us.

All the way down our guards had jokingly told us of the gay time expected by them on their entering Washington, remarks that we took more in the spirit of banter than otherwise, hardly thinking it possible that Early would have ~~the temerity~~ to beard the lion in his den. When, however, on the next day,

Monday, the 11th, we turned to the left on passing through Rockville, we knew that at least a feint was to be made. This was a little before noon, about the time that the Confederates reached the head of Seventh Street, and found that the delay at Monocacy had been fatal to success here, for old soldiers from the Sixth Corps had reached the capital in time to save it. He who saw and heard the strife from another standpoint may never know the relief afforded to the people of Washington when those veterans, bearing the Greek cross, marched through their midst. Never till then, I trow, had they appreciated the magic import of the figure seen by Constantine and which he followed to victory. *In hoc signo*, they felt that they were safe. What confidence the movement of well-tried regiments begets! Taking the place of the government clerks, the hospital convalescents and the veteran reserves, these old soldiers were ready to give to the Confederate commander an assurance that he was not Early enough for them. As one rebel told me, the Union men were placed so as to completely entrap the at-

tacking force, and only luck prevented this consummation.

But to my personal observations. Between Rockville and Washington we were drawn up in line and thoroughly searched. Money was the chief object of rebel cupidity, and all that could be found was seized. In expectation of such an event, the men having money had carefully concealed it, so that the net results must have been exceedingly meagre. It was here, thus drawn up, that I first saw ex-Vice-President Breckinridge. I remember him as one of the finest looking men I ever saw. His face was so classically cut, and his eye so piercing, at any distance, that now, with an interval of nearly twenty-four years, I can see him as he sat his horse and directed his men. I remember thinking, too, that an ex-vice-president might and ought to be in better business than seeking to destroy the place where, for four years, he had been the recipient of so many honors. In addition to seeing General Early often, we saw Rodes and McCausland, who were the most conspicuous leaders in this expedition.

The day itself was one of the hottest of a very

hot summer, and many, both Federal and Confederate, were overcome by the heat. While traveling this road southeast from Rockville, we saw mortar shells sent up from the defences, and the curves described by them were most beautiful. Exploding high in air, at times, they gave us superb displays of pyrotechnics, though I must confess that our admiration was somewhat tempered with apprehension lest "some droppings might fall on" us. To be wounded or killed was not longed for at any time, but certainly we didn't fancy blows from the hands of our friends.

The afternoon was half spent, when we filed to our left into an apple orchard and were ordered to camp. We had passed Silver Spring, the home of Montgomery Blair, and from the nearness of the firing I concluded that we were pretty close to the head of Seventh Street. I recall very vividly that several times during that afternoon, the early evening and the day following, shells from our own batteries went shrieking through the tops of the trees under which we were lying. It required, however, no great acumen to understand that the Confederates

were not finding matters to their satisfaction. The noise of the encounter on the twelfth was great and the rebel yell, varied by Union shouts, seemed as vivid as ever. Our Confederate foes must have thought the Sixth Corps well-nigh ubiquitous, for they had left behind them the blue cross at Monocacy, and here they were confronted by the same emblem, though the color was white. The red was there, too, ready for the fight if necessary. Little did we think then, that President Lincoln was himself witnessing the discomfiture of the enemy and the victory of our friends and comrades.

The night of the twelfth had shut down upon us and was well advanced when we were ordered out, and this time our faces were set away from the capital. By the light of Montgomery Blair's burning mansion, we marched away for the Confederacy. We then said that the house was destroyed in retaliation for the destruction of Governor Letcher's home in Lexington, burned by Hunter; but General Early has since disclaimed any complicity in the matter. He has personally told me that he found, on facing Fort Stevens, that the purpose for which

he was sent by Lee had been subserved, *i. e.*, some troops, he knew not how many, had been drawn from Petersburg, and this very arrival, while it blocked his entrance, lessened Lee's danger. He had not, from the moment of finding Sixth Army Corps men there, entertained the possibility of getting into Washington. Opposed, as we were, to the cause of the Rebellion, yet I think we can afford a little praise for this affair, though an unrelenting foe, in his leading his men by forced marches over many hundreds of miles, through a not over friendly country in some cases, down to the very capital of the Nation. Nothing but final success was wanting to make him the Alaric of the century.

The morning light was breaking when on the thirteenth we passed, for the second time, through Rockville. It may have been five o'clock, for I know the citizens were beginning to make their appearance, and one good old lady quite touched my heart when, through her glasses, she beamed kindly on me and in the sweetest of voices said, "Good morning." How those two trite, commonplace words, so often misapplied, lightened the burdens of that long,

toilsome day ! It was a good morning to me, only in the thought that I had seen one kind, sympathetic woman who, as she spoke to me, may have been thinking of a boy of her own, possibly, at that moment in distress somewhere in this troubled land. All through the hours of that weary day, at high noon and at sultry eve, still rang in my ears those pleasant tones, so that even when our march was prolonged all through the night, it was still to me, "Good morning."

We halted occasionally for rest and food, but nearly all the time we were in motion. The feet of some of the prisoners became terribly sore. Those of Charley R——, of my company, seemed like two big blisters, *i. e.*, as though the sole had quite separated from the foot. Great tears would roll down his face. He couldn't keep them back, but not a whimper did any one ever hear from his lips. At one of our halting places two of our party, one being Lieutenant B——, of Company B, of my regiment, succeeded in hiding in some shocks of wheat and made good their escape. Others tried it but were caught. During the thirteenth we found our

guards not quite so disposed to discuss the capture of Washington as they had been on Sunday and Monday. In fact, they were exceedingly waspish, and on very slight provocation shouted, "Dry up, Yank!"

Passing through Poolesville, in the grey of dawn, we came to White's Ford, on the Potomac, only a short distance above the scene of the terrible disaster of Ball's Bluff. The river here is wide and shallow, affording an easy passage so far as the depth of water is concerned. But appearances are often deceptive, for the bottom of the stream is exceedingly slippery. I profited by the misfortunes of those in front of me. Many, trusting to themselves alone, would undertake the passage, but slipping upon a smooth stone covered with weeds, down would go their heads and up would turn their heels, thus giving the soldiers involuntary baptisms. Seeing many instances of this, I joined arms with a like-minded friend and thus bracing each other we made the transit, dry as to the upper portion of our bodies. This was on the morn of the fourteenth, and soon after we went into bivouac at a point called

Big Spring, so named from the immense pool of water, the first of the large number of ever-flowing springs that we were to encounter on our march. It was nicely walled about and large enough for a hundred cattle to drink from it at the same time. Here we rested, and for the first time essayed to cook our own food, as our escort had been obliged to do all along. When I contrast the living facilities of the Union and Confederate armies, I am amazed that the latter held out as long as they did. The Northern soldier, when he went into camp, tired from his two days' march, made his coffee, ate his hard-tack, perhaps gave it a little relish from the piece of salt pork that he had in his haversack, and in twenty minutes was getting welcome rest from "tired natures's sweet restorer."

But not so his Southern foe. When his bivouac came he had no coffee to boil, unless there had recently been a flag of truce, and there was no bread, hard or soft, for him. In the wagons were numerous long-handled, three-legged skillets, having heavy iron tops. These must be obtained, and the flour dealt out to them had to be cooked, each mess

by itself. As there were not dishes enough for all to cook at once, some had to wait their turn. In fact I learned that during a halt some one was cooking constantly. As they did not carry yeast nor anything like it, and as they had but little salt, it must be seen that their bread would not have offended the most advanced hydropath, nor have troubled a Jew, even during the feast of the Passover. Our Monocacy rations had given out and we were supplied with raw flour, the result, I suppose, of some part of the Maryland foray. Bread-making, thus, was a new experience to us, and we didn't like it. As for myself I must state that I gave up the skillet entirely, and mixing the flour with as little water as possible, adding what salt I could spare; I strung the dough out something like maccaroni, and having wound this around a stick proceeded to warm it through, holding it over the fire, rather a hot task on a July day. I may say that I seldom burned my food thus. I couldn't wait long enough. In summing up the advantages held by our side, let us not forget to lay great stress on the superiority of our commissariat, and among the items there found put

among the very first, coffee, an article more worthy the praises of Burns than the barleycorn that he has immortalized.

We rest, with no incident worthy of note save the artillery firing by Union forces on the other side of the river at the retiring rebel cavalry, till about midnight. We are then aroused, and again go plodding along, kept well in line by our flanking guards. It is barely dawn as we pass through Leesburg, but we are too sleepy and careless to note what is really a most lovely village. It is apparent that our captors have no time to spare, for they hasten along throughout the entire day, making no more halts than seem absolutely necessary. We bear a little to the southward, and finally enter Ashby's Gap of the Blue Ridge. The region is mountainous and wild, showing very little for the many years that man has occupied it. The outlook to the eye is grand, and repeatedly the observation is heard, "What a glorious sight this would be were I not a prisoner." As a soldier, it did not take me long to learn that he marches easiest who is nearest the head of the column. Accordingly, as the days returned, Charley

R—— and I were found in place with only a file of Pennsylvanian lieutenants ahead of us, we yielding the place out of courtesy, for we were early enough for the first, but the easiest place, to our blistered feet, was hard. Again our march was protracted long into the night. So sleepy were we that we could sleep even when walking, and many a hapless wight in a walking dream and thus, perhaps, falling out of line, was by the guard speedily "hurried back to despair" and wakefulness. It was for the guards themselves a trying time, but their sleepiness never reached the point of allowing us to escape. Early and his forces had gone through the mountains at Snicker's Gap, thus keeping themselves between us and our army.

The hours of our night march wore on till about three A. M., when we stood on the banks of the Shenandoah, a name familiar to me from my earliest boyhood, when I had learned the speech of the Indian chief bearing this name, but I had never dreamed of such an introduction as I was about to have. There was neither bridge nor ferry, and to our tired bodies the water had an almost winter

chilliness as we waded in. It was deep, too, we having to hold our heads well up to keep them out of the water. Drenched and dripping, we trudged along into the small village of Millwood. Some of us were allowed to lie down by the side of a church on whose corner I read in the semi-darkness, "Methodist Episcopal Church South." I may, I hope, be pardoned for having even then, a feeling of pride that the division in 1844 of this great church, in which I had been reared, was one of the prime causes in awakening people to the enormity of slavery. However, though the church was hot enough on this mooted subject, I found the north side of the edifice extremely cool on that morning, and I was no ways loth to move when at sunrise we "fell in" and marched over to a grove a few rods away. I was too tired and sleepy to eat, and all I wanted was a chance to lie down. I remember well putting my head in the shade and stretching my body out so that the friendly rays of the sun might dry my soaked garments. How long I slept I don't know; but when I awoke, the sun, in his climbing the sky, had not only dried my clothes but he had well-nigh

baked my face, upon which he was shining with nothing to intervene. We spent Sunday, the seventeenth, here, and went through the usual routine of drying dough. Here I traded with a rebel lieutenant for food a pair of heavy woolen gloves taken by me from a vagrant knapsack on the ninth. I had kept them for just such a purpose; but I had no idea that he would use them in torrid July weather. Imagine my astonishment at seeing him wearing them in the hottest part of the next day as we were going through Winchester, and actually putting on airs on account of his gloved hands.

Monday we were off again, and I have since learned really going out of our way several miles to pass through the city of Winchester, thus contributing, I suppose, one to the eighty-seven occupations which that devoted city had during the years of the war. It was ten miles away, and we were marched this distance that we might assist our guards in exciting admiration among the denizens of the town. It was simply an illustration of a characteristic as old as man himself.

What Roman triumph was complete without its

crowd of captives? The savage Indian led his prisoners home that he might see the exultations of the squaws and thereby increase the story of his prowess; and we too had to grace, not a Roman, but a Winchester holiday. For the first time in my life I heard insulting expressions hurled at us from female lips. Revolting to me, to the scions of chivalry escorting us the words seemed sweet indeed. It was here that my rebel Adonis sported his woolen gloves. Passing through the city to the west side, we went into camp, and soon had a little compensation for the rude terms launched at us during the afternoon. The officers of our guard undertook to billet themselves on a family living near, at any rate within hearing. They were warmly received. In fact, nothing but hot water was lacking to make the reception scalding. The women, we learned, were Unionists, and they didn't propose to wait on rebels and they didn't. The interview was music to us. Within sight of our camp was the home of Judge Richard Parker, who less than five years before had presided at the trial of John Brown.

The next morning we left this city of many tribu-

APPENDIX

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THE following table gives a summary of the results of the experiments.

TABLE I. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE II. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE III. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE IV. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE V. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE VI. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE VII. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE VIII. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE IX. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE X. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XI. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XII. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XIII. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XIV. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XV. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XVI. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XVII. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XVIII. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XIX. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XX. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

TABLE XXI. — SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

lations, and going out on Braddock Street, took the famous turnpike southward. It is the same road that subsequent events were to elevate into enduring fame, as

“A good, broad highway leading down.”

To us it seemed the perfection of road-making, so level and straight that we were prone to say that we could see in the morning where we were to camp at night. Under other circumstances a prospect of a trip up the ninety-two miles leading to Staunton would have been delightful. The Valley of Virginia was famous the world over for beauty of scenery and fertility of soil. On every hand were indications of thrift. Large and expensive buildings and well-tilled fields afforded pleasing contrasts to the slatternly state of affairs in the eastern part of the State. Immense stacks of wheat attested the significance of the often heard expression, “the granary of Virginia.” As rapidly as possible the farmers were threshing the grain, farmers we were told now, but soldiers when the work was done. This was the section over which Sheridan was to sweep and to leave it so desolate that were a crow to fly over it

"he would have to carry his rations with him." For four years the enemy had swept in and out, at such opportune moments as would permit him to put in his crops, and later to harvest them. The ways of the rough-riding "Little Phil" were not to the liking of the people, and to this day they have no good word for him. In spite, however, of the brightness of the scene, the cloud of slavery hung over it, and men who claimed to be fighting for liberty were still oppressing the bondsmen. I shall never forget my astonishment at seeing at one of our bivouacs a fine looking old gentleman without a suspicion of the black race in his appearance, hesitate at coming into our camp. He appeared to be very much afraid of the guards. I accosted him in some way, implying my thought that he was one of the old planters living near. "No," said he, "I am a slave." If never before I, then, was more than glad that I was one of many thousands whose mission it was to make him and others like him, free.

Of the many natural wonders and beauties of the valley we had little time or disposition to comment, though we could not help noticing the excellent

springs that this mountainous and limestone region afforded. One in particular I recall, perhaps near Mount Jackson, that poured from the side of a hill with volume sufficient to turn the overshot wheel of a grist mill located hard by. Doubtless it was simply the reappearance of a lost river, a phenomenon not uncommon in such sections. Our usual camping place was near one of these ever-flowingsprings, so that one essential to health, viz., good water, was not lacking. The villages, of which there were many, I remember thinking no addition to the beauties of the country. Watts' hymn seemed applicable here, for while every prospect pleased, man and his village works alone were vile. They were composed of tumble-down houses, not made so by the vicissitudes of war, but wearing a down-at-the-heel look which seemed natural, another of the legitimate results of slavery's curse. At Strasburg we bid good-by to the railroad grading, whose railless and bridgeless track had constantly reminded us of the devastations of war. One village, however, held a bright place in our memories, for in passing through Woodstock, we saw two girls apparently in their

teens, sitting on the steps in front of the house, and actually having small Union flags pinned upon their breasts. We were not slow in discovering this patriotic display nor in making our appreciation known. To the credit of the guards be it said that, though seemingly much chagrined at this proceeding, they did not disturb the girls in their sympathy, nor us in our sentiments. This place must have a sort of political contrariness, for it is now the home of a Virginian Republican senator, viz., H. H. Riddleberger. Nearly twenty-four years afterward, passing through this same region, I found that peace has won for the valley great victories. Those who saw these villages then would not recognize them now. Progress has taken them in hand and thrift is evident everywhere.

Our guards I have thought a little above the average Confederate soldier, and in our bivouacs it was no uncommon thing for us to hold with them very animated discussions, always amicable, except when the negro was debated. On one occasion, words had run pretty high, when the gray-jacket thought to clinch an argument by the threadbare

question: "How would you like to have your sister or mother marry a nigger?" There was no delay in bluecoat's rejoinder, "Well enough, if they wanted to, and how can I tell but what your mother did." There were a bayonet thrust, a sudden retreat, and no more argument that day. One youngish guard quite made me homesick by saying in my hearing one Sunday, "Oh, dear! If I was only at home down in Alabama; wouldn't I take a ride to-day." This and other remarks showed me how similar in tastes we were and how absurd a war between brothers was. Personally I had very little to complain of. Once, however, as we filed into a field where we were to camp I laid hold of a piece of rail to burn in subsequent cooking operations. "Drop that rail," shouted a guard. I affected not to hear or to think that I was not the "Yank" referred to and so clung to the coveted bit of timber. When, however, the second command came, coupled with a threat to shoot and the click of a cocking hammer, I dropped the stick. Just why he was so very particular at that time I don't know, for there was little hesitation on the part of friend or foe to burn the farm-

ers' fences. In fact, the rage of one Virginian planter on this expedition is vividly recalled. He came upon us and soundly berated the rebels for burning his rails, which he had only just put in place after a previous destruction by Union forces. Thus it was, as a Confederate sympathizer has since told me, "The Confederates robbed us because they thought we ought to be willing to part with everything for the good of the cause, while the Union forces took all they could get as spoils of war."

There could not be six hundred and more men thus gathered together and no peculiar characters appear among them. Of our party perhaps the most conspicuous were two men of the "Ninth," known as "Old G. and T." Both must have lied roundly as to their ages when they were enlisted, for they certainly looked to be nearly sixty years old. They stuck by each other, making common cause against us younger men, but frequently quarrelling with each other. On one occasion our purveyor had dealt out to us a quantity of beef's lights or lungs for food. Now be it known that however hungry I may have been, I never liked that kind of

meat, but these two old soldiers would eat all they could get and would even fight over the division of the share that fell to them. So loud ran the discussion that we gradually fell to listening, and were not a little pleased at hearing G. say, "T., you old d—l, you! if it wasn't for exposing you, I'd tell this whole camp how you used to steal turkeys"; and this shouted at the top of his voice. They never heard the last of it till prison rigors closed the ears of both in silent death.

Eight miles north of Staunton we made our first camp at what was called the Willow Spout, a beautiful spring gushing out constantly from the side of a hill, and I have recently learned that it is flowing now as then, and still bearing the same name. Here a starlit night shut down upon us, cold as Virginian nights always were. M. J. and I made our beds as usual, with one rubber blanket under and another over us. The sleep, that tired youth secures so easily, speedily came and sealed our eyelids. How late it was that I awoke and found the rain falling pitilessly I have no means of knowing, but the whole camp seemed aroused, and dripping men

were walking about in all sorts of disconsolate moods. Some had secured a quantity of wood and had started a great fire, giving comfort to one part of their bodies at a time. Save my face I was as dry as ever. Drawing my head in like a turtle I flattered myself that I should sleep till morning and be not a whit worse for the rain. Alas! About this time my companion began to nestle about and thereby to derange the covering. I besought him to keep still, but he exclaimed, "I am in a hollow, and a stream of water is running under me. Can't you move along?" To do this would simply put me in a similar predicament and so I declined. Misery loves company, keep still he wouldn't, and he continued to pull and haul till in sheer desperation I sprang up, taking the covers with me, and in a very short time was as wet as the rest, which means that I was as wet as I could be. I then crowded with others about the fire, imagining that in our discomfort we were not unlike the pictures that I had seen of Napoleon at the burning of Moscow, our unhappy groups about the blazing fire suggesting that cheerless scene. Why some of our

men slopped around that night till they passed the weary and saturated guard and so escaped, while one or two fellows became the butt of ridicule among their associates for, wandering outside, they tried to come into camp again, but were hailed by the vigilant guard, who let them in only after hearing their piteous plea, "we're prisoners." Was there ever before such honesty?

The morning brought sunshine and in its drying rays we forgot the misery of the night. It was here that I found the first Confederate who did not use tobacco. Just outside the line he stood and proffered the weed for whatever the prisoners had to barter, and however poor we were it seemed as though there never was a time when somebody could not find something to trade off for this narcotic consolation. I expressed my astonishment at his not using tobacco, and he admitted that there was reason for my wonder. He said he always drew his rations of the article and then made the most possible from them by trading and selling. I didn't particularly care to flatter him, but I remember thinking him the best-looking "Confed." whom I had seen.

After a while we march out and are off for our last tramp before going aboard the cars. Of Staunton we get very little notion save the name. The train, such as it is, is soon in readiness for us and we are loaded into stock cars. So, in spite of ourselves, in one respect, at least, we go counter to Longfellow's advice, for we are

“ Like dumb, driven cattle.”

However, after our two hundred miles walk, we were not fastidious as to modes of conveyance, and the most of us gave ourselves to sleep at once. During the trip we pass under the Blue Ridge by means of a tunnel nearly a mile in length. Just as our car emerges an axle breaks, and a long delay follows, improved by many in picking blackberries, whose vines, of the running variety, cover the ground about the track. Cups and pails, even, are brought into use, and our last dish of fruit for the season is had. Of course we have only a general notion of our direction, knowing that our bent is southward.

Late in the afternoon we pass a peculiar, wide-reaching building, which, from its pictures I recog-

nize as the University of Virginia, and I know that we must be in Charlottesville. Afar on a hill-top we can make out the home of Thomas Jefferson, known in history as Monticello. I think how little the great Virginian recked of the turmoils into which his country has fallen. Within sight of Jefferson's "Pet," the university, and almost under the shadow of his home, I sleep the sleep of the just, lying upon a chip pile hard by the railroad track. In the morning we resume our journey again by rail, and soon are going towards the south. This day's ride ends with our arrival at Lynchburg. The James River, wide and shallow, goes tumbling along over its rocky bottom, quite different from the deep and muddy stream with whose lower waters we are familiar. We debark and march up seemingly endless hills. We go a long way to the outskirts of the city, and finally find rest in a large tobacco warehouse, owned then, I have learned, by Mr. Charles Massie, a man who lost everything in the war. It was and is on the corner of Twelfth and Polk streets. Along the way I note the omnipresence of the tobacco trade. In some places it seems to be the chief

industry, while man and boy apparently, are doing their best to make way with as much as possible of the weed. For the first time in my life I see small boys, scarcely out of pinafores, smoking with all the composure of old stagers.

In this building we remain two nights and one day. Here I receive the only blow ever given me by a foe and in this way. In the night I arose and started for the door. "Go back," says the guard, and he follows the command by a smart rap over my head with his bayonet. I had not noticed a line of men in waiting, behind which I should have placed myself, only a small number being allowed out at a time. Hastily retreating, I muttered imprecations that were not at all pleasing to his rebel highness, and he suggested shooting unless I subsided. I think my remarks were in some way to the effect that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to encounter him in some retired spot where the chances were more nearly equal. However, my feelings, more than my head, were injured, and they eventually recovered their accustomed serenity.

On the second morning we are again loaded upon

the cars, and are once more nearing our final destination. Now a road reaches down directly south from Lynchburg, but then we had to take an almost easterly course, going through a country which in less than a year was to be in everybody's mouth as the scene of the collapse of the Rebellion, Lee's surrender and the climax of Grant's career. We may have stopped at Appomattox, but I do not remember it. We certainly halted at Farmville, but so slow is our course in our rattle-box cars, and over a road that had long been a stranger to repairs, that it is fully night before we reach Burkeville. Whether our destination was Richmond or the extreme South we had no means of knowing, but when the train, after much switching, changes its direction, we know that we are to be strangers to Belle Isle and Libby, and so resign ourselves to prospects of Salisbury and Andersonville.

But we are to be happily disappointed. With the first streakings of day, on July 29th, '64, we stop at a village which we are told is Danville, and we learn that it is the county-seat of Pittsylvania County, Virginia. Later we are marched through

the streets as what might be even to us, were we not prisoners, a beautiful place. The flowers looked fresh and blooming as we filed along. They were the last I was to see that season, the very last that many of my friends ever saw. Feeling much as I have thought the caged animals in a caravan procession feel as they return the curious glances of idling throngs, we wended our way through the town, objects of much interest to the natives, who rushed from breakfast-getting or eating to look at the first arrival of the live "Yanks" who had come so many hundred strong, to make Danville their involuntary home. Along the principal streets we go, till we file to the right and come upon an open square or plaza having large brick warehouses on three sides. Into the first of these, called No. 1, lying between the square and the Dan River, we are led or driven. As I await my turn to enter I have time to note the river, the cook-house near, and the building itself, three stories high with an attic, into which as many men are crowded as it can possibly hold. We realize that we have escaped something in not going to the stockades, but what misery might be yet within

those walls, the future had not revealed. In single file we pass in, carefully numbered, and are forced along, filling the upper places first, till the red warehouse seems crowded to suffocation. Only the enlisted men enter here. The officers are consigned to another building. The last man passes in. The door is shut, locked and barred. Men with guns guard the places of egress even then, and, as never before, we realize that we are in *Prison*.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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THE
SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY

BY THE CONFEDERATES,

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

BY

WILLIAM H. NICHOLS, 3D,

[Late Corporal Co. A, Seventh Squadron Rhode Island Cavalry.]

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SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

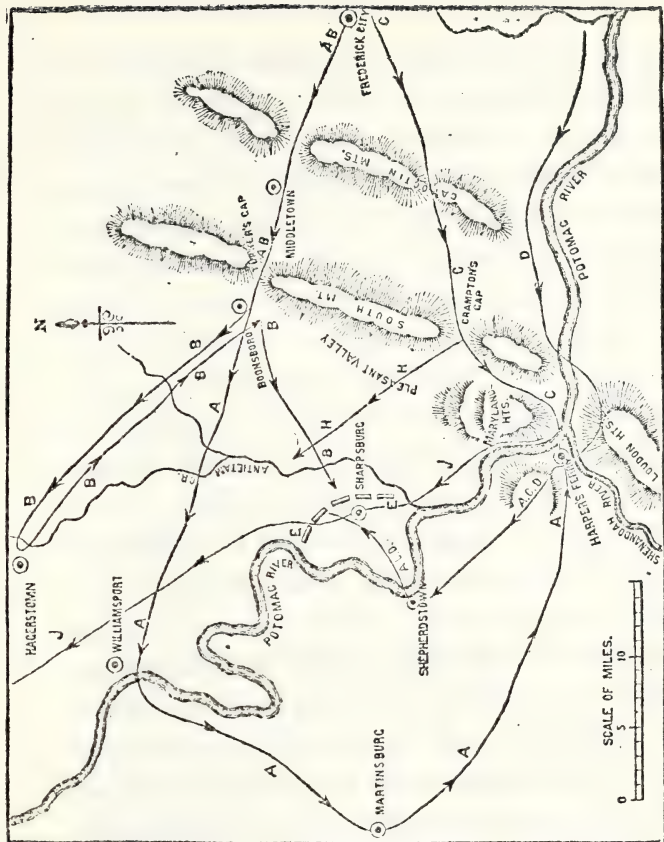
THE object of this paper is to give a description of an important event in the Maryland Campaign of September, 1862, which had considerable bearing upon the battle of the Antietam, the "Siege and Capture of Harper's Ferry by the Confederates," and which may be of interest from the fact that among its defenders was the Seventh Squadron of Rhode Island Cavalry. This squadron and the Ninth Regiment of Vermont Infantry were the only organizations from New England in the garrison of Harper's Ferry at this time. The Seventh Squadron was organized in the city of Providence, R. I., for three months' service, and left for Washington, D. C., June 28, 1862, under command of Major A. W. Corliss. It consisted of two companies, one of which (B) was made up mainly from students of Dartmouth College and Norwich University.

After a few weeks in camp near Washington and

Fairfax Seminary, Va., engaged in drill and camp duties, they joined a detached brigade of Sigel's First Army Corps, at Winchester, Va., commanded by General Julius White. The disastrous termination of Pope's campaign at the second Bull Run battle, August 30, 1862, had brought his army and the Army of the Potomac within the protection of the fortifications around Washington, and caused Lee to determine upon an invasion of Maryland. On the third of September he moved on Leesburg, and between the fourth and seventh crossed the fords of the Potomac and encamped near Frederick, Md. Pope having been relieved and sent to the Department of the Northwest, McClellan was placed in command of the Union forces, and advanced his army slowly, on the north side of the Potomac, his left resting on the river.

By the thirteenth he had reached Frederick, Lee retiring before him. Lee had expected that his advance upon Frederick would cause the evacuation of Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg by the Union troops commanded by Colonel Miles, and thereby leave open his lines of communication through the Shen-

andoah Valley. This not occurring, it became necessary that the forces in those places should be dislodged. McClellan's advance being so very slow, Lee judged that he would have ample time to capture both points and concentrate his army again before McClellan would attack him. Accordingly on September 9th he issued Special Order, No. 191, instructing General Jackson, with three divisions (including A. P. Hill's and Ewell's), to cross the Potomac near Sharpsburg, above Harper's Ferry, capture any forces at Martinsburg, and thence proceed toward Harper's Ferry to prevent any troops escaping from there. General McLaws, with his own and Anderson's divisions, was to move via Middletown directly south and seize Maryland Heights with the object of capturing Harper's Ferry. General Walker, with a division, was to cross the Potomac below Harper's Ferry, ascend the southern bank and occupy Loudon Heights, co-operating with Jackson and McLaws. These dispositions were promptly carried out. Jackson left Frederick on the tenth, crossed the Potomac on the eleventh near Williamsport, entered Martinsburg on the twelfth,



REBEL MOVEMENTS ON HARPER'S FERRY AND ANTIETAM.

A A—Jackson's march from Frederick to Harper's Ferry. C C—McLaws' and Anderson's march from Frederick to Maryland Heights. D D—Walker's march from the Monocacy to Loudon Heights. A C D—Enemy's line of march from Harper's Ferry to Antietam. B B—Longstreet's march to Antietam. H H—Franklin's march from Pleasant Valley to Antietam. J J—Line of march of the Union Cavalry escaping from Harper's Ferry night before the surrender. E E—Lee's line of battle during the battle of the Antietam.

and encamped about two miles from our lines on Bolivar Heights, at about noon on the thirteenth. McLaws reached Pleasant Valley on the eleventh. On the twelfth he had a part of his force on Maryland Heights, and on the night of the thirteenth was in full possession. Walker crossed the Potomac at Point of Rocks by daylight of the eleventh, and during the thirteenth occupied Loudon Heights.

A copy of this order was found shortly after noon of September 13th on one of the abandoned campgrounds of the Confederate troops, occupied the evening before by D. H. Hill's corps, and was taken immediately to General McClellan. McClellan was thus furnished with a clear description of the intended movements of Lee. It showed that by sending Jackson and Walker across the Potomac, he had divided his army, and while so divided it was placed at the mercy of McClellan. This information called for the utmost speed in the movements of the Army of the Potomac, as an excellent opportunity was given to defeat the rebel army in detail. McClellan acted with considerable energy, but his movements were not as vigorous as the situation demanded. The

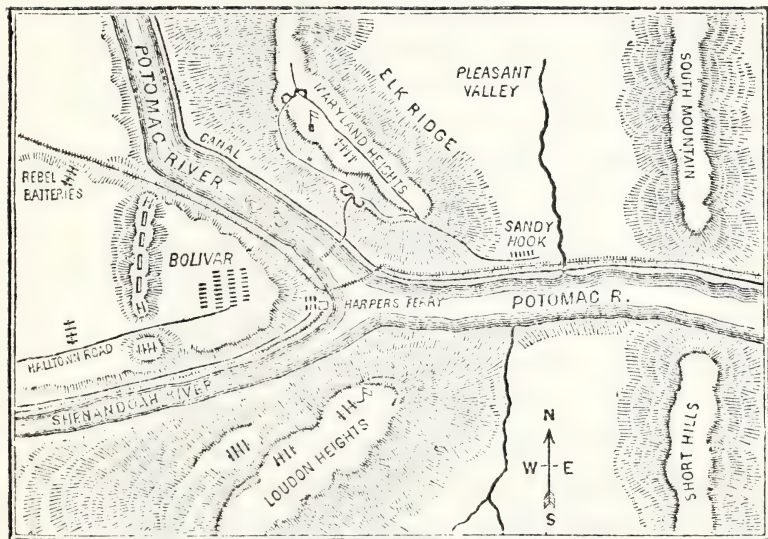
troops of his centre and right wing were directed against Turner's Gap, and Franklin with his corps was ordered to carry Crampton's Gap and fall upon McLaws. Franklin should have moved immediately, but it was not until the fourteenth that he marched, and he did not carry Crampton's Gap until the afternoon of that day. That night he moved into Pleasant Valley, where he was opposed by some brigades (detached from McLaws' divisions) which he had defeated in the forenoon. McClellan was now in position to relieve Harper's Ferry, Franklin being within seven miles of that place; but it was too late, for Miles surrendered the next morning. Had McClellan used a little more celerity he would have been in time; or had Miles held out twenty-four hours longer, which he might have done but for the early withdrawal of the forces from Maryland Heights, the place would have been relieved. Two days, or more, before the enemy reached Loudon Heights, McClellan seeing that the troops at Harper's Ferry were of but little use there, and that the place could not be held if attacked by Lee, suggested to General Halleck that Colonel Miles' force

be withdrawn and joined to his own. Halleck replied that there was no way for Miles to join McClellan and that he must defend his position until McClellan could establish communication with him. Miles could easily have retired by the south side of the Potomac in time. Had he retired, however, Jackson's and Walker's commands would not have been delayed so long across the Potomac, and would have rejoined Lee so much earlier, and McClellan would have lost the opportunity to beat the enemy in detail. Clearly the best policy was to hold Harper's Ferry as long as possible and thus keep Lee's army divided. Lee did not anticipate a siege at Harper's Ferry. As it was, the forces against Harper's Ferry were delayed there long enough for McClellan to have taken ample advantage of the perilous position of the rebel forces thus divided. The battle of the Antietam should have been fought a day or two before it was, and then Lee would have been deprived of the valuable aid furnished by Jackson and A. P. Hill on the sixteenth and seventeenth. If McClellan did not avail himself of this great opportunity to defeat Lee's

army in detail, which opportunity was brought about in more or less measure by Colonel Miles, it was not the fault of Colonel Miles. Harper's Ferry should have been relieved, and McClellan or Franklin could have done it. It has been said by a competent critic that had Lee at this time been in command of the Army of the Potomac he would have annihilated the rebel army, even although the latter were led by another Lee, with Jackson and Longstreet to help him.

The brigade at Winchester, to which the Seventh Squadron was attached, under orders from General Halleck, retreated from that place about 11 o'clock on the night of the second of September, after blowing up the forts and destroying all the government property that could be destroyed, and entered Harper's Ferry the next day. General White left us at Harper's Ferry and proceeded to Martinsburg under orders to take command there. Above Washington the course of the Potomac is from northwest to southeast. About thirty miles northwest of Washington lies Leesburg, on the southern side of the Potomac, and about twenty miles further northwest

is the town of Harper's Ferry, situated on the same side of the river. The Shenandoah, which flows northerly through the Shenandoah Valley in Vir-



HARPER'S FERRY.

ginia, here enters the Potomac after dividing the tongue of land upon which the town is situated, and Bolivar Heights back of the town, from Loudon Heights which overhang its right bank.

The Elk Ridge, running north and south across parts of Virginia and Maryland, is here divided by the Potomac, which cuts through these lofty and bold abutments of rock, on its way to the sea. The precipitous steep on the north side of the river is called Maryland Heights, and that on the south Loudon Heights. The space between Maryland Heights and the river is completely filled by a canal and narrow road. The railroad bridge crosses the river just under the precipice of Maryland Heights. The river here is about 300 yards wide. The ridge on either side of the gap, through which the united rivers force their majestic way, rises in steep and partly bare cliffs to an elevation of 800 to 1,200 feet. The town itself is situated on the point of the tongue of land formed by the meeting of the two rivers on ground which gradually rises to a tableland about 500 feet above the water level. The houses, which are of a very common description, built some of stone and some of unpainted wood, are irregularly placed on each side of the two or three streets which the town contains. The hill is so steep that one house rises above another in ap-

parent danger of toppling over upon its lower neighbor. A lapse of twenty years or more since the war fails to show any improvement in the appearance of the town. The ruins of the United States Arsenal remain as they were left by the rebels. The same houses are there and apparently no new ones. About the only improvements are those near the depot. But the scenery there is magnificent and beautiful beyond description.

Back of the town two miles or more is the low ridge known as Bolivar Heights, which extends from near the Potomac some two miles towards the south, dropping down to a lower plateau near the Winchester turnpike, and then rising again into a slight eminence and finally sloping more or less steeply to the Shenandoah. Standing on either Maryland, Bolivar or Loudon Heights and looking in either direction, the simple grandeur of the scene is most impressive. One can gaze upon these shaggy, frowning cliffs for hours with awe and at the same time intense delight. At times clouds can be seen lazily skirting or ascending the mountain sides. It is a wild and picturesque spot and worthy a long jour-

ney to view. From Bolivar, looking easterly, with the imposing steeps of Maryland Heights on your left, and the beautiful slopes of Loudon on your right, with the two rivers now united in one broad and beautiful stream flowing between and beyond, the picture is fascinating to the eye.

Maryland Heights far overtop both Loudon and Bolivar, and completely command Harper's Ferry. Looking up from the town Maryland Heights seem ready to drop upon it. Between the tops of any two of these heights the distance is about two miles, which is within the range of rifled cannon. Harper's Ferry itself is a mere military trap, lying, as it were, at the bottom of a teacup; but Maryland Heights, from which even a plunging musketry fire into the town is feasible, is a very strong position, and would be difficult to assault if its rearward slope were held by a determined and properly handled force.

Running north and south between the Elk Ridge (the south end of which is called Maryland Heights) on the west, and the South Mountain or Blue Ridge on the east, is a beautiful valley called Pleasant

Valley. It is "a perfect picture of pastoral beauty," dotted with villages and farms. The Potomac runs along the south end of both ridges. The valley is about two miles wide and is approached from the east by a pass at the south end of the Blue Ridge and also by gaps in the same ridge north of the Potomac. One of these, five miles north from the Potomac, called Crampton's Gap, is the one which General Franklin forced on the fourteenth of September. The outlets from the valley westerly are the gorge or pass at the south end of Maryland Heights and another five miles north over the Elk Ridge, called Solomon's Gap, which is of rather difficult ascent. Between the foot of Maryland Heights and the Blue Ridge is a small settlement called Sandy Hook.

The Union troops at Harper's Ferry were disposed as follows, Colonel Miles of the regular army being in command: the first brigade, commanded by Colonel D'Utassy (Thirty-ninth New York), consisting of the Thirty-ninth, One Hundred and Eleventh, One Hundred and Fifteenth New York Volunteers, and the Fifteenth Indiana Battery (Von Sehlin's); and



the second brigade, Colonel Trimble (Sixtieth Ohio) commanding, comprising the Sixtieth Ohio, Ninth Vermont, and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers, and Potts' Battery (Company F, Thirty-second Ohio), were formed in front on Bolivar Heights. This position forms the base of the triangle between the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers. In the rear of Bolivar Heights, nearer the town, was a second line on what was known as Camp Hill, and here was placed as a reserve the Fourth Brigade, under Colonel Ward (Twelfth New York), composed of the Twelfth New York and Eighty-seventh Ohio Volunteers, Rigby's First Independent Indiana Battery and Graham's Company A, Fifth New York Heavy Artillery. Along these lines were mounted about a dozen howitzers, and on the extreme left were placed four Parrotts and twelve-pounders. These four pieces commanded the approach by the Shenandoah road and also up the Potomac from Sandy Hook. All of these guns commanded the position on Bolivar Heights, and raked the whole plain across which troops must advance before they could reach the inner line on Camp Hill,

and having the range of Maryland and Loudon Heights made the position a strong one.

Maryland Heights, across the river from Harper's Ferry, rise some 1,200 feet. Hardly half way up these heights, on the west slope, were placed two ten-inch Dahlgrens, one fifty-pounder gun and two twelve-pounder howitzers, under Captain McGrath of the Fifth New York Artillery. Two twelve-pounder guns were afterwards added. This position commanded all the other batteries and the surrounding country. A shot from the Dahlgrens could be thrown into Halltown, about two miles beyond the Federal position on Bolivar. Supporting this battery was the Third Brigade, Colonel Ford (Thirty-second Ohio) commanding, comprising the Thirty-second Ohio Volunteers, three companies of the First Maryland Regiment (Potomac Home Brigade), a detachment of the Fifth New York Artillery, two companies of the First Maryland Cavalry, and the Seventh Squadron of Rhode Island Cavalry—an aggregate of about 1,150 men.

At and around Sandy Hook a force under Colonel Maulsby, consisting of five companies of the First

Maryland Regiment (Potomac Home Brigade), eight companies of the Eighty-seventh Ohio Volunteers, three pieces of Potts' artillery, and Captain Cole's company of Maryland Cavalry, were placed to prevent surprise and repel attack up the eastern side of Maryland Heights, as well as to guard the approach to the ferry around the bend of the Potomac. At Shepardstown, farther up the Potomac, were stationed the Third Maryland Regiment (Potomac Home Brigade), Lieutenant-Colonel Downey, and the Eighth New York Cavalry, Colonel Davis.

The actual conflict began on Friday morning, September 12th, by shelling of our pickets out of Solomon's Gap by the enemy. Kershaw's and Barksdale's brigades of McLaws' force advanced from Pleasant Valley and gradually compelled our troops to fall back along the ridge to the top of the mountain.

The nature of the ground on Maryland Heights was unsuitable for the movement of troops, being in part very rugged, and in part covered with dense woods and undergrowth, obscuring the vision. From the river (Potomac) near and above where the rail-

road bridge crosses, a rather difficult road led up around the western slope of the mountain to the top and from the top down the eastern side to near Sandy Hook. About half way up this road were placed McGrath's guns previously alluded to. Along the ridge of the mountain ran a path for nearly a mile to the highest point, called the "lookout," and then on about a quarter of a mile, where a slight breastworks of logs had shortly before been thrown across the ridge, and down the western slope for a short distance.

The east, or Pleasant Valley side, was so steep that no works were necessary. There was some slashing in front of the breastworks, south of which some twenty or thirty rods a path ran winding down towards Harper's Ferry to a spring and thence along the side of the mountain to the battery. A battalion of the Thirty-ninth New York had already arrived from the other side of the river, and the action becoming warm, the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, Colonel Sherrill, was ordered over as a reinforcement. The One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth New York and five companies of the Thirty-

second Ohio were ordered to the top of the mountain, where were already stationed a company of the Thirty-second Ohio and two companies of the Maryland regiment.

These troops immediately became engaged some distance in front of the slight breastworks. The skirmishing here was very sharp and the enemy's advance was thoroughly checked. Troops were stationed down the slope on the left to frustrate any flank movement. Night coming on the fighting ceased and the contestants slept on their arms in close proximity. Towards night, in the direction of Sandy Hook, the enemy largely increased their forces, and our men there stationed fell back in good order to near the bridge, a couple of shells from our guns dispersing a body of the enemy's cavalry.

During Friday considerable anxiety was felt for General White, commanding at Martinsburg. Colonel Davis, with the Eighth New York Cavalry, had been dispatched in that direction early in the morning to cover his retreat on Harper's Ferry.

Various rumors came in that White had been attacked and was still engaged, but late in the after-

noon he arrived and brought with him the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York, Sixty-fifth Illinois, the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, and Phillips' Illinois Battery, which were assigned positions on Bolivar Heights. General White was now the ranking officer, but he waived his right of taking command for reasons very creditable to him, and offered his services and those of his troops to Colonel Miles. I am of the opinion that had General White thought proper to assume the command, the defence would have been conducted in a satisfactory manner, although his late arrival, two and a half days before the surrender, and the absence of the necessary means of defense which should have been prepared weeks before, would have prevented his saving the place. The next day, Saturday, the 13th, after repeated calls the day before by Colonel Ford for reinforcements, Lieutenant-Colonel Downey, with eight companies (about 400 men) of the Third Maryland, arrived on the heights about 9 A. M., and were stationed on the west slope; and seven companies of the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York arrived about noon and were placed on the left, on

the side of the hill near the old house and spring beyond McGrath's battery.

The enemy advanced quite early in the morning, and opened fire some 500 yards or more in front of the breastworks of logs. They were here opposed by parts of the Thirty-second Ohio, Thirty-ninth New York and seven companies of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, who during two hours' sharp skirmishing prevented any further advance, until the enemy brought up large reinforcements greatly outnumbering us and outflanking our left, when the troops were ordered to retire behind the breastworks, which was done rapidly, but in good order, firing as they went. This was a very sharp and spirited engagement over a very rough and wooded piece of ground. Four companies of Downey's regiment were retained by Colonel Ford, and Downey was ordered to take the remaining four and three companies of the Thirty-second Ohio in behind the breastworks and report to Colonel Sherrill. Heavy firing on both sides continued for some time. After a while the rebels were observed flanking around our left and some companies of the One

Hundred and Twenty-sixth were sent there on the double-quick to oppose them and the attempt was successfully checked, several of our men being killed and wounded.

The firing at the breastworks again became very hot, and Colonel Sherrill received a bad wound in the jaw and was borne to the rear. Our troops continued firing, effectually repulsing any attempts of the rebels to advance. About this time an aid brought a verbal order for the troops to retire to the rear of the lookout. This order seemed so unreasonable that it was not obeyed until it was stated that McGrath was about to shell the position. The troops then reluctantly fell back and made a stand on a ridge south of the lookout across the top of the mountain and, extending down the west slope, concentrated gradually nearer the battery. Barksdale's Mississippi brigade had got around our right flank down the east face of the mountain. Kershaw states that here a most obstinate resistance was encountered and his loss being heavy he was obliged, in supporting the attack, to send in another regiment which was also stoutly resisted.

Our men held this last position until between 2 and 3 P. M., when, much to their amazement, an order came from Colonel Ford to evacuate the heights and fall back to Harper's Ferry. After Colonel Sherrill was wounded there was no field officer in responsible command on the heights, and contradictory and confusing orders followed one another, and there was some skulking to the rear by individuals. The larger portion of the men were just from home and had not had their arms long enough to have learned to load and fire. There were many instances of bravery among these fresh troops. I noticed one boy of about eighteen, belonging to the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, who showed considerable pluck in enduring without a murmur a wound in his groin from which he soon died. It was a bad place in which to match green troops against veterans. The defense on the heights was badly managed. Colonel Ford remained during the fighting down near the battery instead of personally supervising operations on the heights. He was not competent for the position, but there were other colonels in the Harper's Ferry

garrison who were, and who would have held the place longer than it was held, and probably long enough to have been effectual. Solomon's Gap was *the* point to be defended, as that was the natural approach for McLaws and the key to Harper's Ferry. Only a picket force was there and McLaws' advance was but feebly resisted. The gap should have been defended in force with artillery.

After McLaws got through the gap he had an equal advantage with us, and when he got to the crest of the mountain where the breastworks and "lookout" were located, he had everything in his favor. Ford should have held on longer, which he probably could have done, and thus given time for reinforcements to cross the river.

By far the larger part of the troops in Harper's Ferry were very raw. Most of them had been less than three months in the service, were under fire for the first time, and were hardly in condition to cope with the veteran Confederates surrounding them. It was said that McGrath, who commanded the batteries, upon receiving orders to spike his guns refused to obey and would not do so until he saw the

infantry deserting him. He felt so badly that he cried like a child, and told Colonel Ford that "it was the act of a traitor, no matter by whose orders it was done." It was supposed that Ford had orders to hold the heights to the last extremity, which had not then arrived. Colonel Miles told General White immediately after the evacuation that he gave no orders to withdraw from the heights; but he did not put Colonel Ford under arrest nor do anything to reoccupy the heights as he might and should have done.

The Dahlgrens were spiked and tipped over the hill and the other guns rendered useless. Colonel D'Utassy, commanding First Brigade, on Bolivar Heights, offered to go over and retake and hold the position but Colonel Miles refused permission, saying, "they have spiked the guns; it is no use."

After Ford's brigade had been withdrawn across the river and stationed on Bolivar Heights and Camp Hill, there were no further operations on Maryland Heights by the Federal forces, with the exception that at noon on the next day, Sunday, Colonel D'Utassy assumed the responsibility of sending over

four companies (two each of the Thirty-ninth New York and Sixty-fifth Illinois) under Major Wood, to bring off what they could of the abandoned guns and ammunition. They ascended the heights with little or no opposition and safely brought back four cannon and a considerable quantity of ammunition, which was afterwards used.

Captain Russell, with nine of his cavalrymen, under instructions from Colonel Miles, started on Saturday night for General McClellan's headquarters. After several encounters with the enemy's pickets he reached McClellan near Frederick on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Russell informed McClellan of the situation and that Miles had subsistence for forty-eight hours and probably could hold out that length of time. McClellan told him that Franklin was on his way to relieve the place and he sent a messenger off to urge Franklin forward. Russell could not get back to Harper's Ferry, and afterwards went with a note from McClellan to Franklin, which he delivered to Franklin about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, while he was fighting the battle at Crampton's Gap. Franklin drove the enemy from the gap and

rested for the night about seven miles from Harper's Ferry. Franklin could have relieved the place had he pushed on with celerity.

Just after the heights were evacuated on Saturday afternoon the enemy appeared in force on Loudon Heights and were noticed signalling. Batteries were opened upon them and three shots scattered them into the woods. Our shots were not replied to, the rebels apparently being busy getting a battery ready for work. Saturday night closed upon the defenders full of spéculations as to what the morrow might bring forth. Although the evacuation of the position across the Potomac had made some impression upon them, yet they were in good spirits and ready for the fight. Sunday broke as bright and beautiful as could be wished. Graham's artillery opened early upon the Confederates on Loudon Heights, followed by the other batteries, and for a time the guns made lively music. The enemy did not reply, and it was rumored that they had retired. Just after dinner, however, they began firing from a battery on Loudon Heights, near the spot where they had been signalling. The Seventh

Squadron at this time occupied a slight ravine or plateau in front of Camp Hill right opposite this rebel battery. This ravine, if it may so be called, had a fringe of small trees in front, and another quite near the bluff overlooking the river, to which it descended very abruptly. We had nothing just then to do but lie there on the green turf, watching the artillery duel. It seemed as if we could stretch our arms across the river (Shenandoah) and upwards to the very spot where the rebels were, whom we could see quite plainly. Their shells at first fell far wide of the mark and we laughed at them, but they soon got the range and plumped shell after shell in among us, killing a few horses and causing a rush for cover. At the same time they had got a gun or two in position on the very top of Maryland Heights above our old position, and two pieces of long range on the Shepardstown road and Charlestown turnpike, and from there commenced throwing shells into the batteries on our right on Bolivar Heights, and into the town, demolishing the houses.

The fire of the enemy was constant until dark, and the cannonade was terrific. We were getting

now more shells than were pleasant. Camp Hill was occupied by Graham's and Potts' batteries and two twenty-four pounder howitzers and two twenty pounder Parrotts, supported by the Twelfth New York. The right of Bolivar Heights was held by the Thirty-ninth, One Hundred and Eleventh and One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, the Sixty-fifth Illinois and Phillips' and Von Sehlen's batteries, under Colonel D'Utassy. The left of Bolivar Heights was held by the Sixtieth Ohio, Ninth Vermont and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, with Rigby's Battery, under command of Colonel Trimble. The ground between the turnpike and the Shenandoah was occupied by the Third Maryland, under Lieutenant-Colonel Downey. The other troops not guarding the bridges were placed on the plateau near Bolivar Heights and in the ravines as much as possible.

Our batteries continued firing with brief intervals during the day. One twenty pounder Parrott and three guns were disabled, and two caissons were blown up. Late in the afternoon General Hill's division made an assault on our extreme left, which

was our weakest point. General White (Colonel Miles not being present) reinforced Colonel Downey with the Ninth Vermont and Thirty-second Ohio, and one section of Rigby's Battery. The firing was sharp and the action continued until dark when the enemy was repulsed. The troops here engaged behaved with great bravery, and the Ninth Vermont, a green regiment, under Colonel Stannard, showed conduct worthy of veterans. This was the heaviest fighting of the day. Our men slept upon their arms in the trenches.

Between 8 and 9 P. M. our squadron of cavalry was quietly formed in line and addressed by Major Corliss, who stated that the cavalry organizations had received permission to cut their way through the rebel lines then surrounding us and, if possible, join McClellan's army, ending with the remark that "any one not wishing to go could remain, for by the next morning we should all be in Pennsylvania, on the way to Richmond, or in hell." It was said that some, deeming the attempt hopeless, did not go, but no one fell out of the line in our company. We formed in with the other cavalry regiments, making a body

of about 1,500 men, and under command of Colonel Voss, Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, the senior officer, we filed across the Potomac over the pontoon in column of twos. The noise of the river running among sunken rocks deadened the clatter of the horses' hoofs. After safely reaching the Maryland side the head of the column turned to the left, passing along between the canal and the bluff and then to the right into the woods and up a steep road. "Keep well closed up and follow your leaders," was the order passed in a low tone from the head to the rear of the column. One company, owing to the darkness of the night, went astray on reaching the shore and turned to the right and ran upon a strong rebel picket guard. The mistake was discovered and they turned back and rejoined the column.

Near the road leading up Maryland Heights from the river the head of the column encountered another strong picket guard, which was scattered by a charge, the enemy's shots doing no damage. It was now every man for himself; the pace was rapidly increased and woe to him who should lose his place. The route of march was continued at a hard gallop



crossing the Antietam, and thence on through corn-fields, across lots and by-roads to Sharpsburg, where Lee had his headquarters twenty-four hours afterwards and during the battle of the Antietam. A brief halt was made in the principal street. The rebel sympathizers here mistook us for the advance of Burnside's corps. Beyond the town several cavalry pickets were discovered. A charge was promptly executed and the enemy driven off. The route was here changed to avoid the enemy, who were in force on the main roads leading toward Hagerstown, and we began another spirited dash through ravines, over creeks, fences and fields.

Only by urging one's steed against the one ahead could place in line be retained. The dust rose in clouds and many men were lost and did not turn up for days afterwards. At one time I found myself entirely alone in the night and knew not which way to go, but letting my horse choose his own course, in what seemed an hour's time I fell in with the main body. We kept on at this breakneck pace, bearing off to the left and passing over that now historic ground on which was formed the rebel left on the

seventeenth; heading toward Williamsport in order to clear Lee's army, which was then concentrating for the battle expected to be fought on the sixteenth between Sharpsburg and the Antietam. *Had* it been fought on that day, instead of the following one, the battle of the Antietam would have been a complete triumph for the Union arms, for Lee would have been without the valuable aid furnished by A. P. Hill and McLaws, who did not reach there until the morning of the seventeenth.

Now and then the bivouac fires of the enemy could be seen, and in one instance we gallantly dashed into them, surprising the enemy so much that we received but little harm. Just before day-break, about two miles from Williamsport, the distant rumbling of wagons was distinctly heard. A brief halt was made and many improved the opportunity to slip from the saddle and snatch a little sleep on the ground. The situation became interesting to our commander when it was found that the force in our front was an ammunition train of nearly 100 wagons, belonging to General Longstreet, guarded by a force of cavalry and infantry. The

men were aroused and a charge was ordered. The rebels retreated and we hotly pursued. Now and then we came up with a wagon with a wheel off or otherwise disabled. We captured all the wagons and about 100 men. Most of these wagons had been captured shortly before from General Pope, near Centreville, Va. They were filled with every conceivable kind of a missile to fire from a cannon; pieces of chain, spikes, old horse shoes, etc., etc. It was stated that in one was the body of a General killed at South Mountain the day before. The next morning about 9 o'clock we arrived at Greencastle, Pa., where the inhabitants gave us a cordial welcome, and what we had not enjoyed for a long time, a bountiful repast. This exploit of ours was deemed a hazardous undertaking. Many doubted our ability to break through the rebel lines, as Lee's army occupied most of that country between the Potomac and the Antietam through which our route lay. We had good guides. Much of the success of the expedition was due to Colonel B. F. Davis, of the Eighth New York Cavalry, who was afterward recommended by General McClellan for the brevet of Major in the

regular army for conspicuously commendable conduct on this occasion.

Colonel Davis was killed at Beverly Ford, Va., the following June, while in command of a brigade of cavalry. Between one hundred and two hundred men were reported as missing; some of them afterwards rejoining their regiments.

When General McClellan heard of the affair he expressed his pleasure and said it was the only redeeming feature of the defence of Harper's Ferry. The rebels, when they found that the cavalry had gotten safely away, were filled with rage, as they needed our horses badly to supply their remounts. Our arrival at Greencastle was reported to General McClellan, who was then at Hagerstown, making preparations for the battle of the Antietam, and we received orders from him to report at Jones Cross Roads, between Hagerstown and Sharpsburg. The battle was in full blast upon our arrival, and our duties were to guard against any flanking movement against the right wing of the Army of the Potomac.

Let us return to the defence at Harper's Ferry. During Sunday night the enemy obtained a lodge-

ment upon and beyond our extreme left and planted new batteries: two upon the plateau at the foot of Loudon Heights on the east side of the Shenandoah; one, of ten guns, upon a knoll to the front of our extreme left, enfilading our works on Bolivar Heights; one upon the Charlestown turnpike; one opposite the centre of Bolivar Heights, and one upon our extreme right near the Potomac — in all about fifty guns. Early on Monday morning they opened from all these batteries, nearly from all points of the compass, and rained a terrific fire of shot and shell upon the doomed garrison. The rebels had complete range and raked our whole position. Our batteries replied with the utmost vigor until, as soon happened, the supply of long range ammunition failed. One of the rebel officers states in a letter, regarding the situation at their position opposite our extreme left, that the orders were to charge at sunrise, and at dawn he crept up from the ravine where his men were stationed, to observe the lay of the land. On coming back he was asked, "How is it?" It looked so serious to him that he replied: "We will say our prayers and go in like men."

Presently came the order, "Prepare to charge," and they moved steadily up the hill. The sun just then came out of the fog and the signal for surrender was seen. The way was so difficult of access that it took the Confederates half an hour to reach our works.

Colonel Miles at about 9 A. M. called his brigade commanders together for consultation. The council of war were unanimously of the opinion that further resistance was useless, and with great reluctance on the part of some, voted for capitulation if honorable terms could be obtained. Just before this council was called General White, who had command on Bolivar Heights near the Charlestown road, ordered the artillery to be massed there and the troops on Camp Hill to move to the front. There would have been a fight there and then had not Colonel Miles countermanded the order. There is, however, no doubt that Jackson would have taken the place in spite of us, as the result of opposing him with two batteries and six regiments of raw recruits and only rifle-pits for defences is plainly apparent. By order of Colonel Miles the white flag was displayed along

our lines, and General White was commissioned to arrange terms of capitulation. Owing to the fog and smoke the rebels did not at once see the signal of surrender, but continued artillery firing for half an hour or more, during which time Colonel Miles was struck by a piece of shell which tore the flesh entirely from the calf of his leg, inflicting a wound of which he died the next day. After the gunnery had ceased General White was conducted to General Jackson, who was sitting on his horse near the church on the Halltown road. Gen. A. P. Hill and General White arranged the terms of surrender.

These were that private property of individuals and side arms of officers should be retained by them; that officers and men should be paroled until regularly exchanged, and that all the munitions of war and public property belonging to the United States should be surrendered to General Hill. The rebels thus came into possession of about 12,000 prisoners, forty-seven guns, 13,000 small arms, and a large quantity of short range ammunition, camp equipage, etc., etc. The total casualties on our side were 217 in killed and wounded.

The loss of the rebels must have been much greater. McLaws reports his loss on Maryland Heights at 213 in killed and wounded. A. P. Hill states his loss as sixty-nine in killed and wounded. Jackson and Walker do not give their losses, but each of these must have been as great as Hill's. Our brigade on Maryland Heights seems to have inflicted the heaviest loss upon the rebels, for McLaws' casualties were nearly as many as the total Federal loss in all positions.

Jackson by a severe night's march reached Sharpsburg on the morning of the sixteenth, ready for the battle of the Antietam on the next day. Hill left Harper's Ferry on the morning of ~~the~~ seventeenth, and arrived on the battlefield of the Antietam at 2.30 P. M., just in time to repulse Burnside's (until that time) victorious assault on the rebel right. Walker reported to Lee on the morning of the sixteenth and McLaws on the morning of the seventeenth.

Just before the white flag was raised, Colonel Stannard, of the Ninth Vermont, swore he would never surrender, and double-quickened his regiment

down to the pontoon. Here they were intercepted and brought back after the surrender. Colonel D'Utassy had his men unscrew the nipples of their guns, spiked his batteries and brought away with him the flags of his brigade.

The Federal forces were paroled and marched to Annapolis, Md., and from there sent to Chicago and exchanged the following February, and those regiments whose term of service had not expired served gallantly in various armies East and West until the close of the war. Colonel Ford was suffering greatly during the engagement from fistula. He was dismissed from the service and died some years later. General Julius White, who at the time of the fight was about forty-five years of age, is still living in Chicago. After his exchange in December, 1862, he commanded a division of the Twenty-third Corps in East Tennessee in the Knoxville Campaign, was afterwards ordered to the Army of the Potomac; for a short time Burnside's chief of staff, and subsequently in command of First Division, Ninth Army Corps, participating in several battles in front of Petersburg. Major Corliss, who commanded the

Seventh Squadron, Rhode Island Cavalry, is now a Captain in the Eighth Infantry, United States Army, and stationed at Fort Robinson, Nebraska.

Colonel Stannard, of the Ninth Vermont, served throughout the war until severely wounded, and distinguished himself on many battle-fields, notably at Gettysburg on the third day as General in command of a division, where he contributed greatly to frustrate Pickett's charge.

Colonel Willard, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York, while in command of the Third Brigade, Third Division of the Second Corps, to which was attached the Thirty-ninth, One Hundred and Eleventh, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers, was instantly killed at Gettysburg on the second day, and the next day, his successor, Colonel Sherrill, of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, was mortally wounded. The losses of this brigade at Gettysburg amounted to one-half the casualties in the division.

A commission was appointed September 23, 1862, to make inquiry into the conduct of the operations

at Harper's Ferry. After taking a mass of testimony it reported that nothing deserving of censure had been found in the conduct of the subordinate officers with the exception of Colonel Ford, of the Thirty-second Ohio, and Major Baird, of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York. For bad conduct on Maryland Heights Major Baird was recommended for dismissal from the service. Some of the officers of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York were commended for gallantry.

In the estimation of the commission Colonel Ford was disqualified from holding a command in the service by lack of military capacity. It found that he conducted the defence on Maryland Heights without ability and abandoned his position without sufficient cause. In the case of Colonel Miles it was found that he had acted with utter incapacity, and that General Wool should be censured for placing such an incapable officer in command of so important a position. Such incapacity, amounting to almost imbecility, as was shown by Colonel Miles, led to the shameful surrender. He disobeyed positive orders to fortify Maryland Heights, given a month before

the surrender, and when attacked did not improve the naturally strong positions.

The commission also commented on General McClellan's slow advance of only six miles per day, when pursuing the invading enemy in Maryland, and expressed the opinion that he could and should have relieved and protected Harper's Ferry. General White was found by the commission to have acted with decided capability and courage.

During the proceedings of the commission some officers gave testimony damaging to the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers, as to the conduct of that regiment during the engagement on Maryland Heights. This testimony was entirely unknown to the regiment or its officers, and they never suspected that its conduct was in question or even under consideration until the findings of the commission were published in the newspapers. After that an application was made in due form and sent through regular channels to the War Department, containing unqualified and positive denials of each and every allegation against the regiment and its officers, and asking for a commission to inquire

into the facts with an opportunity for the officers to be heard. To this no satisfactory reply was ever made. None of the officers knew the character of the testimony until after the close of the war, it being kept secret, and no access could be had to it, except in the single case of Major Baird, of that regiment, who, backed by the influence of many distinguished officers, civil and military, was finally after many months of persistent importunity permitted to read the testimony so far as it related to himself, but he was not permitted to copy any portion of it. His persistency enabled him to get reinstated, and he returned to the regiment after an absence of a year, and was afterwards killed while in command of the regiment in front of Petersburg, in 1864. Major (afterwards Colonel) Baird was a brave and gallant officer, and before the Harper's Ferry affair had served in another regiment during the Peninsular Campaign as an officer.

In conclusion I may say that Harper's Ferry is not a place to be held — neither side tried to retain it after our failure to do so.

One of the causes of Hooker's resignation in

June, 1863, when on his way toward Gettysburg, was Halleck's refusal to allow him to withdraw the garrison from that place. Meade, his successor, was, however, allowed to do so.

Only by erecting strong works on Maryland and Loudon Heights, heavily armed, with facilities for water and garrisoned by a force large enough to defend each independent of the other, can the place be held.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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SERVICE
WITH
BATTERY F,
FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY.

BY
PHILIP S. CHASE,
[Late Second Lieutenant Battery F, First Rhode Island Light Artillery.]

PROVIDENCE:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.
1880.

SERVICE
WITH
BATTERY F, FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY.

THE previous papers which I have had the honor to read before this Society brought the record of service with Battery F (Belger's Rhode Island Battery), to May 1, 1863, at which time we were occupying comfortable quarters at New Berne, North Carolina.

Since the operations at Washington, North Carolina, in April 1863, when the enemy was forced to raise the siege of that town and retire from its vicinity, although active offensive manœuvres were in progress in other departments, as General Hooker with the Army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville; General Grant with the western armies on the Mis-

NOTE. For previous sketches of Battery F, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, see papers by the same author, No. 3, Second Series, and No. 7, Third Series.

Mississippi at or near Vicksburg, and General Banks in the Department of the Gulf; the troops in the Department of North Carolina were enjoying the quiet of camp, with no enemy in their front to annoy them and apparently no disposition on their part to find an enemy to annoy.

The casualties of the service had placed me in the position of First Sergeant, which I had occupied since December, 1862, when Alexander M. Massie was severely wounded. The resignation of First Lieutenant William A. Arnold, on the 4th of May, 1863, created a vacancy in the commissioned officers. The following is the official notification to the state authorities of the vacancy :

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY F, 1ST REGT. R. I. L. ARTY.

NEW BERNE, N. C., May 5, 1863.

GENERAL E. C. MAURAN, *Adjutant General State of R. I.* :

SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that First Lieutenant William A. Arnold, of Battery F, 1st Regiment R. I. Light Artillery, resigned his commission on the 4th instant.

I enclose herewith copy of Special Order No. 128, Par. 8, dated Headquarters Department of North Carolina, 18th Army Corps, New Berne, May 4, 1863, accepting the same.

I respectfully recommend Second Lieutenant Peter C. Smith, of Battery F, for First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant Philip S. Chase, of said Battery, for Second Lieutenant.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. SIMPSON,

1st Lieut. 1st Regt. R. I. Lt. Arty. Comd'g Battery F.

I received the appointment of Second Lieutenant under date of May 14, 1863, was assigned to Battery F, and was mustered on my commission May 17, 1863.

Nothing occurred during the following few weeks to break the monotony of camp life. Mounted drills in the early morning at four o'clock, to avoid the heat of the day, took place every pleasant morning, and no further duty except stable and guard was performed until late in the afternoon, when the "manual of the piece" occupied our attention for an hour.

Thus the time passed until June 24, 1863, when I received my first "Leave of Absence." It was written "for twenty-five days, with permission to proceed north," and reached me in the form of Special Orders, No. 179, Headquarters Department of North Carolina, Eighteenth Army Corps, New Berne, June 24, 1863. The privilege which that order granted

was promptly accepted, and learning that a steamer, the *Ellen S. Terry*, would sail for New York that afternoon I proceeded in "light marching order" to board her, and after a pleasant voyage arrived in New York Saturday, June 27th. Taking passage that night on the Fall River boat, reached home in Portsmouth, R. I., about noon, Sunday, after an absence of twenty months.

July 4, 1863, I accepted an invitation to parade upon the staff of the First Regiment Militia, Colonel William W. Paine, at Providence, and at the close of the parade take luncheon at the residence of His Excellency, Governor James Y. Smith. I can never forget the greeting of His Excellency upon being presented to him, and his pleasant words of advice. I was but nineteen years old, very boyish in appearance, and probably needed advice as much as anything.

I left Rhode Island to rejoin the Battery Monday evening, July 13th, visiting on the way Newark, New Jersey, and Poughkeepsie, New York. This was at the time of the draft riots in New York city, and of excitement in other large northern centres.

Arriving in New York Tuesday morning, July 14th, I immediately proceeded to Newark, New Jersey, the attraction being a young lady whom I was endeavoring to persuade that I was the best and bravest young man she had ever known. I found the aforesaid young lady visiting at the house of a relative on Centre Street, and was very kindly invited to remain with them as a guest. While there I noticed some confusion and mysterious movements about the house, but as my attention was almost entirely given to the particular business which called me to the place, I thought little of it. Imagine my surprise when informed the next day that the Provost Marshal of Newark was a fugitive, fleeing from the mob, secreted in that house! The mob had attacked his residence, broken the windows, obliging him and his family to make their escape from the place. This gentleman, Mr. Newton Miller, with his wife, remained secreted in that house when I left the next day.

The aforesaid young lady having arranged to visit Poughkeepsie, and my contract not having been completed, I was forced to go, also, to that city, passing

the nights of the 15th and 16th there. Much excitement prevailed there on account of the riots, nearly every man carrying a musket as he walked the streets. Making the acquaintance of a gentleman, we made a tour of the city on the night of the 16th. Visiting several large restaurants I was astonished to see that nearly every one had a musket within reach while sitting at the tables, and I remarked that at the front we were not so particular about carrying fire-arms when not on duty, and it seemed strange that in the North, far away from the hostile armies, it was thought necessary to be armed thus at all times. I do not think our troops at the front ever realized the intense anxiety and excitement which prevailed in the large Northern cities during the summer of 1863.

I left Poughkeepsie early on the morning of the 17th of July, by steamer, for New York city. I was in the uniform of a lieutenant of Light Artillery, the only clothing I had, and just before the steamer's arrival in New York an elderly gentleman stepped in front of me and said :

"Young man, are you going to New York?"

I replied that as that was the destination of the

steamer, I rather thought I was. He said, "Let me advise you to take off that uniform if you wish to go through the city in safety, for the life of an officer of the Union army is not worth much in New York to-day."

I answered that as I had no other clothing with me I should be obliged to appear as he saw me. He made some remark about the "foolishness" of doing so, and left me, but just before landing he again tried to persuade me to conceal my uniform before leaving the steamer.

I landed, however, transacted the little business necessary in arranging transportation, and sailed at four o'clock in the afternoon on the steamer *Dudley Buck* for New Berne, N. C., where I arrived in the early morning of the 21st of July, without incident.

During my absence the Battery joined another of those expeditions into the country which were frequently made from New Berne, leaving its quarters on the 4th of July. The order for the march directed the line to form at 3.30 o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, on the Trent road, in the following order: Ninth New Jersey Volunteers, Bel-

ger's Rhode Island Battery, Twenty-third Massachusetts Volunteers, Eighty-first New York Volunteers and Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers. On the 5th, when about six miles beyond Trenton, N. C., the main body halted, and a small force, with which was one section of Battery F, was sent forward, and the next day, July 6th, met and engaged the enemy at "Free Bridge." The engagement was of the nature of a skirmish, and no loss, except that of ammunition, was sustained by the Battery. After the skirmish the whole command returned to New Berne, arriving the next day, July 7th, having covered a distance of about sixty miles.

A few days after my return from leave of absence we were again under marching orders, and on the 24th of July the Battery embarked at New Berne on the steamer *Escort*. The next morning, Saturday, July 25th, we steamed down the river and up the sounds, past Roanoke Island, entering the Chowan River, a small stream navigable but a short distance, which flows from the northwest and empties into Albemarle Sound near its western limits. We arrived at Winton, N. C., Sunday, July 26th, and immedi-

ately disembarked. One section, which I accompanied, was moved forward by hand about five miles towards a bridge over a small stream called "Potte-casy Creek," accompanied by an infantry support. Just before reaching the bridge an earthwork was discovered thrown across the road, and a slight skirmish took place; but one of our guns was brought into action and only two rounds fired, the infantry promptly driving the enemy, who must have been in very small numbers, from the work. We were to remain at the bridge with the infantry while the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry and First New York Mounted Rifles made a raid inland to Weldon, N. C. From a letter written at that time I find my opinion to have been that the cavalry raid was not a success; they were behind time in reaching Murfreesboro, and only reached Jackson, N. C., when they met the enemy in force and were obliged to fall back.

I suppose the object of the raid was to destroy railroads and telegraph lines at Weldon, and thus break one of the lines of communication between Richmond and the South.

On the return of the cavalry, July 30th, our two

guns were hauled back to Winton, joining the remainder of the Battery, and were loaded on steamer *Curlew*, sailing, as soon as all were embarked, for New Berne, where we arrived on the 1st of August, late in the afternoon, having met with no casualties.

I remember that while we were guarding the bridge at Pottecas Creek foraging parties went out and considerable property was brought in, including a barrel of the famous "apple-jack." During the four days and nights we spent at the bridge it required considerable caution and some prompt action to prevent the "apple-jack" accomplishing what there appeared to be no other enemy to do, viz.: capturing the whole command, or rather placing them *hors de combat*.

The following is the official report of the part taken by Battery F in the expedition as made to the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Brigade:

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY F, 1ST REG'T. R. I. LT. ARTY.

NEW BERNE, N. C., August 1, 1863.

CAPT. W. H. ABELL, A. A. G. *Heckman's Brigade, 18th Army Corps*:

CAPTAIN:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the service of Battery F, 1st Regt. R. I. Lt. Artillery, on the recent expedition in this Department.

The Battery embarked on board the steamer *Escort* July 24, 1863, and sailed from New Berne, N. C., July 25, 1863. Arrived at Winton, N. C., July 26, 1863. Disembarked and moved forward with one section towards the bridge over Pottecasay Creek. Engaged the enemy at the rifle-pits near the bridge with one piece, firing two (2) rounds of ammunition. Returning, left Winton, N. C., on board steamer *Curlew*, July 30, 1863, arriving at New Berne, N. C., August 1, 1863. No casualties.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOS. SIMPSON,

1st Lieut. 1st Regt. R. I. Lt. Arty. Comd'g Battery F.

During the months of August and September, 1863, nothing occurred to break the monotony of daily drills, excepting an occasional inspection.

Saturday, October 10th, orders were received for one section of the Battery to report to Col. S. H. Mix, Third New York Cavalry, with seven days rations, the section to move by water transportation by nine o'clock same night. First Lieut. Peter C. Smith, with the right section, was detailed and accompanied the cavalry to Elizabeth City. They returned on the 16th of October without incident.

On the 19th of October Major S. V. Harbert, Paymaster United States Army, visited our quarters for the purpose of paying the troops for the months July and August. He addressed a letter to Captain

Belger as follows: "Upon comparison of the muster rolls of your company with General Orders No. 126, I find it deficient in the requisite number of privates (122). As the instructions from the Secretary of War to Major-General Foster particularly refer to that point, I do not see how I can pay the extra officers, which I would be pleased to do if I could."

This letter caused me considerable anxiety, being one of the extra officers referred to, and it was not until December that the payment was finally authorized. A letter, dated the 20th of October, which was addressed by Captain Belger to "Headquarters Forces and Defences of New Berne," explaining the situation, was passed on from headquarters to headquarters until it reached the Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, D. C., November 19th, just one month after it was written. On the 27th of November it received the endorsement of the Secretary of War authorizing the payment, and started on its return trip, reaching the Battery on the third of December.

The endorsement placed upon the letter by Major

General Butler, commanding Department of Virginia and North Carolina, I take the liberty of quoting in full, as showing the reputation of the Battery at Department Headquarters.

"HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF VA. AND NO. CA.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Novbr. 15, '63.

Respectfully forwarded to the Adj. Gen'l. with the request that the Pay Dep't. be authorized to pay the extra officers and non-commissioned officers allowed by Gen'l. Orders 126, series '62. This Battery is one of the very best in this Dep't., and it would in my opinion be prejudicial to the interests of the service to have the Battery reduced to four guns. The number of men required (14) can no doubt be easily recruited if authority be granted for a recruiting party to be sent from this Battery to R. Island.

BENJ. F. BUTLER, *Maj. Gen'l Comdg.*"

The question was satisfactorily settled, the extra officers and non-commissioned officers paid, and the Battery remained a six-gun battery.

October 30, 1863, we bade farewell to North Carolina and our comfortable quarters, which had been extremely pleasant and which we had occupied since March, 1862. Special Orders, No. 62, Headquarters Army and District of North Carolina, October 23, 1863, had been received, directing a portion of the troops stationed in North Carolina to rendezvous

at Newport News, Va. Battery F was included in the number, and on the above date all our property and stores were placed on board the steamers *Ella May*, *Pilot Boy* and *Colonel Rucker*. At midnight lines were cast off and we steamed away.

Just two years service had at this time been given to our country, and we certainly had no cause to complain. While we had not seen as much hard fighting as troops in some departments we had experiences which did not fall to the lot of light batteries generally. We had been a part of the Burnside Coast Division, a semi-naval force; were knocked about on shipboard during the storm, which caused such disaster to the expedition off Hatteras and such anxiety to friends at home; had twice landed our entire battery from vessels by throwing the horses overboard and towing them ashore by small boats, and rafting the guns and other property to the land; had made numerous raids both by land and water in the Department of North Carolina; had served as cavalry for several weeks after the capture of New Berne, and had made a reputation in the Department of which we were justly proud. It was

with feelings of regret and sorrow that we left these scenes of our exploits and sailed for the unknown duties which were before us.

The route by which we were to reach Newport News lay overland through the Dismal Swamp. The force consisted of the Third New York Cavalry and Belger's Rhode Island and Rigg's New York Batteries. The three transports upon which Battery F made the first part of the journey came to anchor off Roanoke Island about six o'clock on the evening of October 31st, and the men were mustered for pay, it being the regular day for that ceremony. At about eleven o'clock in the evening of the same day the fleet "weighed anchors" and proceeded to Elizabeth City, N. C., arriving at about four o'clock in the morning of November 1st. This is a small town situated near the mouth of the Pasquotank River, a small stream flowing from the north and emptying into Albemarle Sound on its northern shore. The place had been frequently visited by the Union forces but no permanent occupation taken place. We disembarked our men and horses and remained until the morning of the 2d of November,

when we again embarked and steamed up the river about three miles to Camden, N. C. At this place we left the transports and remained in bivouac until sunrise November 3d, my twentieth birthday, when we took the road for South Mills, about fourteen miles distant, at which point we were to strike the Dismal Swamp Canal. A squadron of the Third New York Cavalry, with two mountain howitzers, led the advance, followed by a section of Belger's Battery (F, First Rhode Island), commanded by Lieutenant Chase, (Philip S). The advance was somewhat annoyed by guerrillas, and at one point enjoyed the privilege of capturing an earthwork which was not occupied, but the disposition of the troops and prompt action, considering the uncertainty of the situation, I think, gave additional evidence of the efficiency of the Third New York Cavalry. Emerging from the woods into a clearing upon the opposite side of which stretched the earthwork, some three hundred yards away, the advance company promptly dismounted and deployed as skirmishers; the two howitzers were brought to the front and threw a few shell into the works; the skir-

mishers advanced rapidly to the parapet to find — a deserted work with no signs of having been recently occupied. This affair with some guerrilla skirmishing and a single shell from one of my guns fired up a cross-road where a few persons were seen, merely to remind them that war was in the land, comprised all the fighting which took place on that march.

The command reached South Mills at about eleven o'clock, A. M., and taking the tow-path of the canal, pushed on towards Deep Creek, Va., where we arrived at about eleven o'clock in the evening, having traveled about forty-one miles since morning. The day was beautiful, the tow-path in excellent condition for traveling, almost equal to a macadamized road, and the march proved to be a pleasant experience. The canal was nearly dry and several sailing vessels were noticed "high and dry," apparently unserviceable.

We bivouacked for the night at Deep Creek, near the camps of the Union forces, and at nine o'clock in the morning of the 4th of November, took the road for Portsmouth, Va., arriving about eleven o'clock. It was a real November day; cold and blus-

tering, and I think it safe to say that the men passed very few more uncomfortable ones during their service. We were marched to a wharf, where we remained until nearly sunset, waiting for a steamer to take us to Fortress Monroe. At last the steamer *Conqueror* arrived alongside the wharf, and no time was lost in embarking. The *Conqueror* reached Fortress Monroe at about eleven o'clock same evening, and after some parleying we were ordered to remain on board until morning. Disembarking on the morning of the 5th November, we marched to Newport News, Va., arriving at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and went into camp. Here we found many of our comrades from North Carolina, encamped and organized as Heckman's Brigade, afterward's Heckman's Division, commanded by Brigadier-General C. A. Heckman, of New Jersey. Six regiments of infantry, one of cavalry and four light batteries comprised the Division at this time.

On our arrival at Newport News Captain Belger was assigned Chief of Artillery, Heckman's Brigade, and I was appointed Acting Adjutant. The command consisted of Batteries F, First Rhode Island

Light Artillery, H and M, Third New York Artillery and the Sixteenth New York Battery.

Thanksgiving day, November 26, 1863, was duly observed by the troops at Newport News. Religious services were held in the morning, and horse racing, mule racing, greased pig and greased pole constituted the afternoon programme.

December 16, 1863, I received "Leave of Absence for ten days," and left Fortress Monroe Saturday, December 19th, for Portsmouth, R. I., arriving the following Tuesday. I remained at home until Sunday, December 27th, leaving for Fortress Monroe on that evening and arrived the following Tuesday, the day my "leave" expired. Notwithstanding my prompt return I was reported on all returns for December 31, 1863, and for nine days thereafter as "Absent without leave." The reason for the same is explained as follows :

December 23, 1863, in compliance with Special Order, No. 209, Headquarters Heckman's Brigade, Newport News, Va., December 22, 1863, the battery left Newport News by steamer *Conqueror* and landed at Point Lookout, Maryland, next morning. I

was entirely ignorant of the change of station until I reported at Newport News on my return, December 29th. Col. S. H. Mix, Third New York Cavalry, was in command at Newport News. He caused my return from "leave" to be properly recorded, and issued S. O., No. 228, directing me to report to the battery at Point Lookout. But how to get there was the question. I visited Fortress Monroe daily, looking for transportation, until January 3, 1864, when I was ordered to Baltimore to endeavor to procure passage from that point. Accordingly, the morning of the 4th of January found me at the Quartermaster's Department in Baltimore, where I was informed that it might be several days before a steamer would leave for Point Lookout. I proceeded to make the best of the situation, and but for financial reasons, would not have cared very much how long the delay continued. The only duty required of me in Baltimore was to report at the Quartermaster's Department each morning. Upon reporting Friday morning, January 8, 1864, I was informed that the steamer *W. Whilden* would leave that day for the desired point, and was furnished transportation. I

immediately transferred my quarters from the Maltby House to the said steamer, and at seven o'clock same evening was landed at Point Lookout, where I found the battery, having been absent twenty-one days on a "Leave of Absence" for ten days.

By way of parenthesis it might be said that the subject of finance troubled me considerably while at Baltimore. A bill for board at the Maltby House was steadily increasing, even while I slept, and you who have enjoyed the experiences of a "Leave of Absence," know that the return usually takes place with depleted funds. How to "raise the wind" and get away from Baltimore honorably was a serious question. But "fortune favors the brave." The last day but one of my stay there I was made extremely happy by meeting at the hotel a naval officer — Captain Foster — whom I had known quite intimately in North Carolina. I immediately struck him, for friendship's sake, for a loan, which he freely supplied, and my troubles in that line were over for the time being.

At Point Lookout, which is situated at the mouth of the Potomac River, on the Maryland side, was

located a rebel prisoners' camp, and a rumor became prevalent that an attempt on the part of the prisoners would be made to escape, hence the guard was increased. The force at the Point at this time comprised the Second, Fifth and Twelfth New Hampshire Infantry, two Companies of the Fourth United States Cavalry and Battery F, First Rhode Island Light Artillery. Before the war this was quite a noted resort for pleasure-seekers and invalids. The large boarding-house, which had undoubtedly been the scene of many pleasant gatherings from north and south, was now occupied by the United States government, and the representatives from the south, about ten thousand strong, were carefully cared for in an enclosed camp. Every precaution was taken that none of the large number should get lost or stray from the sight of their northern visitors.

As we recall the treatment shown those men by our government, and contrast the same with the accounts written by our boys of experiences at Andersonville and other southern prisons, it brings to mind again that in the exchange of prisoners the confederates were important gainers, as we returned to them

sound, well fed, able bodied, for half starved, sick and broken down men, totally unfit for service.

Our duties at Point Lookout were rather irksome, principally "waiting for something to turn up," although we did occasionally have a mounted drill. We remained at this station until the 23d of January, over four weeks, when we were relieved by the Second Wisconsin Battery (Germans). The Wisconsin battery arrived by steamer and disembarked during the night of the 19th.* On the morning of the 20th they moved to our left and went into park. We felt very sure that we should make a move as soon after this arrival as possible, and were very glad to receive, on the 21st of January, orders directing us to proceed to Yorktown, Va. Accordingly, Saturday, January 23d, we embarked the battery on steamers *John Tucker* and *Convoy*, sailing at about one o'clock P. M., and arriving at Yorktown at about eight o'clock in the evening. We disembarked at once and occupied barracks vacated by the Wisconsin battery which relieved us at Point Lookout. The barracks were located inside "Fort Yorktown," upon ground already memorable for scenes enacted

during the War for Independence and also the War of the Rebellion. The situation was delightful, upon a high level, the view quite extended, and I recall with pleasure many hours spent upon the parapet of the old fort indulging in day dreams of the future and trying to form some idea of the closing acts of the Revolution, which took place near the spot.

On the 27th of January Captain Belger, who had remained at Newport News as Chief of Artillery, arrived at Yorktown and relieved First Lieutenant Thomas Simpson of the command of the battery.

February 5th the battery received marching orders, with six days' rations, and at three o'clock in the afternoon left our quarters and marched to Williamsburg, arriving at about six and one-half o'clock, where we bivouacked for the night. The next morning we joined a force consisting of six regiments of infantry, two light batteries and parts of five regiments of cavalry, the whole commanded by Brigadier-General Isaac J. Wistar. It was believed that a very small force protected Richmond at this time, and that a sudden dash from the south side might be successful in entering the city and doing much dam-

age, besides liberating the Union prisoners at Libby, etc. Accordingly, at about half-past ten o'clock, Saturday morning, February 6, 1864, the command marched through Williamsburg and "On to Richmond." Perhaps *the* success of the expedition was a general order read to each regiment and battery as they were about to start, and as it is desirable to record some successful feature of the movement, a copy of said order is here given :

HEADQUARTERS WISTAR'S DIVISION,

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., February 6, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 4. }

SOLDIERS:—You are about to strike a great and glorious blow — a blow which has been profoundly considered and carefully prepared, but which must fall suddenly, silently, irresistibly.

Our country now asks all your courage, all your endurance. All our brothers-in-arms will envy you the opportunity. I ask you for a few days to encounter, with a soldier's readiness, hard fare, forced marches, wintry bivouacs, and, perhaps, calm and steady fighting.

Respond as you have always done, and I promise you, with God's blessing, a result which will bring glory to our flag, and honor to all who serve under its folds.

ISAAC J. WISTAR,

*Brig. Gen'l. Comd'g.*Official: JAMES E. FLEMING, *Captain and A. D. C.*

It was understood among the troops that the cavalry of the command had received special instructions to be followed upon arriving at Richmond, assigning to each company or squadron some particular duty to perform, such as the capture of Jeff Davis; liberate prisoners at Libby; burn certain public buildings, etc.

As previously stated, the column passed through Williamsburg at about half-past ten o'clock, Saturday morning, February 6th, and continued the march until three o'clock on the morning of the 7th, when it had reached "New Kent Court House." The infantry and artillery were here halted and a rest until six o'clock, A. M., taken. The night of the 6th was the darkest, it seemed to me, I had ever experienced. It was impossible to see objects a few feet away, and in order to keep in the road it was necessary to send a man with a lantern in advance. As the rear of the column was passing through "Richardson's Mills" a rocket suddenly shot into the air and a bright light was seen at a distance through an opening in the woods, which were probably signals to the enemy of our approach, as upon the arrival

of the cavalry at Bottom bridge, Chickahominy River, at about daybreak on the 7th (they did not halt with the rest of the command at New Kent Court House), it was found to be impassable, and attempts to cross at the fords were met by a force of the enemy with artillery.

At six o'clock, A. M., of the 7th, the infantry and artillery, after three hours' rest, again moved on towards Bottom Bridge, and about noon met the cavalry returning.

The rear guard on the return march, of which Battery F formed a part, was attacked by a small force of cavalry, and I was ordered to take one piece and give them our compliments, which was done by firing four shells into their midst; they appeared satisfied as we were not troubled again. The battery reached its quarters at Yorktown at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th of February, and the expedition ended minus the "glorious results" predicted in the general order above mentioned.

On the return of the command measures were at once taken to ascertain the cause of the defeat of the plans, or rather how the information reached the

enemy in time to be prepared to defend the crossings at the Chickahominy River. As the result of the investigation private Thomas Abrahams, Company G, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York Volunteers, was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be "shot to death with musketry." The proceedings, findings and sentence of the court were approved, and on the 7th day of March, 1864, the sentence was carried into effect in the presence of all the troops stationed at Yorktown.

The execution took place on the plain south of Fort Yorktown. The troops were formed in line, the infantry on the two sides of a parallelogram, Battery F at one end, and the prisoner sitting on his coffin at the other.

When all were in position the adjutant of each regiment and junior officer of the battery were required to read to the troops the order condemning the prisoner to death. The ground upon which the battery was placed sloped gently to the rear, and I congratulated myself that as junior second lieutenant my position would place me under the brow of the hill, or rising ground, where I could not see the

condemned man. At the proper time I rode to the front and read the order to the battery, and, much to my own surprise, voluntarily remained there and witnessed the execution. I never could account for the sudden change from a feeling of dread, and a shrinking from the sight, to a desire to see the whole procedure, which came over me.

In executions of this character the firing detail consists of twelve men; their guns are taken from them and loaded, eleven with ball and one with blank cartridge; they are then returned in such manner that no one knows who has the gun loaded with the blank; the detail is then divided into two parties, one of eight men, who constitute the main firing party, and the other four a reserve, to be used in case the first fire is not effective. In this particular case the first fire was effective, killing the man instantly. The body remained as it fell, and the whole command marched in review, as it were, before the dead man. As each company arrived opposite the body the command was given "eyes right," that each man might receive a lasting impression of the penalty of treason. This was the first and only

execution I witnessed, although others took place at Yorktown. I have forgotten just how this man became responsible for the failure of the expedition, and have not been able to find any record of the charges and specifications of which he was found guilty.

In February, 1864, General Kilpatrick with his cavalry made the famous raid around Richmond. On the first day of March a force consisting of the First New York Mounted Rifles, Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Twenty-second United States Colored Troops, and Battery F, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, the whole commanded by Colonel West, left Williamsburg to go up the peninsula and meet General Kilpatrick. Battery F was in quarters at Yorktown when the marching orders were received, March 1st, which ordered four days cooked rations. Preparations were quickly made, the rations cooked and issued, and at six o'clock same evening we started for Williamsburg to join in the expedition, arriving at about nine and a half o'clock. The night was dark and stormy. About eleven o'clock the order was given "forward,"

and amid snow, rain and hail, the temperature freezing cold, the command marched out from Williamsburg for New Kent Court House. It was a night to test the power of endurance of both men and horses; at about one o'clock on the morning of the second the wind changed to the northwest and blew very cold; our clothing being completely wet, froze, thus adding to the discomforts of the march. At seven o'clock on the morning of the second, when we halted a half hour for breakfast, my overcoat would have stood alone, frozen, had I taken it off. We marched until two o'clock in the afternoon of the second, when we arrived at New Kent Court House. After caring for the horses, our men secured about an hour of rest. At about four o'clock same afternoon we again "hitched up" and remained in position nearly all of that night, the cavalry scouting the country. On the morning of the 3d of March one section — platoon under present tactics — of the battery, under Lieutenant Simpson, joined with a regiment of cavalry and marched some distance beyond "White House"; one section in command of Lieutenant Smith was ordered to report to Colonel Duncan,

who, with a part of the infantry, followed the main body of the cavalry up the peninsula, traveling, however, but about two miles, when they halted and waited for developments. I was ordered to report to Colonel West for staff duty, and remained with him during the rest of the day.

General Kilpatrick's cavalry were discovered by the cavalry of our division during the night of the 2d, and on the morning of the 3d the two commands came together. The march down the peninsula commenced immediately. Colonel Spear's Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry remained at New Kent Court House for the night; the infantry and Battery F came through to Barnsville and bivouacked, and General Kilpatrick's troops passed the night at "Burnt Ordinary." On the morning of the 4th, at about seven o'clock, we resumed the homeward march, if soldiers can be said to have a home, arriving at our quarters in Yorktown at about eight o'clock in the evening, having halted for a couple of hours at Williamsburg on the way.

General Kilpatrick's command, at the time we met, carried with them evidences of the hard service they

had performed during the five days previous. Many of the men were without hats or caps, wearing handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and the appearance of both men and horses gave proof of the hardships encountered on that great raid. Their route of march could have been traced by the horses, dead from hard riding and exhaustion, lying by the roadside. The account of their experiences by some participant would, I am sure, make an interesting paper to be read before this Society.

March 8th one section of the battery under command of Lieutenant Smith was ordered to report to Lieutenant Hunt, commanding Battery L, Fourth United States Artillery, for a raid. They crossed the river to Gloucester Point at about six and a half o'clock same evening and reported as directed.

Lieutenant Smith reported on his return, about ten o'clock at night, March 12th, that the object of the expedition was to learn something of Colonel Dahlgren, one of General Kilpatrick's regimental commanders, who was missing, and supposed to have been killed and his body mutilated. The report was found to be correct, and in retaliation for the treat-

ment of the dead officer a village was destroyed by fire and the command returned.

March 22d two sections of the battery received marching orders ; a driving snow storm was prevailing at the time and the prospect for an enjoyable trip was not pleasant ; but before the time, six o'clock in the evening, for the start arrived the orders were countermanded and this further attempt to capture Richmond, if such it was, was abandoned.

April 13th we received orders to report to Colonel Duncan to witness the execution of a private of the Second New Hampshire Volunteers, a substitute and bounty jumper. The enforcement of Army Regulations was in this case very prompt, as will be seen by the following extract from the general order : " Private John Eagan, Company A, Second New Hampshire Volunteers, deserted his regiment on the tenth instant, was arrested on the eleventh, tried, convicted and sentenced by court-martial on the twelfth, will be shot to death with musketry on the thirteenth between the hours of five and six P. M." After arriving on the field he was reprieved for forty-eight hours, at the end of which time he, and another



from the same regiment, were executed. Such summary punishment was deemed necessary to stop the wholesale desertions among the substitutes recently arrived for that regiment.

During the month of April the Tenth Corps arrived at Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, and other troops rendezvoused at that place and Yorktown, preparatory to the opening of the campaign of 1864. Saturday, April 23d, Battery F was assigned to the Second Division, Eighteenth Corps, and from that time until the end of the month inspections and reviews were in order. I remember that on the 28th of April the battery was ordered out to fire a salute of fifteen guns in honor of the arrival of Governor Yates, of Illinois, and on the 30th of April a part of the Eighteenth Corps was reviewed by General B. F. Butler, the First Division, one brigade of the Second Division and eight light batteries appearing in the line. The artillery marched in "column of batteries," a formation not often witnessed on review.

By the close of April all surplus stores and company property had been turned into the quartermas-

ter's department for storage. The officers had reduced their baggage to the lowest limit. For myself, everything I possessed, excepting the clothing I wore and one change, was sent home. We knew we were preparing to take part in a campaign that would test our courage, efficiency and endurance beyond anything yet experienced, but, of course, did not know the nature or the locality of the operations before us. A recital of the experiences of that campaign must be left for another occasion.

The health of the command on the 30th of April, 1864, was remarkably good, two men only being absent sick. The casualties during the year ending with that date had been as follows: One commissioned officer — First Lieutenant William A. Arnold — resigned; four enlisted men discharged for promotion, viz.: First Sergeant Philip S. Chase, promoted to Second Lieutenant Battery F, First Rhode Island Light Artillery; Private Pardon S. Payne, enlisted as Hospital Steward, United States Army; Private William A. Tefft, promoted to Second Lieutenant Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (Colored), and Private Henry Graham,

promoted to Second Lieutenant Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (Colored) ; six enlisted men discharged for disability, viz. : Solomon Loid, Edward Cruden, John Osborne, John Butterworth, John Fitzgibbons and Henry Whittemore, one of whom, John Butterworth, the result of wounds received in action ; and one enlisted man deserted, viz. : Charles L. Anderson.

The gains during the same time were one commissioned officer, Second Lieutenant Chase, as above, six recruits and one enlisted man, James Wilson, from desertion.

From December, 1863, to March, 1864, inclusive, twenty-nine enlisted men re-enlisted as veteran volunteers, and received the veteran furlough of thirty days.

The strength of the battery April 30, 1864, as appears upon the monthly return of that date, was five commissioned officers and one hundred and twenty-nine enlisted men, with one hundred and ten horses ; requiring twenty-one recruits to fill the ranks to the maximum number.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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1889.

THE
FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY

AT
MIDDLEBURG, VA.,

JUNE 17 AND 18, 1863.

BY
GEORGE N. BLISS,
[Late Captain Troop C, First Rhode Island Cavalry.]

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THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY

AT

MIDDLEBURG, VA.

AT the request of many of my comrades I write this paper to correct the errors of other Northern writers upon the events of these two days.

In *the Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry*, by Major H. B. McClellan, pages 303, 304 and 305, the deeds of the First Rhode Island Cavalry at this time are set forth in words as accurate as they are complimentary, but this gallant Confederate officer cannot afford the space for details as embraced in the work of our Society.

The following extracts contain some errors of Northern historians :

History of the Civil War in America, Compté De Paris, Vol. III., page 494 :

It is the movement of Colonel Duffié by way of Thoroughfare Gap, which was accomplished in the midst of the greatest dangers and with wonderful daring, but also with heavy loss, which finally led to the retreat of Munford. Duffié, with his two hundred and eighty men, had unexpectedly made his appearance in front of Chambliss' brigade, but he had succeeded in disguising his numerical weakness from the Confederates, who were entirely worn out, and little desirous, undoubtedly, to bring on an action; so that while Chambliss was under the impression that he had a superior force to deal with, Duffié, stealing away in the night, was rapidly marching upon Middleburg.

Chancellorsville and Gettysburg by Doubleday,
page 102:

Colonel Duffié's division started from Centreville for Middleburg, by way of Thoroughfare Gap, but finding the enemy (W. H. F. Lee's brigade) were already in the Gap, they went around through Hopewell Gap and kept on to Middleburg, which Duffié reached about 9.30 A. M.

The battle of Bunker Hill was upon the 17th and that of Waterloo on the 18th of June. It was the fortune of the First Rhode Island Cavalry to be in action upon both anniversaries in the year 1863, and the history of the regiment for these two days is one of disaster, but not of dishonor.

Early in the morning of June 17, 1863, the following order was received:

Col. A. N. Duffié First Rhode Island Cavalry:

You will proceed with your regiment from Manassas Junction by the way of Thoroughfare Gap, to Middleburg; there you will camp for the night, and communicate with the headquarters of the Second Cavalry Brigade. From Middleburg you will proceed to Union; thence to Snickersville; from Snickersville to Percyville; thence to Wheatland, and, passing through Waterford, to Nolan's Ferry, where you will join your brigade.

The day was bright with sunshine, and the regiment, numbering two hundred and eighty sabres, took the road without a thought of the future. At Thoroughfare Gap privates Duxbury, Lee and Teft, of Company H, were in the advance; Duxbury meets a Confederate cavalry picket, and fires his carbine but misses his enemy, at that time on a full gallop in retreat. A few shots came from the woods, but our skirmishers soon drove the pickets back upon a larger force. "There are six hundred of them, I think," said Duxbury to Captain Chase; "There are at least twice as many as there are of us." In the skirmish three of our horses were killed and several horses were wounded, but none of the troopers were hit. Having passed through the Gap and reached the desired road, Duffié turned to the right and pressed forward towards Middle-

burg, some fifteen miles away. In thus obeying orders, Duffié left behind him W. H. F. Lee's brigade, under command of Col. J. R. Chambliss, estimated as twelve hundred men, while at Aldie Gap, fifteen miles further north in the mountain range, now enclosing the Rhode Island troops on the east, Fitz Lee's Brigade consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Virginia, were that day to hold their position against our entire cavalry corps under command of General Pleasanton. General Robertson's brigade, ten thousand strong, was at Rector's Cross Roads, eight miles west of Middleburg, in which town General Stuart, commanding these three Confederate brigades of cavalry, was enjoying the hospitality of his friends, protected only by a body guard of three companies. At 4 p. m. the First Rhode Island struck Stuart's pickets, and at once charged them, driving Stuart and his staff out of Middleburg on the gallop, escaping capture only by reason of the superior speed of their fresh horses. At this time Fitz Lee's brigade had been engaged at Aldie, only five miles away, for two hours with Kilpatrick's troopers, holding the Gap against charge after charge of our brave cavalrymen.

General Stuart thought the force that had penetrated to the very centre of his troopers must be a large one, and at once sent orders to Robertson's, Fitz Lee's, and W. H. F. Lee's brigades to concentrate upon Middleburg. Duffié has obeyed orders; he is in Middleburg where he is ordered to remain for the night; he does not know that at Aldie, five miles in his rear, Colonel Munford, commanding Fitz Lee's Brigade, is holding our whole Cavalry Corps at bay. A movement of the First Rhode Island on Aldie would have struck the Confederate rear and changed defeat to victory, but this is imagination, not history, and in accordance with our orders Capt. Frank Allen, with two men, was sent to Aldie with a dispatch for Pleasanton, and I know of no better description of his ride than the following official report:

CAMP FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

June 22, 1863.

Col. A. N. Duffié:

SIR: I have the honor to report, that about five o'clock, P. M., on the evening of the 17th instant, I was sent from Middleburg, where the regiment was then engaged with the enemy, to carry a dispatch to General Kilpatrick at Aldie, accompanied by two men. I first

attempted to proceed by the main road, but was halted and fired upon by a body of the enemy, who said they were the Fourth Virginia Cavalry. I then returned towards Middleburg, and leaving the road attempted to make my way across the country. I found the fields and woods in every direction full of bodies of the enemy; by exercising the greatest care, I succeeded in making my way through them to Little River. Here I encountered five of the enemy, and forced them to give me passage. Following the river down, I struck the main road about one mile from Aldie, and by inquiry learned that our pickets were on that road.

I reached Aldie and delivered my dispatch to General Kilpatrick at 9 P. M. General Kilpatrick informed me that his brigade was so worn out that he could not send any reinforcements to Middleburg, but that he would report the situation of our regiment to General Gregg. Returning, he said that General Gregg had gone to state the facts to General Pleasanton, and directed me to remain at Aldie until he heard from General Pleasanton. I remained, but received no further orders.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK ALLEN,

Captain First Rhode Island Cavalry.

Colonel Duffié posted strong pickets at barricades across the roads leading out of Middleburg on the south, west and north, and stationed his reserve on the road leading towards Aldie at the east of the town. For three hours the regiment held undisputed possession of the place, but at seven o'clock

in the evening General Stuart returned with the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, about one thousand strong; the men at the barricades fought bravely but were soon outflanked and driven back upon the reserve. Warned by the attack on the outposts, Colonel Duffié ordered companies G and F, numbering about sixty, to dismount, tie their horses to trees in the grove, which at that time sheltered and concealed the regiment, and form a line behind a stone wall that bounded one side of the road. By this time it was quite dark, and as the enemy charged towards us in column, the first notice they had of the ambushade was the discharge of sixty carbines, when four rebels were abreast of each gun. Horses and men fell in confusion, and the rebels retreated in disorder under a hot fire from the revolvers of the men who had just emptied their carbines. The rebel officers could be heard rallying their men for another charge, which was soon made and as soon repulsed. Again their officers were heard saying, "Now, boys, form once more; we'll give 'em h—l this time; we will sweep every Yankee from the face of the earth," and a third time they charged and were

again hurled back shattered and torn. While this fighting was in progress I was with the remaining men of the regiment, mounted and facing the enemy in the woods, a few yards from the left of our line of dismounted men ready to charge on any force that might pass the ambushade. After the last charge it was evident that the rebels had learned something, and they commenced to form a line out-flanking the road instead of trying another charge in column along the road. Maj. P. M. Farrington sent Lieut. J. M. Fales to report to Colonel Duffié that the enemy were about to deploy in the fields and attack his right flank and rear, and to ask for orders. Lieutenant Fales found that the regiment had moved, and followed the retiring column two miles before overtaking Duffié, and the Colonel said to him, "Stay with the regiment; it is of no use to go back, you will be captured." It is claimed that Colonel Duffié sent orders to Major Farrington to fall back from the wall, mount and join the regiment, but that in the darkness and confusion somebody blundered, and the brave men who had thrice repulsed the enemy were left to meet their fate alone. Major

Farrington mounted his men after he had heard the rebel officers give the order "Cease firing, dismount and go into those woods," and attempted to join the regiment; but at this time a mounted force of rebel cavalry had entered the woods, and Captain Chase, after joining his men to a Confederate column, supposing it to be the First Rhode Island Cavalry, did not discover his mistake until called upon to surrender. Warned by the loud summons for surrender given to Captain Chase, Major Farrington with two officers and twenty-three men moved off a short distance into the woods, where they dismounted and remained concealed twenty-four hours within gun-shot of large forces of the rebels until the advance of our cavalry corps from Aldie gave them the opportunity to rejoin the Union troops.

Colonel Duffié, with what remained of the regiment, numbering now less than two hundred, retreated at a walk a little over two miles, and went into camp in the woods, where we halted under arms without unsaddling horses until daybreak. By this time there was no soldier so dull as not to understand the desperate situation of the regiment.

We had left behind us at Thoroughfare Gap a force of the enemy larger than our own. At Middleburg we had learned that a large force of the enemy had passed through that day going towards Aldie and we were only two miles distant, at most, from the hostile force five times our number in strength and by which we had been driven from the town we had been ordered to hold. With the Bull Run Mountains on the east and the Confederates in our front at every other point in the compass, we were hiding in the woods, knowing that the rising sun would betray us to an overwhelming force of the enemy moving upon us from all directions. No fires were allowed and no talking was permitted except in so low a tone of voice as to amount to whispering, but the thought was universal and freely expressed that our only hope was to move at once and charge through the enemy's lines in the night. Had any native born officer been in command the regiment would, without doubt, have cut its way out that night and could not have met in so doing greater disaster than was to befall it on the morrow. Colonel Duffié was a Frenchman, he had received positive orders and

thought it his duty to obey them. In a letter written afterwards he says, "I could certainly have saved my regiment in the night, but my duty as a soldier and as Colonel obliged me to be faithful to my orders. During those moments of reflection, and knowing that my regiment was being sacrificed, contemplating all this through more than five hours, my heart was bleeding in seeing the lives of those men, whom I had led so many times, sacrificed through the neglect and utter forgetfulness of my superior officers; but in the midst of my grief I found some consolation, beholding the manner in which the Rhode Island boys fought."

Just before day I received orders from Colonel Duffié to go on foot outside the woods in the direction of the road to Thoroughfare Gap and see if I could discover any signs of the enemy. I obeyed the order and remained in the open fields until the increasing light of the opening day gave me an opportunity to see the road for some distance, but saw nothing of the enemy and so reported to Colonel Duffié. My report was hardly made before shots from the enemy were heard fired upon our pickets

facing towards Middleburg. The regiment was at once ordered to mount and we moved out into the road in column of fours, my company was at the head of the regiment facing towards the south on the same road I had shortly before been scouting on foot. As we were then with our backs towards the enemy that had fired upon our pickets, the order was given "Fours right about," I had given the first part of the order, "Fours right about," and was on the point of finishing it with "March!" when I discovered a force of rebel cavalry charging upon us not more than seventy-five yards away. Pointing my sabre towards the enemy I at once gave the order to charge, and just at that moment the rebel officer leading the charge leveled his pistol and fired at me with so good an aim that the bullet struck my sabre blade, and glancing, drew blood on my right arm, the sensation being as though my arm had been struck smartly with a whip. At that moment I saw that Colonel Duffié was on the opposite side of the first set of fours, and he said, "Go ahead boys, charge!" but his tone and manner was that of one having no hope of success. The men

wavered, broke, and jumped their horses over a stone wall into a wheat-field on the east side of the road, and, through the waving wheat, the regiment rushed in confusion with the rebels close after them. We had passed through the wheat-field and by the farmer's house, who, reckless of danger, and without thought of the flying bullets, stood on his piazza cursing the soldiers as their horses trampled under foot his lusty grain, when I heard an order from Colonel Thompson, "Captain Bliss, halt! rally the men. We have gone far enough." This order I obeyed at once, and found it hard at first to get the men to stop their retreat, and face the enemy, but as soon as I had six men in line facing the rebels the rest of the regiment came into line of battle like the snapping of a whip. The rebels were stopped by this move and opened fire upon us with carbines, and they were so near that when the Confederate officer said to his men, "Let's give them a sabre charge," every soldier of the First Rhode Island heard it, and when I shouted back in defiance, "That is just what we want," there were loud demands in our ranks of "Let us charge." The order

to charge was given at once and we had the pleasure of seeing the same men that had charged us running away through the same wheat field, and of feeling that our disgrace was in some measure removed. We were halted in the wheat-field, where a line of battle was formed, and we counted off by fours in each rank. The rebels we had driven retreated in the direction from which our pickets had been fired upon a short time before. Lieut. James M. Fales, who was captured while we were retreating through this same field, says, in his *Prison Life*, No. 15, second series, page 9: "After going about an eighth of a mile from the wheat-field, where I was captured, I saw a force of about five thousand rebel cavalry, and thought that my regiment, on that morning, not more than two hundred strong, would be annihilated, and to this day it seems wonderful to me that so many as one hundred succeeded in cutting their way into the Union lines."

Colonel Duffié was fully aware of our desperate situation; he ordered the regiment into column of fours and said to me, "Captain Bliss, you will take the head of the column, no obstacle whatever stop

you, we are surrounded here ; we must cut our way out." We took the road towards Hopeville Gap, the same road over which a few minutes before Captain Haynes had charged upon us at the head of companies G and H of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, and moved on at a walk, the usual marching gait. We had marched less than a mile when I heard shots in the rear, and soon Colonel Duffié came galloping to the head of the column and said, " Cavalry in our rear, boys. Let us go," and we went. The horse I brought from Rhode Island, and which had carried me so many miles, had been lost on the 16th of June at Mannassas by carelessness and disobedience of orders by my negro servant in letting the animal graze without a picket rope, and I was riding a horse loaned me by Lieutenant Vaughan, and sitting an English instead of a military saddle. The ride was after the style of let the best horse win, and frequently my feet would be thrown out of my light stirrups by crowding horses in the narrow road which caused me to slacken the pace while regaining the stirrups, and so it soon happened that although I started at the head of the procession I found my-

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sely rapidly falling back towards the rear. At last I was where I could hear the rebels shouting, "Surrender, its no use, you can't get away," and hear their bullets sing as they fired into the column, and could also see our men turning in their saddles and firing back through the dust that covered us all like a heavy fog. I saw that if I continued in the road I must soon be killed, or taken prisoner, and noticing that on the mountain side of the road there was no fence I reined my horse sharply to the left, but he was determined to follow the column and did not obey the rein. For a moment I thought I was lost, but, with a desperate effort, I gave him the rein again together with my left spur; and making a slight angle with the road he darted into the woods at a point where there was a tree with limbs so low as to sweep me over the horse's tail and leave me sitting on the ground with a drawn sabre in my right hand, while the horse rapidly disappeared forever from my sight among the thick woods of the mountain side. As I sat there I saw that several of my comrades had followed my lead, and they passed by me into the woods. Although but a few yards from

the road the air was so thick with dust that the whole rebel column thundered by without a man discovering me, and as soon as they had passed I rose and climbed up the mountain a short distance, where I found six men of my regiment in a dense thicket of laurel bushes within a short gun-shot of the road. I sat down among them to rest, and as I always carried with me a pocket inkstand and writing materials, I improved the time by writing to my old college chum, David V. Gerald, the following letter :

NEAR BULL RUN MTS., VA.,

June 18, 1863.

Our regiment has just been cleaned up. We left Manassas Junction yesterday morning. We had a skirmish at Thoroughfare Gap, but succeeded in forcing a passage with a loss of only three horses killed and some wounded. We reached Middleburg, having had considerable skirmishing along the road. We found a small party of rebel cavalry in this place, but drove them out and established our pickets, expecting hourly the rest of our brigade to join us, via. Aldie, but it seems General Stuart, with a large force, had already taken Aldie and so we were left out in the cold, or rather shut up in among the mountains, in a regular trap, entirely surrounded by the rebels. Just after sunset last night the rebel cavalry charged upon us with overwhelming numbers. Our men fought stubbornly, and many rebs bit the dust, but it was no

use, we were obliged to retreat, which we did in good order, leaving about eighty of our men killed, wounded and prisoners; we fell back about two miles and stopped. We had no guides, and did not know in what direction to go. At daybreak the enemy attacked us and we retreated. By this time the men were very much discouraged, knowing our hopeless condition. We had gone but a short distance when we were attacked, both in front and in rear. Our plain duty was to charge and cut our way through, but the men would not do it. At this time, while at the head of the column, trying to get the men to charge with me, a bullet struck the blade of my sabre and glancing wounded me slightly in the right fore arm, but it is only a scratch, does not interfere, as you see, with writing. The men went into a field to the left of the road, and ran promiscuously. At last, by tremendous exertion on the part of the officers, the men were rallied, and we charged the rebels, who ran when they saw we meant fight. We then continued our retreat, but the rebels came down on our rear before we had gone a mile, and routed our men completely. I was at the head of the column, and had orders to charge and cut my way through all obstructions, and I did not believe anything short of artillery or a barricade would have stopped us, but the attack on the rear was fatal. Colonel Duffié rode by me saying, "Cavalry in our rear, boys, let us go," and we *did* go. I traveled with the rest about three miles, and the rebels were constantly shooting down men at the rear of the column. I lost my big bay horse several days ago, and found myself gradually dropping to the rear, and saw I must soon be shot or be taken prisoner unless I did something for myself with great swiftness, so I just dashed off sideways into the woods, a tree swept me from the saddle, and I stopped while the horse went on. Some of the men saw my dodge, and imitated the same, and I have six men and five horses here with me. We have

been lying here for an hour listening to the rebels talk. They are constantly passing by here, but they will have to be smart to catch this crowd. I intend to pilot this crowd safely out of the woods; but we have got a hard row to hoe among these mountains.

I hear a rebel damning a prisoner. I don't know whether you will ever get this letter; if you don't get it write, and if you do get it write; but by all means write. I suppose nearly all our regiment are either killed, wounded or prisoners by this time; another sacrifice to poor generalship. Still, I think our affairs never looked brighter. If Lee will only go with his army fifty miles into Pennsylvania we shall clean him up. This letter is private. I don't care if Tom Bishop, or any one else you can trust, sees it, but don't care to have the main facts public.

June 19, 1863.

I have been successful in joining the remnant of our regiment.
I brought off with me

Edward C. Capwell, Hospital Steward.

William J. Bowley, [M] Troop.

Sergt. Alvin S. Eaton, [M] Troop.

George H. Dix, [M] Troop.

E. Carns, [M] Troop.

James H. Collins, [A] Troop.

Perhaps it may be advisable to publish these names as safe. From talk with various officers, who have escaped, I am sure the rebels suffered severely; in fact, I think their loss equal to ours. About forty of those in the fight have got in.

Lt.-Col. Thompson,

Capt. Allen,

Lt. Prentiss,

Lt. Brown,

Lt. Ellis,

Capt. Gould,

Capt. Bliss,

Lt. Shurtleff.

Of those officers who went out, these are all who have returned up to date, but we have good reason to think that there are more in the mountains who will come in sooner or later.

Publish the names of these officers.

I was obliged to abandon our horses, and make our way over the mountains on foot, but I saved my arms. The bullet that wounded me, struck the blade of my sabre, and glancing scratched my arm. The bullet would undoubtedly have struck my body if it had not glanced from my sabre. I hope to return the compliment with the same sabre before the war is over. Lieutenant Burgess, Captain Rhodes and Lieutenant Vaughan went to Washington sick, June 17th, and were not in the fight. Tell father, Charles was not in the fight and is all right somewhere. When you get this please inform father of my safety immediately. I am obliged to make this one letter answer for all. Daniel W. Ide, of East Providence, was not in the fight, having been with the dismounted men since April 13th.

It is too bad to slaughter a regiment needlessly as we were.

I may be egotistical, but I believe that if I had been in command I would have safely extricated the regiment from its perilous condition on the night of June 17th. I would have gone to a house, taken a man and told him to take me across Bull Run mountains, and that if he brought me among the rebs I would blow out his brains on the spot. We were halted all night when we ought to have been marching. But it is no use to lament the past; let us profit by our sad experience and do better next time. While I can know hard bread I shall never say die.

Yours truly,

G. N. BLISS.

After writing the first part of the foregoing letter I assumed command of the party, and we moved towards the summit of the mountain, feeling sure we would find Union troops on the east side, if we could succeed in crossing. Having my field-glass with me I went in advance, and at every opportunity viewed the country. I saw the rebel videttes at cross-roads in the distance, and could, therefore, easily avoid them. As we were going along the mountain side we disturbed a partridge with her brood of young, and they ran in front of us for several yards, and nothing I saw in my whole soldier life, awoke in me so strong a longing for home and the pursuits of peaceful life. After traveling some miles we found we were not on the Bull Run Mountain, but on an outlying hill, and must descend into a valley to reach the ridge we wished to cross. In the valley we found a delightful brook of clear cold water, and determined to rest and refresh our horses here. We bathed in the brook, and then seeing an approaching thunder-storm, put up our shelter tents and waited for the shower to pass. Just as the rain was ceasing, two mounted rebels

passed near us, and as we saw them it was reasonable to suppose they saw us, and to conjecture that a larger force was near by, from whom we might soon expect an attack. We determined, therefore, to abandon our horses and climb the mountain, at a point where it was too rough for horses to travel. It was about dark as we pushed on up the mountain side over rocks and among brush and briars, until, about ten o'clock, we found a clearing on the mountain top with a house in its centre. After careful reconnoitering we found only two persons were there, and then asked admission. The lady of the house was about sixty years old, and was reluctant to admit us, but we insisted, and as we had some silver with us, and paid it for our supper of corn-bread and milk, she became quite sociable. She had never seen a Yankee before, but had once possessed a Yankee needle and a Yankee pin. We put one man on picket, and the others had a comfortable night lying before the wood-fire burning in the huge stone fireplace. In the morning after a breakfast of corn-bread and milk, we started down the east side of the mountain, and in a few hours caught sight of a

cavalry picket, and passing through the lines soon found Major Turner and a small squad of our men, who had not been with the regiment on its unfortunate raid. A few days later those who had escaped from this disaster were assembled at Alexandria. Colonel Duffié, with four officers and twenty-seven men, escaped through Hopewell Gap and marched to Centreville, where he made so good a report to General Hooker that he was recommended by him to be promoted and receive a commission as Brigadier-General, dated June 17, 1863. It is reported that General Duffié said, "My goodness, when I do well, they take no notice of me. When I go make one bad business, make one fool of myself, they promote me, make me General."

In all the fighting of the first day we did not have a man wounded; and if the regiment had cut its way out during the night of the 17th, the affair would have been a brilliant feat of arms, as we had penetrated to the centre of Stuart's Cavalry, and caused him to change all his plans and order Munford to fall back from the strong position where he was at Aldie, holding our entire cavalry force at



bay. On the second day, the 18th, we had six killed and twenty wounded; the killed were Lieutenant J. A. Chedell (C), Corporal T. Burton (F), S. Wilcox (D), J. H. Elkins (M), Charles Fairbanks (M), and B. G. Lawrence (M).

We had in the two days 210 captured, but forty of them succeeded in escaping, and only 170 were taken as prisoners to Richmond. The Color-Sergeant, G. A. Robinson (Troop I), when he found he would be captured took the colors from the staff and wrapped them around his body under his clothing, and after being a prisoner for several days escaped, and brought the colors safely back to the regiment, for which he was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Lieutenant. During the confusion of our first retreat through the wheat-field in the morning of June 18th, a rebel rode up to Lawrence Cronan, who carried the guidon of Company C, and demanded the surrender of the flag. Cronan refused, and the rebel fired, sending a bullet through Cronan's right arm, his breast, and wounding his left arm, but Cronan rode off with the flag as though nothing had happened. Soon after, Cronan

became faint through loss of blood, gave his flag to a comrade, and was left behind a prisoner. Cronan was taken to Middleburg, but was recaptured at noon of the 18th, when our cavalry corps entered the town, was sent to the hospital at Washington, recovered from his wounds, and served until the end of the war. While Cronan was lying wounded and a prisoner, the rebel who shot him came to his side and said, "Why did you not surrender that flag," to which Cronan replied, "It was not given me for that purpose." The rebel said, "Well, you are tough," and passed on.

Several of my comrades have, at my request, written out their personal experience in this affair, and their narratives, and the letters and papers from Confederate sources published in the appendix to this paper, renders it unnecessary for me to prolong my own story.

This movement of the First Rhode Island Cavalry on Middleburg, resulting in disaster to the regiment, was of great service to our arms. It at once resulted in an order from General Stuart for the retreat of his troops from Aldie, where they had held

a position so strong that our whole cavalry corps had failed to dislodge them. Our cavalry passed the Aldie Gap and for several days pushed Stuart's troops severely, and it is thought that General Stuart's desire to retaliate by a brilliant feat of arms led him to make the raid between Washington and the Army of the Potomac, thereby depriving General Lee of the services of Stuart and his veteran cavalymen for many days, and for want of the information they might have given, causing, as many Confederate officers believe, the crushing defeat at Gettysburg.

APPENDIX.

LEXINGTON, KY., 1st July, 1884.

Capt. George N. Bliss, Providence, R. I. :

MY DEAR SIR: Your favors of recent date are received. I think I can answer your questions satisfactorily, and you will find that the statements which I shall make are, in the main, verified by Gen. Stuart's report, to which you doubtless have access.

On the morning of the 17th June, '63, Stuart moved Fitz Lee's Brigade, commanded by Col. T. T. Munford, from Piedmont to Aldie. Robertson's Brigade was stationed at Rector's Cross Roads, and W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, commanded by Col. Chambliss, was left near Salem to picket Thoroughfare Gap, and to keep open communication with Hampton, who was still in the rear.

Stuart detached from Fitz Lee's Brigade two squadrons to accompany himself as body guard and for picket duty, and with these two squadrons took station at Middleburg as a central point of communication between his brigades. It was doubtless Stuart's intention to move Chambliss and Robertson towards Middleburg later in the day. When Col. Duffié reached Thoroughfare Gap there was no Confederate force in his front but the picket from Chambliss' command, and this picket was no doubt instructed to report to the brigade headquarters, and was not instructed to report to Stuart at Middleburg. Hence Stuart was not aware of Duffié's advance until it encountered the picket thrown out by his body

guard from Middleburg. The distance from Salem to Thoroughfare Gap is about eight miles, and from Salem to Middleburg, perhaps twice as far; so you will readily see that unless the picket at the Gap had been instructed to report direct to Stuart, the news of Duffié's advance could not have reached Stuart in time to prepare him for it. Duffié's movement was certainly a surprise, in the sense that Stuart had no notice of it, but the (for him) very unusual precaution which he had taken of attaching to himself a strong body guard, showed that he was prepared for unexpected developments, and although unable to dispute the road with Col. Duffié, he had sufficient time to notify Munford, at Aldie, of the danger in his rear, and then to retire in safety from Middleburg. There is no doubt whatever about the fact that Munford's withdrawal from the Aldie Gap was caused by the order sent by Stuart, when he was driven out of Middleburg by Duffié. Munford could, and would have held his position in spite of all his opponents could do. One of his best regiments had hardly fired a gun, and another had been but little hurt. His position was a strong one, and the fighting, while severe, had only served to warm up his men and give them confidence. But what else could Stuart do but order him to retire? Munford was now between two forces, and Stuart could not count upon the arrival of either Chambliss or Robertson in time to relieve him. Had Duffié been aware of the state of affairs at Aldie, and had he moved upon Munford instead of stopping at Middleburg, your regiment would have escaped the disaster which befell it, and might have inflicted serious damage on Munford.

In my article reviewing the Comte de Paris, I have stated the loss in the 1st R. I. Regiment, as given by Col. Duffié in his official report. This report justifies me in asserting the annihilation of the regiment, for Col. Duffié states the survivors to be "4 officers

and 27 men." I find no subsequent report contradicting this, or in any way mitigating the disaster to the regiment. Duffie's report was, however, written on the same day on which he reached his brigade, and it seems reasonable that others, of whom he was not at that time aware, might have made their escape and rejoined their friends at a later day. I will be glad if you can give me any exact and *authoritative* information concerning the loss in your regiment. What became of the regimental organization? Was it ever restored, and did the regiment again come into the field? I am anxious, not only to make no error on this point, but also to do full justice to a gallant body of men, who were overwhelmed by a disaster, which was in no sense the result of any fault of their own.

If there are any other points upon which I can give you information, please command me.

I am yours very sincerely,

H. B. McCLELLAN.

LEXINGTON, KY., 10 July, 1884.

Captain Geo. N. Bliss, Providence, R. I.:

MY DEAR SIR: I thank you sincerely for your kind favors of the 5th instant, and for the History of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, which you present to me in the name of your Veteran Association. Please convey to the Association my thanks for this valuable and highly appreciated gift. I shall not fail, now that the facts are before me, to correct some errors into which I have been led by the absence of full reports in the official records.

The force which attacked the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry at Middleburg on the 17th June, 1863, was Robertson's Brigade, which consisted of the 59th North Carolina State Troops (4th Cavalry Regiment), Col. D. D. Ferree; and the 63d North Carolina State

Troops (5th Cavalry), Col. P. G. Evans. These two regiments were fresh from the camp of instruction, and on the 31st May reported about 1,000 aggregate present for duty. They were present, but not engaged at the battle of the 9th June, near Brandy Station. They probably had 900 men in the saddle on the 17th June, but this was the first time they came under fire. They were armed with Enfield rifles and sabres. They were badly cut up in the fights of the 19th and 21st June, but subsequently, under Gordon and Barringer, became veteran regiments and did excellent service. Col. Evans was killed at Upperville, on the 21st June.

I regret that I cannot answer your question concerning the force engaged with your regiment on the 18th July, 1863. Perhaps General Stuart's report on the Gettysburg Campaign may throw some light on that point, see Southern Historical Society papers, Vol. 7, page 428, at the bottom of the page.

I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

H. B. McCLELLAN.

The following extract is from the *Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry*, by Major H. B. McClellan; pages 303, 304 and 305 :

Early in the morning Col. A. N. Duffié had crossed the Bull Run Mountain at Thoroughfare Gap. His orders directed him to encamp at Middleburg on the night of the 17th, and to proceed the next day towards Nolan's Ferry, extending his march to the west as far as Snickersville. These orders seem to have contemplated a somewhat extended scout by this regiment on the left flank of General Gregg's division,—a hazardous movement in the presence of an enterprising enemy. Col. Duffié reached Thoroughfare Gap

at 9.30 A. M., and was somewhat delayed in crossing the mountain by the picket from Chambliss' command. By eleven o'clock, however, he was fairly on his way towards Middleburg. At four o'clock, P. M., he struck the pickets which Stuart had established for his own safety outside the town, and drove them in so quickly that Stuart and his staff were compelled to make a retreat more rapid than was consistent with dignity and comfort. Having with him no force adequate to contest the ground with Duffié's regiment, Stuart retired toward Rector's Cross Roads. Munford was notified of his danger, and directed to withdraw from Aldie, and Robertson and Chambliss were orderd to move immediately upon Middleburg. The only hope for Duffié's regiment now lay in an immediate advance upon Aldie, where he might have created considerable commotion by attacking the rear of the 1st Virginia Cavalry on the Middleburg road. But he did not know this, and his orders were positive, requiring him to encamp for the night at Middleburg. He therefore made the best of his situation by dismounting one-half of his regiment behind stone walls and barricades, hoping that he might be able to hold his position until reinforced from Aldie, whither he sent Captain Frank Allen to make known his situation at brigade headquarters. Captain Allen reached Aldie, after encountering many difficulties, at nine o'clock, P. M. He says in his report, "General Kilpatrick informed me that his brigade was so worn out that he could not send any reinforcements to Middleburg, but that he would report the situation of our regiment to General Gregg. Returning, he said that General Gregg had gone to state the facts to General Pleasanton, and directed me to remain at Aldie until he heard from General Pleasanton. I remained, but received no further orders."

Thus Colonel Duffié was left to meet his fate. At seven o'clock in the evening he was attacked by Robertson's brigade. His men

fought bravely, and repelled more than one charge before they were driven from the town, retiring by the same road upon which they had advanced. Unfortunately for Duffié, this road was now closed by Chambliss' brigade, which surrounded him during the night, and captured, early the next morning, the greater part of those who had escaped from Robertson on the previous evening. Colonel Duffié himself, escaped capture, and reached Centreville early in the afternoon, with four of his officers and twenty-seven men. He reports the loss in his regiment at twenty officers and two hundred and forty-eight men. This, however, was an exaggeration of the calamity; for other officers beside himself had taken to the woods, and succeeded in making their way back to the Federal lines on the 18th and 19th. Major Farrington, who was separated from his regiment on the night of the 17th, in Middleburg, thus brought in two officers and twenty-three men; Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson brought in eighteen men; Sergeant Palmer, twelve men; and Captain George N. Bliss, six men. Color-Sergeant Robbins, who was wounded and captured, was left in Middleburg, and fell into the hands of his friends when Stuart retired from that place. This reduces the loss to two hundred. This regiment was composed of good materials, and it rapidly recuperated. On the 17th of August following it assembled three hundred men at Warrenton, and was attached to McIntosh's brigade, of Gregg's division.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA, April 30, 1884.

Major George N. Bliss:

DEAR SIR: Immediately after I received your letter asking me about the fight at Aldie, 17th June, 1863, I addressed the enclosed letter to Capt. Frank S. Robertson, who resides in Washington County, Virginia, thinking he could recall the circumstances con-

nected with the order. His reply is herewith enclosed. Capt. Robertson was A. A. D. C. on Gen'l Stuart's staff,—this should settle the point as to whether *I* was *ordered off* or *drawn off*. It matters very little to me. *I left* there, and as I had a strong position, would have preferred holding it to having a fight with a largely superior force where I did not and could not have the advantages of the strong position I had taken at Aldie.

I was not *pressed* or harassed to any extent when I did fall back, and I certainly carried off all of my prisoners, and did not leave any of my wounded that could be moved.

I am, Major, very truly and respectfully,

THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

LYNCHBURG, April 22, 1864.

Capt. Frank Robertson, A. A. D. C. late A. N. Va.:

DEAR CAPT.: I enclose you a letter from a gallant Federal officer, Major Geo. N. Bliss, he asked some information at my hands about the battle at Aldie, 17th June, 1864. Remembering that you came in person and delivered an order to me from Gen'l J. E. B. Stuart to fall back from my position at Aldie, will you please state that fact on the other side of the page of this letter. A good many reports have been made on this fight and the Federals claim that we were driven off. I reported that I was ordered by Gen'l Stuart to fall back, through you as his A. D. C. I will thank you to state as far as you can what orders you delivered to me.

Your friend,

THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

If you will do me the kindness to enclose Capt. Frank S. Robertson's letter to Major H. B. McClellan's address, Lexington, Kentucky, after *satisfying* yourself. It will be an introduction to Major

McClellan, who will be better able to give you information than I can.

This captain's reply was not received until to-day, and I did not wish to delay my reply to your letter, hence I did not send it in my hurried letter a few days since.

Yours,

T. J. M.

THE MEADOWS IN ABINGDON, VA., April 26, 1884.

Gen'l Thos. T. Munford :

DEAR SIR: In reply to yours will state that the orders I carried you from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart were delivered under difficulties that vividly recall them. He and Staff were very unceremoniously driven out of Middleburg by the sudden and unexpected approach of a large body of Federal Cavalry. Shortly afterwards General Stuart called me and gave the following orders: "Go back and find Munford about Aldie, explain matters, and order him to fall back immediately and join me as best he can at Rector's Cross Roads to night." Less than an hour afterwards these orders were given you at Aldie, and as I remember quite late in the evening.

I found you sharply engaged, but recall no impression of the enemy's pressing or having anything to do with your falling back, which, of course, immediately followed my orders from Stuart.

Yours very truly,

FRANK S. ROBERTSON.

LYNCHBURG, VA., April 26, 1884.

Major Geo. N. Bliss :

DEAR SIR: I have your letter enclosing copy of my letter to you fourth of March, 1882.

I was in command of Fitz Lee's Brigade at Aldie, Va., June 17, 1863. Gen. Fitz Lee had been kicked by a mule or horse in passing a wagon, and was compelled to take an ambulance until nearly at Gettysburg. My command was composed of the 2d Va. Cavalry, my own regiment, and the 1st and 3d Va. Rosser had been sent off to the right, commanding his regiment, the 5th Va., and Wickham with the 4th Va., had been sent off, but both were sent to report to me at Aldie. The 1st, 2d and 3d Va. were feeding their horses at Carter's, about a mile and a half from Aldie, when I was notified of the advance of the enemy. Rosser arrived just before my reserve regiments got up and had a sharp skirmish. When I arrived I put the 1st Va. on the Upperville Pike, with the sharpshooters dismounted behind the two stone walls. The triangular or V shaped land between the two pikes rises to the west; at the apex was a meadow with some stocks of hay. My position was a very strong one. The enemy did not try to go up the Upperville road but once, but they charged repeatedly up the Snicker's Gap road. The sharpshooters behind the stone wall with a stake fence on their right had a splendid position. The Federals could not turn it, they would charge up the lane and receive a galling fire; my mounted regiments would counter charge and drive them back down the lane and they would get a second volley. This was done six or eight times by different squadrons and regiments, but they had not dislodged me. I never saw men show better spirit than the Federals did, and they would have run over me if two or three regiments or a brigade had been thrown in at one time. I was ordered to retire by a staff officer from Gen Stuart. I would have preferred to attempt to hold on to leaving, as my men had gained confidence and we believed we could keep them off. I did retire up the Snicker's Gap road, but was not pressed. I never saw as many dead and wounded men and horses in the same space before or

after as we had before us. I do not wish at this late day to write a description of the battle. I made a report at the time, and sent in the reports of all the colonels. We captured about 130 men and officers. Rosser lost heavily. I was the ranking officer. Gen. Stuart had been held in check and kept out of Middleburg by a very inferior force compared to his command, and we never had the credit from our side for what was done by us. My command was like the R. I. regiment, fighting with five times its numbers. I believe Major McClellan, who was Gen'l Stuart's adjutant, will write a fair account of that battle in his narrative of Stuart's Campaigns now in progress.

I do not send you this as a report and do not care to appear in print, but I am responsible for the truth of what is said, and I don't care how you use it.

I hope you will excuse a hurriedly written letter and a very slight sketch of Aldie as I remember it.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

P. S. I was not a West Pointer. I graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, and had seventeen graduates of that school in my regiment, and I had one of the finest regiments in the army. I knew all of my men, served with them four years. I do not say this unkindly, but our army had to supply places for graduates of West Point of the old army, and some of them had better been at home.

T. T. M.

The following paper was written by Lyman Aylesworth, Sergeant of Co. C, 1st R. I. Cavalry :

MY ESCAPE FROM MIDDLEBURG.

After the charge through Middleburg I was detailed with two others to go back to the rear and picket the road we came in on. About sunset we heard the rebels charging down the road from Middleburg. When the firing commenced I rode back towards the reserve, when I saw two horses without riders coming on a regular charge. I managed to capture one of them, which was wounded in the neck; he was a very fine horse, and I think belonged to a rebel officer. Near dusk I saw a squad of about fifty cavalry coming across the field. From the direction they were our men. We challenged them to know who they were. They gave us no answer, but part of them started off to our left and part towards us. I halted them, and told them if they came any further we should fire on them. One of them said, "We are friends, I reckon." I did not want to know any more; we fired on them, and they fell back. I then had orders to draw in the picket and join the regiment. After going a short distance we met Colonel Duffie with a part of the regiment. I reported what I had seen. We then left the road and went across the field a short distance into a piece of woods and halted. We had orders in a whisper to dismount and stand by our horses ready to mount at any time. We were not allowed to build any fires or make any loud talk. As our horses had not eaten since morning it was with difficulty we could keep them still. As some of our men had lost their horses in the fight, I let a comrade have mine and took the horse I had captured, which I found to be a splendid rider. The next morning about sunrise our picket was fired on. We then mounted and moved out into the open field, where we made a charge on the enemy and drove them back. We then went into the road that led through Hopewell Gap. I was detailed with a squad of about a dozen men to cover the retreat, and I think Lieutenant Chedell had charge

of the squad. We had gone only a short distance when we heard the rebels charging in our rear, and we formed across the road to meet the charge, but their force was so strong we were obliged to fall back after giving them a volley from our carbines. When we overtook the regiment the rebels were close on to us firing and yelling like madmen. We returned the fire as best we could, but the dust soon became so thick that we could hardly discern our men from the rebels. Men and horses were falling all around me. The road being very narrow, many of our men and horses were pressed down by the crowd and trampled upon. My horse was crowded up on the bank and in coming down he stumbled and fell; I struck on my hands and feet and managed to get out of the way of the other horses by jumping over the wall into some brush. When my horse fell Lieutenant Chedell was directly in front of me, and as I was getting over the wall I saw him fall from his horse. When nearly all had passed two rebels came along and stopped. One I took to be a surgeon, and from what I could hear of their conversation, I found Lieutenant Chedell was mortally wounded. Soon after this the rebels began to march our men back as prisoners. At one time I thought I would crawl out and surrender and go with them, as my escape seemed almost impossible, but the thought of suffering and starving at Richmond or Andersonville made me decide to take the chances of escape. A number of times the rebels passed so near me that I could have touched them with my sabre, but they were all so earnestly talking of what they had captured that they did not see me. In about two hours the rebels began to fall back, and then I started for the mountains. After travelling for a short time I struck a foot-path, and soon heard voices ahead of me; thinking they were some of our men I hurried to overtake them; on coming to a short turn I saw they were three rebels, but as they were going the same way they did

not discover me, and I quickly jumped into the brush and remained there until they were gone. On the way down the side of the mountain I came to a log cabin, and thinking it might be negro quarters, I went to it and found an old white man and his wife. I inquired if they had seen any Yanks pass there; they said that they had seen some that morning, who went down through the Gap. I stopped to rest, and the old lady went to the Spring House near by and brought me some milk. They said that was all they could give me as they had very little to eat. The milk, with some hard tack, I had made quite a good meal. After making some inquiry I started on. The old man informed me that if I went on in the same direction I was going I would soon be captured, but I kept on until out of his sight and then changed my course. Soon after I was discovered by some dogs, and I found a man was following me. I ordered him to halt, but he paid me no attention until I drew my revolver on him; then he stopped and inquired "if any more were coming;" I replied, "if he followed me any further he would soon find out." At Gainsville I found that some of our men had passed there that day, but no rebels. From there I took the road to Centreville, having most of the time before this travelled through the woods. Just before I reached Centreville I overtook some of our men where they had stopped for the night. Colonel Duffié saw me coming and came out to meet me. The first inquiry he made was, "Have you seen anything of Colonel Thompson?" I had not seen him, but had seen a number of our men taken prisoners. He seemed deeply affected, and said, with tears in his eyes: "My poor boys, my poor boys; All are gone. All are gone."

I had come about thirty miles and my feet were so blistered I could hardly stand on them. The next morning we went to General Hooker's headquarters.

LYMAN AYLESWORTH.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I., January 5, 1883.

Feb. 28, 1883.

To Capt. George N. Bliss, Providence, R. I. :

DEAR SIR: You asked me at our reunion to write to you what I saw at the fight at Middleburg. I was a private in Troop H, Captain Chase's company. Soon after we left Manassas, on the morning of June 17, 1863, I was put on the skirmish line, but saw nothing of any importance until we came in sight of Thoroughfare Gap, when being then on the main road, I saw what I took to be a skirmish line on the mountain. I was then one of the advanced videttes; there were three of us, Teft, Lee, and myself, all of Company H. I then became very cautious. On the left of the Gap was a mill of some kind, and here I inquired who those men were on the hill, and received for an answer from a man through the window that he did not know. I then made up my mind that it was the enemy. Keeping a sharp lookout, with carbines ready, we moved on, and just as we almost cleared the Gap came suddenly on a Confederate, mounted, and dressed in a butternut uniform. He was about fifty feet from us. I started for him and thinking to capture him I halted him twice, but as he was turning his horse, I then took aim the best I could and fired and missed him, for away he went like a streak of lightning. This was the first shot fired. Soon after somebody on the right fired, and then commenced the skirmish at the Gap. I may say here I never saw the men go into skirmish with more spirit than they did here; they went in on the gallop and cleared the hill in a few minutes. Captain Chase came up in a short time, and I reported to him what force I thought the enemy had. I told the Captain there were six hundred of them. I saw what I estimated to be double our force take the road to the left and disappear before the regiment came up. I joined my company and was with Captain Chase when he charged into Middleburg,

after which we were withdrawn to the edge of the town, and some of us were ordered to form a skirmish line by Captain Rogers, and had some lively shooting for some time. Here Captain Chase drew my attention to Sergeant Barrows, of Company E, on the left of the road alone, and exchanging shots with two or three of the enemy, (brave boy, he died at Andersonville). I went to his assistance, and was on the skirmish line until my ammunition was about gone, was then relieved and went back to the woods with the rest of the regiment. Just before sundown Captain Chase ordered us into line, and ten of us were placed under Lieutenant Steere and taken up the road a few hundred yards towards Middleburg; here we waited under a low stone wall on the right of the road. We were told that our pickets would come in ahead of the enemy, and ordered to be careful not to shoot any of our own men. About dusk we heard them coming; every one of us had his carbine and revolver ready. They came on the charge, yelling, and some of our own pickets ahead of them. Every one of the ten and our officer stood up without any protection, but the wall, which was hardly any protection whatever. On they came, and so close to us, that we could almost touch some of them with our carbines. We gave them the carbines first and then our revolvers, seventy-six shots in all. As well as I can remember, twice they charged past us to get a fire in their front, when they reached the woods. Here we stayed until another force charged, and halted about two hundred feet up the road. We could hear their officer giving them orders to form a line, and it looked like they were coming into the field where we were, and Lieutenant Steere gave us orders to follow him and we did so. I do not know how much damage was done by our seventy-six shots, but I have always believed that we helped considerable to close up the Rebellion. Our officer took us a little to the left and through the woods, and it seemed to me after going

about a mile we came up with the regiment which was halted. We had all of us lost our horses, and soon after I saw a man with two, one was a captured horse; he let me have one of them, and I was again mounted. Soon after we went into the woods where we halted that night. Early in the morning we were attacked again, and in getting into the field from the woods we were very much scattered, but with the help of our Colonel and Captain Bliss and Doctor Mann, our surgeon, we soon formed a line. While we were forming, the officer in command of the enemy said to his men, "Draw your sabres and charge on them," and it was then that Captain Bliss, in a voice that would give confidence to any soldier, said, "That's just what we want," and we did not wait for them to charge, but charged them and broke them. Then we marched from the field into the road, and my place came in the middle of the column just behind the Colonel. The command took a walk, but a heavy cloud of dust towards Middleburg told us the enemy were coming and coming strong. Soon I heard firing in our rear, and an officer rode up to the Colonel and said they were firing into the rear. The Colonel turned in his saddle and took a look towards the rear, and then gave orders to take a trot, and soon it became a gallop. I had gone only a short distance, when, turning in my saddle, I saw them a few hundred yards behind, yelling, firing and ordering us to halt. Here was a scene I cannot describe; some were killed and some were thrown from their horses, and the horses without any riders kept right on with us; the road was narrow in places, and the riderless horses jumped here and there. I would sometimes look behind and they would be close to me, and they were shooting all the time. One man was killed by my side. I spoke to him when he was hit, but he never answered me. I kept on as best I could. Sometimes they would be close on me, and then I would gain some on them; after a time we were pretty well



strung out. I passed two officers on the side of the road fixing their saddles. I think one of them was Captain Bixby; how they got away always puzzled me. Soon after I came to where two more of our men were fixing their saddles; here I partly halted and asked them if they were going to make a stand there, but received no answer and kept on. I was all alone now, and was just thinking I would get away from them, and had just got to the end of the wooded road on the way to the Gap, when my horse suddenly stopped. I sank my spurs into his sides, but it was no use, he was gone. I looked behind me and could see them coming, and not seeing any possible chance, I was obliged to surrender. The first one took my carbine, but did not ask me for my revolver, and and while a dozen or more of them were gathered in a group trading for arms, and only a few feet from me, I took my revolver from the holster and threw it over the stone wall, and none of them saw me do it. On my way back I had the consolation that they had one revolver less than they might have had. Here the chase ended. I could not see that any of our men were captured beyond this point. On my way back the first body that I saw was that of Lieutenant Chedell. He laid with his feet towards the road, and although he had been dead only a few minutes his boots were gone. Soon after I came on another of our men lying in the middle of the road; he was the one to whom I spoke when he was shot. Then I saw two more that I did not know. The next I saw was Corporal Burton, of Company F, lying on a bank alongside of the road. As we passed through Middleburg I saw a number of dead Confederates on the piazza; how many I could not state. They were covered with sheets with bouquets placed upon their breasts.

This ends my knowledge of the fight, and I will close now with saying that I have endeavored to give you a truthful account of it, as far as my memory serves me, and although I may not have given

you any new facts, I have fulfilled my promise made to you at our reunion at Oakland Beach, last Summer.

Yours fraternally,

HENRY DUXBURY.

No. 3 Palmer Street, Providence, R. I.

CHICAGO, May 19, 1883.

DEAR CAPTAIN:

Your letter of last February has been allowed to remain unanswered on account of a journey which I have been taking in the South. I have suffered severely from pneumonia in the Spring in two seasons, and I thought I would try to avoid our Spring weather. The result I hope has been good. I have been quite well. I was in Florida, Southern Georgia, and the last of April in the mountains of North Carolina.

I don't know how I can assist you about your Middleburg history. Col. Duffié was sometimes communicative and sometimes, and about some matters, very reticent. I remember only in a very general way what he said to me about the affair. I know there was not the most cordial feeling between him and the controlling officers in the cavalry, and his orders to keep so far west of the main body were regarded by him as an effort to get rid of him, by having his regiment captured or lost, or by his own mistakes in executing his very difficult and very remarkable orders. You will, of course, have a copy of these, and a study of them, in view of the then known position of the main body of the Confederate army and the probable position of the cavalry, will show that there must have been some truth in Duffié's surmise. Then, again, I suspected that he was more or less a thorn in the side of the higher officers. He was not companionable with them; did not think as they did; had little in common, and, was perhaps, in

clined to be boastful; perhaps solicited such a combination of regiments in brigades as would give him a larger command, and he certainly thought he was entitled to it, and felt injured that he did not receive it. Perhaps he solicited an independent command; my recollection is that he did, and when he received this, he discovered that it was sufficiently independent, and before we were through with it, we discovered that it was too much so. These jarring relations, which I have indicated in such a general way, were the cause of his being sent out. He would say that his orders were an intentional error. They would say that he asked for them and more too. He was very uneasy as soon as we were through the Bull Run Mountains, and his anxiety increased from that time on. Still he was very ambitious as well as proud, and he would not have turned back, except in the presence of an overwhelming force, for anything in the world. He sent Captain Allen dashing into (I have forgotten the name of the town) was it Middleburg, or some other at the junction of one road and the Aldie pike? and came near making splendid captures. He was exceedingly desirous of distinguishing himself, and really hoped to do so, although he knew he was liable at any moment to meet a very much larger force than he had. Still there is little distinction without danger.

I cannot tell you the secrets of his management of the affair after we had our fight. After dark, and when we knew we were in the presence of a large force, and they might surround us and overwhelm us at any moment, he was considerably shaken. He could not bear to retreat, and to stay till daylight was perhaps destruction. My recollection is that he wanted to wait before moving, until he could hear from Captain Allen's mission; but the indications of the strength of the enemy were too plain, and his final idea, I think, was to conceal his command until the morning might

show him a way to extricate himself. We hid successfully, but the extrication did not come. We can all say what we might have done in view of what we know now, but he was embarrassed by his relations to the cavalry officers. He could not go back to them in a disorganized state, such as would probably follow cutting through a large force in the night. He did not want to go back to them at all, and his sagacity and shrewdness was shown by the fact that he went directly to General Hooker, to whom he told such a story as induced the General to send him at once to Washington endorsed for a Brigadier-General. Duffié had no idea of returning to Pleasanton with his command gone.

Now, I have given only impressions. I have referred to no book or letters, and I may be wrong, but I think not. Duffié was in many respects an excellent soldier. His command was very fond of him, and he liked his command, but everything was subordinate to his personal ambition, and his ambition and the generally discordant relations between him and the controlling spirits of the cavalry all combined to sacrifice the regiment that day. The regiment should not have been there alone; should not have had such orders, and Duffié should have thought less of himself and more of his command and the good of the service. It demoralizes a command to skulk and hide. This was the cause of the only exception to the splendid bearing of the regiment throughout the whole expedition. The truth is, we disgraced ourselves by fleeing from a comparatively small force as we emerged from our hiding-place. A larger force came upon us later in the morning, but at first it was small. In all other respects the men acquitted themselves gallantly, and they were justified to some extent, at least, in being at first demoralized by the hiding, and the consciousness of a great danger.

I have only given you a few rambling impressions of my own and not historical facts, and have not helped you at all. I shall be

very glad to see your paper, for everything relating to the history of our regiment is very interesting to me. I have within a week passed through Andersonville, Ga., and Salisbury, North Carolina. There is no appearance of a prison. Scrub pines cover the ground and have obliterated all traces of the confinement and misery of our soldiers, but the sight of the places brought up memories and accounts of experiences which will last as long as life.

I have tried to give you accurate impressions, but they are hastily written, and I should not consent to have my name mentioned as authority for anything without an opportunity for more careful expression and an examination into documents.

Very truly,

JNO. L. THOMPSON.

CAPT. GEO. N. BLISS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I expected to have had the revised paper to which allusion is made in the foregoing letter, but the sudden death of General Thompson, early this year, obliges me to publish this; which, in my opinion, is a graphic picture of what is sometimes called secret history. This gallant officer was, after leaving our regiment, Colonel of the First New Hampshire Cavalry, and Brevet-Brigadier General.

G. N. B.

[COPY.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 18, 1881.

MY DEAR COMRADES OF THE 1ST N. H. CAVALRY :

Regretting greatly my inability to be present when you relight the old camp-fire, and, around its cheerful glow, fight your battles o'er, it has occurred to me that I could add something to the interest of your reunion by contributing, from the data in my possession, a paper on the affair at Middleburg, Va., in June, 1863, which ended so disastrously to our regiment (then the 1st Rhode Island), but which, in the light of history, reflects no dishonor upon us or our brave Colonel, because of the great odds of the enemy, and the perilous character of the movement required of us. Before venturing to send this paper I consulted my friend Capt. Wyatt, and was assured by him that my comrades would greet such a paper with pleasure.

While spending my summer vacation this year near Snicker's Gap, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, I took a real old cavalry ride of 36 miles one day, visiting Middleburg and Aldie. At the former place I saw the stone walls behind which our carbineers were dismounted and gallantly repulsed three charges of the "Johnnies," also the woods where the main part of the regiment was drawn up ready for a charge, while the skirmish was going on, and where subsequently Sergt. Jim Gage, of Troop K, reported to a rebel officer with his squad, supposing it was our regt. still there, and was summarily "gobbled up."

But I have already taken too much of your time with my own words. My part of this narrative will be merely the collation of reports and items, with possibly an occasional remark of my own. My information is from official sources, with the addition of a few facts from Gen'l Robertson, of the late Confederate army, who

commanded the column attacking us on the night of the 17th, and who now resides in this city, and is a very courteous and genial gentleman.

A little statement of the strength and positions of the rebel cavalry and our own may be of interest, and the accompanying rude sketch will aid in a clear understanding of the latter.

According to the regimental return of May 31, 1863, our regiment numbered 25 officers and 437 enlisted men (aggregate 462), present for duty.

(Col. Duffié calls our number 275.)

The rebel cavalry opposed to us consisted of 3 Brigades, viz.:

Robertson's, numbering 1,294 officers and men for duty;

W. H. F. Lee's Brigade of 4 regiments, not less than 800 men;

Fitz Hugh Lee's Brigade of 5 regiments, not less than 1,000 men.

The exact number of these two Brigades I have been unable to ascertain, though I have corresponded with their commanding officers, and examined the regimental returns. The rebel regiments, many of them, were small, but in placing them at 200 men each I am sure I have under estimated their strength.

The position of the rebel cavalry when we reached Middleburg (see sketch) was as follows:

Robertson's Brigade at Rectortown, about 8 miles; Fitz Hugh Lee's Brigade at Aldie, 5 miles; W. H. F. Lee's Brigade at White Plains, about 8 miles.

Gen'l Stuart, in person, with his staff and small pickets at Middleburg. As will be seen by Gen. Stuart's report, which follows, Robertson was present and charged us in the evening, and W. H. F. Lee engaged us the following morning. Gen'l Robertson tells me that he personally saw a part of Fitz Hugh Lee's Brigade at Middleburg on the evening of the 17th, when he attacked us, but the reports of the officers of that brigade do not mention the affair,

and I presume they may not have been actively engaged, though my belief is that the portion of our regiment sent out on the Aldie road was captured by a part of this Brigade returning from that place.

In regard to the position of W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, it will be remembered that just after we passed Thoroughfare Gap we had a skirmish with a force on our left flank, in which Bill Glidden, of Company K, had his horse killed. The force here opposed to us was this brigade, and after we passed, it followed some distance in our rear.

But the report of our gallant Colonel and those of the rebel Generals R. E. Lee and J. E. B. Stuart, will best tell the story.

COL. DUFFIE'S REPORT.

(See Report printed in Sabres and Spurs.)

NOTE—Some errors in regard to casualties will be found in Col. Duffie's report, but these arose from the scattering condition of the regiment at the time the report was made.—TASKER.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF GEN'L R. E. LEE, CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

On the 17th of June, Fitz Hugh Lee's Brigade, under Col. Munford, which was on the road to Snicker's Gap, was attacked near Aldie by the Federal Cavalry. The attack was repulsed with loss, and the brigade held its ground till ordered to fall back, its right being threatened by another body coming from Hopewell towards Middleburg. The latter force was driven from Middleburg, and pursued towards Hopewell, by Robertson's Brigade, which arrived about dark. Its retreat was intercepted by W. H. Lee's Brigade, under Col. Chambliss, and the greater part of the regiment captured.

R. E. LEE,

Gen. Com. Army of N. Va.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF MAJ.-GEN. J. E. B. STUART, COMD'G
CAVALRY DIVISION (REBEL).

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Simultaneously with this attack (referring to the engagement at Aldie—Tasker), I was informed that a large body of the enemy's cavalry was advancing on Middleburg from the direction of Hopewell. Having only a few pickets and my staff here (Middleburg), I sent word to Col. Munford (comd'g Fitz Hugh Lee's Cav. and then at Aldie—Tasker) to look out for the road to Middleburg, as by the time my dispatch reached him the enemy would be in the place, and, retiring myself towards Rector's Cross Roads, I sent word to Robertson (halted near Rectortown—Tasker) to march without delay to Middleburg, and Chambliss (comd'g W. H. F. Lee's brigade near White Plains—Tasker) to take the Salem road to the same place.

.

Brig.-Gen'l Robertson arrived at Middleburg just at dark. I ordered him to attack the enemy at once, and with his two regts. he drove him handsomely out of the place and pursued him—miles on the Hopewell road, the force appearing to scatter. He captured a standard and 70 prisoners. Chambliss (comd'g W. H. F. Lee's Brigade—T.), approaching from that direction, caught that night and early next morning 160, and several guidons, the Colonel and a small detachment, only, escaping. Horses and equipments were captured in proportion. Among the captured were a number of officers.

Our loss in Robertson's Brigade was slight,—3 killed and 11 wounded, except Major McNeill, 63 N. C. Cavalry, whose wound

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

FOURTH SERIES - No. 5.

PROVIDENCE:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.
1889.

deprived us of the services of a most valuable officer, and Lieut Col. Cantwell, 59th N. C. Cavalry, captured.

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Respectfully submitted,

J. E. B. STUART,

Major Gen'l Comd'g Cavalry Army of Northern Va.

From these reports will be seen the perilous nature of the movement we were ordered to undertake, the numbers, strength and positions of the opposing forces, and I think a pretty correct understanding of the whole affair can be had. Should any of the members of the old 1st R. I. have any personal recollections of this engagement I should be pleased if they would furnish them to me.

Trusting that the sketch will not prove wholly uninteresting, and wishing all my former comrades of the cavalry prosperity and happiness,

I have the honor to be your comrade and friend,

A. P. TASKER,

Late of Troop K.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

GENERAL SHERIDAN.

BY

EDWARD P. TOBIE,

[Formerly of the First Maine Cavalry.]

PROVIDENCE:
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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

GENERAL SHERIDAN.

IN April, 1864, while at home on a veteran furlough, I took up the local daily paper one evening to read the war news, and there, to my surprise, saw a big heading, "General Sherman to command the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac." The telegraphic dispatch underneath this heading was of only a few lines and merely repeated this statement. What did it mean? Being so fortunate as to be an enlisted man in this same cavalry corps, (a Sergeant in the First Maine Cavalry) and expecting to reach my regiment at the front in time to join in the opening of the coming campaign, I was naturally interested. General Grant had recently been appointed to the command of all the Union armies,

and it was well understood that he was to personally direct the movements of the Army of the Potomac. Naturally we expected some changes in corps and division commanders, but we were not prepared for this. General Sherman was doing good work in the west, and we could see no reason for his removal, nor could we understand why he should be taken from the command of an army and placed in command of simply a corps. In a day or two, however, the matter was partially explained by a dispatch stating that "Gen. P. H. Sheridan was to command the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac." Now our wonder ran in another direction, viz.: "Who is General Sheridan?" We learned that he was from the western armies, and learned but little more than that, so had to content ourselves with the thought that he was known to General Grant, and had by him been placed in command of our corps. This illustrates how little known was General Sheridan at that time.

At the expiration of my furlough I returned to the front, still wondering who General Sheridan was, and what sort of a commander of the Cavalry

Corps he would make. I reached my regiment on the evening of May 3d, and at midnight that night we were in readiness to move. We crossed the Rapidan by daylight the next morning, and entered upon the grand campaign which began with the Wilderness and ended only when the Army of the Potomac had become settled down before Petersburg. The Cavalry Corps remained with the Army of the Potomac in the Wilderness a few days, doing its share of the campaigning and the fighting, and then swung around the left flank, cut loose from the army, and started on a raid direct toward Richmond. The first day, May 9th, the advance met and defeated the enemy at Beaver Dam Station on the Virginia Central Railroad, captured a large wagon train, released about 400 Union prisoners on their way to Richmond, and destroyed the station, and railroad and bridges for miles. The next morning, May 10th, we were awakened by a reveillé of shells flying over us from a battery among the hills, but a force was sent out and silenced the battery, and we proceeded to get breakfast. This morning the advance met the enemy—it seemed not more than a pistol

shot from General Sheridan's headquarters — and a running fight ensued which did not last long before the enemy disappeared, when the day's march continued uninterruptedly.

Before dark we halted in some nice, clean woods, and received the orders to "Unsaddle and go into camp." This was something new and something exceedingly nice in our experience in raiding — two days' march outside of our lines and only a day's march from the Confederate capital, way down in the enemy's country and the enemy all around us, and the orders "Unsaddle and go into camp." This was different from our experience hitherto when outside our lines, and even sometimes when campaigning within our lines. Then, not only must the horses remain saddled and packed, but the men must sleep with the bridles over their arms, or stand "to horse" all night; or perhaps take turns standing "to horse," one man looking out for four horses while the other three slept; or, worse yet, march day and night. But we were fast finding out what sort of a commander General Sheridan was. It was evident that he had some regard for the comfort and

condition of his men and of the horses ; that he did not intend to needlessly tire out either ; that he believed men and horses must have rest in order to do the best work and the best fighting. Here we were to have a good night's sleep, unless the enemy prevented, and the horses were to have a rest, also, and both would be the better for it in the morning. The pickets were out in every direction, of course, and men and horses at the picket reserves were held in readiness for whatever might occur,—this was inevitable—but the great majority of the command was to have a good night's rest. We made up our little beds that night cheerfully, and lay down to sleep with high respect—respect that was soon to ripen into love—for General Sheridan. And we appreciated this for our horses as well as for ourselves, for the cavalryman knew that his horse was his best friend, would steal for his horse when he wouldn't steal for himself, and any kindness to his horse was real kindness to him.

Our sleep was sweet and undisturbed and we awoke on the morning of the 11th very much refreshed, and ourselves and horses feeling enough

better for the night's thorough rest, we thought, to pay for the risk of unsaddling if there was any risk. We prepared and ate breakfast at leisure, another unexpected pleasure as well as novelty in raiding, but the fighting commenced almost as soon as we were in the saddle, and lasted all day. The rear of the column, with which was my regiment, did much more fighting than marching, and made little progress on the road, but the advance reached and took the outer line of the fortifications around Richmond, capturing twenty pieces of artillery, and sent back the glorious news to us, which we received as we were leaving the skirmish line for the last time that day, about dusk. Then we began to march, and just at daylight passed through the outer line of fortifications, and joined the remainder of the column, within hearing of the bells of Richmond.

It was afterwards learned, or at least we were told, that the commander of the Confederate cavalry had "laid a trap" for the Yankee cavalry, and that Jeff. Davis and his cabinet had come out on Academy Hill to see the Yankee cavalry fall into this trap and

all be captured. Whether or not this was true we never knew, but we found ourselves in what was wonderfully like a trap that morning. It only needed for us to know that General Custar was the day before allowed to carry the outer line of works for the purpose of enticing the whole force inside them, to be sure that there was a trap. Afterwards we were willing to believe that General Sheridan knew what he was about when he went in there. The situation was like this: In our front was the Chickahominy river, over which was Meadow bridge—a bridge about a mile long, over running water and swamp alternately. This bridge had been partially destroyed and the flooring was gone, while on the north side of the river coming down to the end of the bridge, was a strong, heavily-manned earth-work in a pine grove, evidently recently built. On our left was the outer line of fortifications, and as we afterwards learned, the Chickahominy, which was considered impassable. On our right and rear was the second line of fortifications, troops from which appeared almost as soon as our rear entered within the outer line. Surrounded, surely. There

were but two things to do—to go ahead, or to take the back track. Either way meant severe fighting. But to take the back track was not General Sheridan's way. He decided to go ahead. Meadow bridge was repaired by General Merritt's division under a heavy fire from the enemy, where some of the troops crossed over, and drove the enemy from the earthworks, and the whole force marched over without further molestation. In the meantime the fighting at the right and rear, with the division in which I was (Gen. D. McM. Gregg's), and General Wilson's division, had been severe, some of the regiments losing very heavily, but the enemy was driven back into the fortifications, and we followed the column across Meadow bridge without being disturbed. That night we went into bivouac near Mechanicsville, and had a good night's rest within a few miles of Richmond. In his official report of this day's work General Sheridan modestly says: "The enemy considered us completely cornered, but such was not the case." General Grant, in his *Memoirs* in describing the situation of General Sheridan and his troops in this affair, says: "He

was in a perilous situation from which few generals could have extricated themselves."

And the country and the enemy began to know who General Sheridan was, while the men in his command had acquired a confidence in him which they never lost, and which grew stronger and stronger with every day's service with him. It may be said, in passing, that the rebel cavalry leader, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, was killed during these last two days, as was also Gen. James B. Gordon, commanding a brigade of Confederate cavalry.

Then came a day or two of marching, a day or two of rest at Haxall's Landing, on the James river, where the command was supplied with rations from transports sent up for that purpose, and the wounded were sent away on the transports; and then we started for the Union lines. There was little fighting on the return march, but some wonderful bridge building and the usual amount of foraging, scouting, and picketing, and we rejoined the Army of the Potomac on the seventeenth day after our departure, with men and horses in as good condition, almost, as though we had been campaigning in our own lines,

thanks to General Sheridan's care of his command. Had this raid been of no use in a military point of view, other than the confidence it gave the men in their new commander,—thus preparing them for future glorious service,—and the respect it taught the enemy for General Sheridan and the cavalry corps, it would have been a successful expedition indeed, but General Grant, in his official report, after relating the victorious deeds of the expedition, says: "This raid had the effect of drawing off the whole of the enemy's cavalry force, and making it comparatively easy to guard our trains."

We found the Army of the Potomac on the North Anna river, instead of in the Wilderness, where we left it, General Grant having been all the time nearing Richmond and drawing his lines tighter around the Confederacy. By this time he was ready to make another of his flank movements to the left, around the right of the enemy, and General Sheridan and his cavalry were ordered to take the advance. Scarcely twenty-four hours after our return from our long ride, and we were in the saddle again. We marched and manœuvred all night, crossed the

Pamunkey on pontoons, near Hanover Town, the next morning, after a brisk skirmish for the "right of way," and the following day fought what General Grant pronounced a "severe but successful cavalry engagement" near Hawes Shop, holding the position until the infantry had formed their lines; then again around to the left, opening the fight at Coal Harbor and holding the enemy until the infantry were in position; then a few days of picketing and scouting with the Army of the Potomac; and then, on the 7th of June, two divisions of the cavalry corps (including Gregg's) under General Sheridan, started on an expedition against the Virginia Central Railroad. This time we were twenty-two days outside our lines, took part in several heavy engagements, and any number of skirmishes, did some very hard marching, the weather being exceedingly hot and the roads dusty, but got pretty good rest nights, and on the return march took a very large wagon train from White House Landing to the Army of the Potomac in safety, though the enemy made a heroic attempt to capture the train, and the fighting in its defense was of the fiercest.

We found the Army of the Potomac this time settling down around Petersburg, and the long siege had commenced. After a day or two of scouting on the left of the army, we went into camp on the 4th of July, and celebrated this glorious anniversary by drawing soft bread—the first we had had since crossing the Rapidan, just two months before, and during those two months so active had been the campaign, we had slept two nights in the same place but twice. It was one of the most active campaigns of the war—the most active of which we took part—yet men and horses stood it splendidly, and came out of it in fine condition, owing to General Sheridan's admirable method of conducting a campaign, with care always for the best comfort of man and beast that the circumstances would allow. If it were necessary to march all night, or day and night, it was done, and fighting was always in order, but rest was given when it was possible, and men and horses suffered less than on many shorter and less active campaigns. Prince Frederick, of Hohenzollern, says: "The late Emperor often spoke of General Sheridan as the man who knew best how to

make cavalry horses do more work than any other cavalry commander got out of them." Was not his ever-watchful care of his horses one of the secrets of this?

The cavalry corps had learned what sort of a commander General Sheridan was. He had secured our confidence thoroughly — we would go anywhere he said, without hesitation. We were "all right" if we knew he was with us. Indeed, we had not been defeated since he took command of the corps, and we had become accustomed to going into a fight feeling that the enemy was sure to be whipped anyway. Every comrade will realize how much better men will fight under such circumstances. Besides this confidence, he had won our love. More than a month ago we had given him the pet name, "Little Phil." Every man in the command knew him personally. During our two months' campaign scarcely a day passed that all did not see General Sheridan. He rode the entire length of the column on the march daily. At least we saw him daily, whether we were in the advance, at the rear, or in the centre of the column. Some time during the day, and



often more than once, he rode by us, and we naturally supposed in order to do that he must ride by the entire column. And this was done without any appearance of show or ostentation — simply as a part of his duty as commander of the corps or leader of the expedition. It came so naturally that we did not notice it at first, and it was only after some weeks under him, that in talking over the events of the campaign, we realized that we had seen General Sheridan almost every day. Thus the men became acquainted with his form and face, so that they knew him at once, even at a distance, and thus they saw that he kept watch over his whole command, which still more endeared him to them. So our commander became to us something tangible, something we saw and knew, instead of a mere name, as before. General Sheridan was a part of us, as well as our leader. There was no more fuss and feathers about him than about General Grant. The common soldier's uniform was good enough for him. I do not remember ever to have noticed any insignia of rank about him. The only distinguishing feature of his uniform was his hat, a dark drab, square across the

top, and wrinkled at the sides as though it had been sat down on. This hat is perpetuated in the famous picture, "Sheridan's Ride." And by the way, that is the only picture of General Sheridan that I ever saw that brought him back to mind. The photographs taken recently are of a different General Sheridan than we knew in the field, and though I have one purchased soon after the war, yet I never liked it, nor could I ever make it look like our "Little Phil." There was no military stiffness about his manner with the men. He would as soon ask a light from the pipe of an enlisted man as from the cigar of an officer, and so far as the enlisted men knew, he did so oftener. In short, he had become the beau ideal of the men in his corps. He meant "fight" all the time, and his whole energy was devoted to that end, and to keeping his men and horses in condition to fight, and other matters now forgotten. He had inspired us with his own enthusiasm, and we had won his confidence as he had won ours. Is it to be wondered at that men enthusiastically followed a leader whom they knew personally, and under whom they could enter upon a campaign, or

go into battle, with a feeling that there was no possibility of anything but victory?

There was a month of comparative quiet as the lines were settling down around Petersburg, with the exception of a demonstration on the right in the latter part of July, and then General Sheridan was sent into the valley of the Shenandoah, taking with him two divisions of the cavalry, but leaving General Gregg's division with the Army of the Potomac. Of his glorious deeds in the valley we had no part, but every soldier, every reader of history, knows them by heart. It became the duty of our division to be tender for the Army of the Potomac—first on the right, then on the left—and the remainder of that season, until far into the winter, was a season of hard, heavy work, during which many were the times we wished, from the depths of our hearts, that we were with General Sheridan.

March 29, 1865, we broke camp and left our winter quarters on the Jerusalem plank road, at the left of Petersburg. It was a cold, cheerless morning, and we were not in the best of spirits. We were about to enter upon a campaign which we had every

reason to expect would be a fighting campaign, and that under a new and untried commander, for during the winter Gen. David McM. Gregg, who had led our division since its organization more than two years before, and who we believed was the equal of any of the division commanders, and who was second only to General Sheridan in our hearts, had resigned, and Gen. George Crooke had been assigned to the command of the division. General Crooke might be the best cavalry commander in the world, but we knew little about him. He had not been tried by our fire. More than that, the experience of the latter portion of the previous year had taught us that the service of our cavalry division with the whole Army of the Potomac was a hard service. Consequently we made our preparations for leaving camp in no very enthusiastic mood. In short, we were feeling decidedly blue. We got into line after a while, and were sullenly waiting for the order, "Forward!" when we saw a force approaching. We watched it listlessly until we recognized "Little Phil" Sheridan's headquarter flag. This inspired us with hope. In a few moments we saw "Little

Phil" himself, and his staff, and his famous scouts, and his cavalry fresh from their glorious victories in the Shenandoah Valley. The surprise was complete, for we did not know he was anywhere near us, and was as welcome as it was complete. The cheers we sent up told us no uncertain story, and with those cheers went out all the distrust, all the melancholy forebodings with which we had been tormented. Then we were ready to go anywhere or to fight anything. We were new men in a moment. What might be in store for us we knew not, nor really cared, for we were with Sheridan; once more were a portion of his glorious cavalry, and we felt that with him at our head we were safe. Some of us might lay down our lives to be sure; a few might be taken prisoners, to suffer all the horrors of Belle Isle and of Andersonville; others might be wounded, to linger and suffer awhile only to die, or perchance recover sufficiently to live long years as cripples and sufferers; but the majority of us would come out all right with the glories of victory. We believed that under that intrepid leader we could whip anything that could be brought against us, as

we had done already on many fields now famous. We could not help thinking of the time he took command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, less than a year ago. Then he was unknown, now his name was a household word in all the loyal North — and throughout the South, too — and "Sheridan's Ride" was a familiar poem everywhere. From this time until the end of the campaign, there was no thought of being blue, no feeling of distrust, no hint of foreboding.

I am not going to give an account of that glorious campaign of twelve days — eminently General Sheridan's campaign — though the story is one I love to tell. It was a grand campaign, and a campaign to take part in which was full compensation for all the hardships and sufferings and defeats of the previous four years. But the story of the last day is all I have time to relate. We had gone into bivouac the night of April 8th, and a portion of the men were sleeping sweetly while the remainder were preparing for sleep, with pleasant anticipations, when our brigade (Gen. C. H. Smith's) was ordered to "saddle and pack up, and be ready to move out at once."

The order was obeyed, of course, but not without a deal of growling. In less than an hour we were mounted and on the march, the understanding being that this, our brigade only, was ordered out, and that we were going out to hold a road. We learned afterwards that General Sheridan thought General Lee was in a tight place, and might try to get away that night by the Lynchburg pike; and so ordered General Crooke to look out for Lee, when General Crooke selected our brigade for this purpose, giving us a section of artillery. We had no idea of the importance of the duty we were going on at that time, however. Soon we reached the burning wagons of the enemy's train, scattered munitions of war of every kind, muskets, clothing, blankets, and all sorts of stores strewn in every direction — some partially destroyed and some uninjured — the burning wagons giving the scene a wildly picturesque glow. We had scarcely passed this scene of destruction when the advance found the enemy's pickets and commenced skirmishing. Our march had been slow before, and was now even more so; march a few steps, halt a few moments, then march again,

then halt again, until midnight, when we were drawn up in line of battle on the right of the road, behind what we afterwards learned was Clover Hill. A staff officer rode to the Colonel and said in a low voice, "Prepare your men to fight on foot; give no loud orders; let there be as little noise as possible; I will show you where to take position." This was quietly done, the led horses were left there, and my regiment was taken across the road, advanced to the brow of the hill, and formed a line in a direction at right angles with the road, which was on our right. The firing had ceased as soon as our force stopped advancing, although the occasional crack of a rifle and hum of a bullet, sounding more wicked than ever in the stillness of midnight, told us the enemy was near and knew of our presence. Then there was a strange, weird scene—the men noiselessly carrying rails and building breastworks, their forms showing at intervals against the sky and then disappearing. Little did they then think that these would be the last breastworks they would ever build. By one o'clock a pretty good line of works had been put up, and the men were resting on their arms, the

most of them asleep, but enough awake to give the alarm in case of need.

With the first blush of dawn, Sunday morning, April 9th, the enemy sent us over a "good morning" in the shape of whistling bullets, suddenly awakening the blue-bloused sleepers, whose first motion was for their carbines with one hand as they rubbed open their eyes with the other, and a scattering skirmish fire commenced which lasted an hour or more without amounting to much. The daylight revealed our position. Two other regiments of the brigade were with us, dismounted, the remaining regiment was on the flanks mounted, and there was a section of artillery in the road at our rear. On the left there was no force that we could see; on our right were woods, but we could hear no firing in that direction in our immediate vicinity. The skirmish fire grew quite hot at times, and then dwindled down to occasional shots, the enemy apparently feeling our strength. After a while we could see, away in the distance, a body of the enemy's troops working around our left. We could see them plainly, and could not understand why there was no force to stop

them — why no one seemed to be paying any attention to them. In a short time our line was swinging around on a line with the road, to meet this attempt to flank us. We began to wonder where the rest of our troops were if the enemy could come around us in that way, but all such disrespectful thoughts were quieted when we saw "Little Phil" riding along in our rear, in full view of the situation, accompanied by a staff officer, looking as unconcerned as if 'twas all right, and apparently well satisfied with the position of affairs. At any rate that was the impression he left with us by his bearing as he rode away to the right without so much as a word to any one connected with the little fight we were having. This put new life into the men. They didn't care if the whole Confederate army was coming around their left if Phil Sheridan didn't.

"His presence there, without a word, was worth a thousand men."

And they rallied again on the road, from which they had retired a short distance, and were ready to meet anything.

We could hear no firing except in our own front, and supposed that we were all that were engaged, and were merely "holding a road." The line in our near front grew stronger and came nearer. Our carbines did all that could be expected, and inspired the enemy with a wholesome fear. Our little brigade fought well, losing ground little by little, being pressed slowly back. The enemy gained no great advantage, but were slowly crowding us back by sheer force of numbers, while if they had fought with half their vim of the year before, we should very soon have lost sight of the road we were trying to hold. Slowly they pushed us back, until we reached the woods in rear of the field, when we were met by a force of infantry — black faces, to be sure, but with blue uniforms and loyal hearts, and trusty rifles, and we were just as glad to see them as though they had been pure Anglo-Saxon. We passed through their lines, into and through the woods, and into a field into which our led horses had been taken, while the negroes took our place, charging and driving the enemy from the field.

We found our horses, took account of casualties,

ate a bit—those who had it to eat—and then waited patiently the turn of events, expecting there was to be hard fighting before the day was over, and expecting, also, to have our share of it. But for some reason there was no firing. The quiet was oppressive, for it betokened, we thought, a fiercer storm when it did come. What it meant we knew not; but all were anxious. Suddenly there came a rumor that "Lee had surrendered." No one had any faith in the rumor, and the men were cautious about repeating it one to another. But the rumor continued to come, and to come from different directions, and bearing the stamp of different authorities. Before it assumed definite form, we were mounted and marched over the battlefield of the morning, up the hill where we formed the line at midnight the night before, up to the top of the hill, looking over which we could see the flags of truce and the two armies lying on their arms. Certainly negotiations were pending, and we began to hope there might be some truth in the rumor. Then we learned that the road we had been holding was the road to Lynchburg, the only way General Lee had to escape

from the position into which he had been driven by General Sheridan. We rode back, dismounted, and lay around waiting for further orders, but none came. All the afternoon the rumors of Lee's surrender continued to come, but we got nothing that was official. We bivouacked for the night in the same state of uncertainty, got a good night's sleep, and were awakened the next morning by the sounds of a heavy artillery fire. Our first thought was that that meant fighting; that the negotiations were unsuccessful, and "How are you, Lee surrendered," was heard throughout the bivouac in tones of doubt and sinking hope. A little later orders were received by each company commander, "Saddle and pack up, and be ready to move out immediately; notify your men that we are to ride through the enemy's camp, and caution them to use no insulting language toward the conquered foe." Thus we, who fought the last fight, received the first official knowledge of General Lee's surrender, some hours after the whole loyal north had learned the joyful news and had begun to celebrate the glorious event. Even then we did not fully realize the position of affairs.

Though what we had been confidently expecting, it had come too suddenly, and was too great a change in our condition and prospects to be at once thoroughly understood. But we were happy enough, feeling a deep sense of happiness too strong for outward demonstration. As we rode over Clover Hill and reached Appomattox Court House, "Little Phil" Sheridan stood by the roadside looking as unconcerned as if he had done nothing, and as we saw him, all the pent up joy, all the uncertainty, all the alternating hope and fear of the past few hours found vent in cheers such as only victorious soldiers could give. Now we realized the whole matter, and could talk it over with each other, while up to that time there had been but little disposition to talk about it. The war was over.

I have spoken of this as General Sheridan's campaign, and to him must be given the credit of the whole of it. With due deference to our great commander, General Grant, who was in command of all the armies and directed General Sheridan when and how to start on the campaign, and furnished him with troops and with orders as he

wanted them, and with due deference to General Meade, who was in command of the Army of the Potomac, which captured Petersburg and furnished the troops for Sheridan, it must be acknowledged that General Sheridan planned and fought the campaign from the beginning to the end. The movement was begun March 29th. March 30th it rained heavily all day. March 31st General Sheridan met the enemy and made a gallant fight resulting in a victory the fruit of which was the securing of the position which made the splendid victory of the next day at Five Forks possible. That night he sent word to General Grant of the day's events, and in return received a dispatch from General Grant, announcing that he had sent to his (Sheridan's) support the Fifth Corps and McKenzie's cavalry, and saying :

"You will assume command of the whole force sent to operate with you, and use it to the best of your ability to destroy the force which your command has fought so gallantly to-day."

He did use this force to the best of his ability. He won the victory at Five Forks. This was General Sheridan's battle. He planned it; he fought

it; he inspired his troops with some of his own enthusiasm, which, added to the confidence they had in him, won it. This was the first of April. General Sheridan kept on his way, still intent on obeying his orders to destroy the enemy's force, and needing no further orders. General Grant, in his *Memoirs*, says :

"The rebel government left Richmond about 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the second. At night Lee ordered his troops to assemble at Amelia Court House, his object being to get away, join Johnston, if possible, and to try and crush Sherman before I could get there. As soon as I was sure of this I notified Sheridan, and directed him to move out on the Danville Railroad to the south side of the Appomattox River as speedily as possible. He replied that he *already had some of his command nine miles out.*"

The retreat and the pursuit had fairly commenced, and General Sheridan led the pursuit. From this time he was continually sending back dispatches to General Grant, with suggestions as to what could be done, and these suggestions invariably came back as orders. For instance, as you will all remember, General Sheridan wrote General Grant April 6th, after detailing the position of the forces and the events of the day, "If the thing is pressed, I think

Lee will surrender." To this General Grant sent back the laconic order, "Press things." And he did press things. Whatever General Sheridan wished to do, he had only to signify this wish to General Grant, and he was allowed to do it. He asked for more troops, and they were quickly at his disposal. The Fifth Corps was wanted by General Meade, and the Sixth Corps was sent to take its place, and later other troops. Never were troops handled better. The infantry of the Army of the Potomac never before did such marching—never marched so many miles a day—and yet I never heard any complaint on their part of hard marching. The cavalry started out in the morning early, marched all day except when they halted to fight, and at night found the infantry right up with them, some nights the cavalry resting in quiet inside the infantry pickets. When the cavalry found the enemy, the infantry was at hand ready at the first call. The infantry bore a noble part in the glorious engagement at Sailor's Creek, April 6th; that night we slept inside their pickets; the next morning bright and early we were up and away almost before



the infantry men had got their eyes open ; yet that afternoon, when some of the cavalry got into a snarl at the right of Farmville, and it was thought the infantry might be wanted, there the infantry was, all ready. I firmly believe that General Sheridan could get more marching and more fighting out of troops, with less fatigue and less disaster, than any other soldier in the world's history.

For these reasons it seems to me that to General Sheridan must be given the credit of planning and fighting this campaign. Nor does this detract at all from the reputation, or the merits, or the services of General Grant. A smaller general than he would have hesitated to give a subordinate such powers as he gave to General Sheridan, not having full confidence in the subordinate's judgment or ability, and would have preferred to look over the situation himself, and perhaps change the plans, thus losing valuable time, if nothing worse. A still smaller general might feel inclined to follow a like method in a less commendable spirit, fearing that perchance the subordinate might receive more credit than he did himself. But General Grant, the great commander of

all, was great enough to recognize the ability and the judgment of General Sheridan, and to trust them implicitly, and had the real, true patriotism to wish and work for the success of the campaign, without a thought or care as to who would receive the credit therefor.

Thus far I have written almost entirely of matters which came within my own experience. With the permission of the Society, I would like to say a few words in a general way. I was surprised and pained at the tone of the greater portion of the American press in speaking of General Sheridan at the time of his death. While high meed of praise was given him, it yet seemed to me that full justice was not done to him. He was given due credit for his dash and brilliancy, for his fighting qualities, for the enthusiasm with which he inspired his men, for his successful carrying out of orders, for the battles he fought, and was spoken of in the highest terms as a cavalry general and a leader, but coupled with this praise was frequently the intimation that after all he was not a great general; that though he could execute the plans of another as no other could, yet he

could not plan a battle or a campaign. I have endeavored to show that General Sheridan planned and fought the last grand campaign of the Army of the Potomac, after he received the initiatory orders from General Grant. Was not that a proof of great generalship? But what better authority on General Sheridan's generalship can be had than his own commander, who served with him, who knew how to estimate his character, and who understood the profession of war? General Grant, in his *Memoirs*, in speaking of a visit to General Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah, September 15, 1864, says:

"When Sheridan arrived, I asked him if he had a map showing the position of his army and that of the enemy. He at once drew one out of his side pocket, showing all roads and streams and the camps of the two armies. He said that if he had permission he would move so and so (pointing out how) against the Confederates, and that he could whip them. Before starting I had drawn up a campaign for Sheridan, which I brought with me; but seeing that he was so clear and positive in his views, and so confident of success, I said nothing about this and did not take it out of my pocket. . . . I told him to make the attack at his own time and according to his own plans, and I immediately started to return to the army about Richmond. . . . Sheridan moved at the time he had fixed upon, and won a most decisive victory."

Who planned and fought that campaign? And it would be well to bear in mind the fact that whenever General Sheridan planned a battle or a campaign victory followed. He had all the dash and brilliancy for which he has been given credit, but the dash was ever made brilliant by the good generalship and unerring judgment which always accompanied it.

General Grant also speaks many times, both in his *Memoirs* and in his official report of the last campaign, in the highest terms of General Sheridan's generalship, and in speaking of the battle of Five Forks says: "Sheridan's generalship will take rank with any on record."

General Sherman, the only one now living of the great Union leaders of the war, who knew General Sheridan well, and who all will admit is competent to form a correct opinion in the matter, said, soon after General Sheridan's death:

"General Sheridan impressed me personally as a typical Irishman, impulsive, enthusiastic, social, and pleasant. With all of his impulsiveness, however, he was a deep thinker. So much stress has been laid upon his dash as an officer that the public did not give him credit for the mental concentration he was capable of. He was a man of brain as well as heart, of thought as well as action.

He did not read much but did his thinking from an original basis, and with excellent results. I tell you Sheridan had a great head, well stored with useful knowledge. He was a methodical man, too, and a great worker. He personally went over all of his estimates and accounts in a systematic manner, trusting nothing to chance. Mentally he was not appreciated at his full worth. He was a great soldier and a noble man, and deserved all of the honors bestowed upon him. General Sheridan's services to his country could scarcely be overestimated. He was a man of quick perception, and as a commander had the faculty of grasping the whole situation on a field of battle intuitively, and history already records the valuable work he did in his country's defense."

The leading European generals all joined in paying General Sheridan a high tribute at the time of his death, pronouncing him one of the ablest cavalry commanders in the world, and saying, "All the armies of Europe have adopted many of the lessons taught by him in the tactical use of cavalry."

Archibald Forbes, the well-known English war correspondent, who has probably had as many opportunities of judging of the merits of different soldiers as any other civilian, and from whom words of praise are worth something, as they are based upon thorough knowledge, said in the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, November 26th last :

"So brilliant was Sheridan's work as a cavalry leader that his name has come to be associated chiefly with that role, but in this injustice has been done him, for he handled all arms with equal skill and enterprise, and in the success of the final and fiercest struggle that culminated in Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, he stands out as the principal figure, in whose track of tornado-like energy Grant seems to have followed tamely. In the soldierly characteristics of Sheridan and Skobeloff, there was much in common. Both men had innate military genius — both possessed the magnetism which inspired to heroism the men they led, both, when occasion called, became veritable thunderbolts of war, both had their fighting ardor under control, and both were endowed with infinite capacity for taking pains to achieve success."

I could easily give other similar high opinions of General Sheridan's ability as a great general, but these will suffice. When impartial history shall recount the deeds and the services of General Sheridan, she will twine for him an enduring chaplet, and on it she will write in letters that will never fade, "THE PEER OF THEM ALL."

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
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BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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THE MONITOR

AND

THE MERRIMAC.

BY

FRANK B. BUTTS,

[Formerly Paymaster's Clerk, United States Navy.]

PROVIDENCE:
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1890.

[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC.

IN front of a miner's cottage, in a picturesque valley, surrounded by iron mountains, in the province of Wernland in Central Sweden, there stands a simple granite shaft twenty feet high. This memorial was erected by the miners in the year 1867, upon the face of which, in golden letters, is this legend.

JOHN ERICSSON

WAS BORN HERE IN 1803.

It was here that the great inventor, famous in two hemispheres, first saw the light of day.

The father of John Ericsson was a mining proprietor, so that in his boyhood he had ample opportunity to watch the operation of the various engines and machinery connected with the mines. At the age of ten years he constructed, after his own

plans, a miniature saw mill, and also made numerous drawings of complicated mechanical contrivances with instruments of his own invention and manufacture. When only nine years of age he made his first scale drawings at the office of the Gotha Ship Canal, and three years later he made the drawings of the famous Sunderland iron bridge.

In 1814 he attracted the attention of the celebrated Count Platen, who had learned of his boyish efforts, and sought an interview with him. After carefully examining the various plans and drawings which this youth exhibited the count handed them back to him, simply observing, in an impressive manner: "Continue as you have commenced and you will one day produce something extraordinary." These few words greatly encouraged the young mechanician. Immediately after this interview young Ericsson was appointed a cadet in the corps of engineers, and after six months' tuition, at the age of twelve was appointed nivelleur (leveler) at the Grand Ship Canal of Sweden, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic. His association with military men in this work led him at the age of

seventeen to enter the Swedish army as an ensign. After several promotions he gained the title of captain, but having turned his attention to experiments, with flame as a motive power, he found his duties as a soldier taking too much of the time he wished for study and resigned his commission.

On the 18th of May, 1826, he left his native country, and, though it always retained the first place in his affections, he never returned. He proceeded to England, where he began the construction of a number of his new inventions, and in order to bring them before the public he associated himself with a mechanical house in London. Invention after invention soon followed in rapid succession, among which was the steam boiler on the principle of artificial draft, a feature now applied to all locomotive and marine engines where anthracite coal is used. He next produced the steam fire engine and the famous caloric engine. He startled the mechanical world with his invention of the screw propeller by which he changed the whole construction of the navies of the world.

Mr. Ericsson* emigrated to this country in 1839, at the age of thirty-six. His first great achievement after his arrival was the building of the United States steam frigate *Princeton*, the first screw war vessel afloat, and the first to have all the machinery below the water line. He also planned a French frigate of fifty guns, which proved a great success. His next undertaking was the planning and invention of the steamer *Ericsson*, which, although not answering all that was commercially expected of her, was an entire mechanical success, and as a marine structure she has never been equaled.

An act of congress, approved August 3, 1861, directed the Secretary of the Navy to appoint a Board of three skillful naval officers to examine plans for the construction of iron clad vessels, and advertisements were made for proposals. Many plans were submitted, among them one by C. H. Bushnell, of New Haven, who was awarded a contract for the building of the corvette *Galena*. There had been some doubt expressed as to whether

* Captain John Ericsson, the great engineer and builder of the *Monitor*, died at his home, 36 Beach Street, New York of cystitis, March 7, 1889, in his eighty-sixth year.

the vessel could carry the armor proposed by Mr. Bushnell, and he visited M. C. H. Delamater, of New York, who advised him to consult Captain Ericsson, which he did. During this interview Ericsson drew from one of his shelves plans of a type of vessel, that he had eight years previously submitted to the Emperor of France. Mr. Bushnell urged him to submit them to the Secretary of the Navy. Captain Ericsson declared he would never visit Washington again, owing to the shabby treatment he had received in the refusal of congress to appropriate a small amount due him for his labor in planning and constructing the steamer *Princeton*. Mr Bushnell was so favorably impressed with the plans that he proposed they be intrusted to him, to which Captain Ericsson assented. Mr. Bushnell hastened to Washington, and laid the invention before Secretary Welles, who perceived its advantages and promised his support. After this Mr. Bushnell experienced the usual waste of time and patience that is required to accomplish anything in Washington. He secured the assistance of Hon. John A. Griswold and Mr. John F. Winslow, of

Troy, N. Y., both self-made, honest, noble-hearted and energetic men, filled with patriotism and anxiety for their country, who, wishing to aid Ericsson with his invention, agreed to furnish the means and take all the risks which the enterprise required.

The plans were then shown to the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, and to President Lincoln, who were favorably impressed, and they went with Mr. Bushnell to the meeting of the board. Commodore Joseph Smith, president of the board, gave the plan his earnest support, although the frigate *Iron Sides*, which was his favorite, had been contracted for and work begun. Commodore Hiram Paulding, second on the board, was brought to a favorable view, but the third Commodore, C. H. Davis, sternly opposed the plan, and notwithstanding the powerful support of President Lincoln and of Secretary Welles, he dismissed Mr. Bushnell, saying: "Never let me see the thing again; take it home with you and worship it. You will not commit idolatry, for it has no likeness to anything in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

In order to bring Captain Ericsson before the board Mr. Bushnell represented to him that the plan had been favorably received, and that some technical details required his explanation. Presenting himself before the board, the great inventor was surprised to find that he was an unexpected visitor, and that his plan had already been rejected. He inquired the reason for their resolution, and then, with fiery eloquence, he laid the principles of the design before them, claiming that in view of what the rebels were doing at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and the peril of our wooden ships, they should give him an order to build his vessel before leaving the room, and they did.

The next great man among Ericsson's friends, and one who aided the government in bringing into use new ideas developed by the extraordinary and peculiar requirements of the war, was Thomas A. Rowland, the contractor and builder of the *Monitor*. Upon the agreement of the naval board, Secretary Welles directed Captain Ericsson to return to New York to begin work at once, and the contract would be sent on for signature. Immediately Mr. Row-

land was summoned by telegraph into the office and presence of the great inventor. "How much are you going to charge to build my new ship," said Ericsson, without raising his eyes from the plans he was still hurrying to finish. Mr. Rowland had been interviewed at the works by Messrs. Winslow, Griswold and Bushnell the day preceding. "Nine cents a pound," answered Rowland, "Tut, tut, Tom, it's too much. I will give you seven and a half cents," said Ericsson, and the bargain was made at that price.

There was nothing extraordinary in the contract between Ericsson, Winslow, Griswold and Mr. Rowland, except that it should be completed in the shortest possible space of time, and that the parties of the first part should have power to employ more men if they thought the number engaged was insufficient. The contract, however, on the part of the government and these gentlemen, who were anxious to assist their country out of its peril, was the most remarkable. Messrs. Bushnell, Griswold, and Winslow guaranteed to the government the vessel's impregnability, its entire satisfaction, and delivery

within one hundred days from date of the contract. The contract contained a distinct proviso that the entire structure should prove successful in practical operation before the final payment, and in case of failure they should be liable to the government for the entire amount advanced to them.

The frigate *New Iron Sides* and corvette *Galena*, both representing new principles in iron-mailed vessels, had been contracted for and were being constructed, but the long time it would take for them to be completed, the threatening aspect of what was being done by the rebels in rebuilding the *Merrimac*, and the hurried manner in which they were preparing her for action, alarmed the navy department to the necessity of having a vessel ready to cope with anything they could make. The *Monitor* was wanted quickly; there was no time to be lost. Ericsson had not fully completed his plans when the contract was signed. Night and day he labored to furnish designs as fast as the material could be procured. All the force that could work was employed (night and day). Mr. Rowland, constantly in superintendence, hurried the work forward that it

might be finished in time to save the country's honor.

The hull of the *Monitor*, the deck beams, timbers, side armor and decks were built by Mr. Rowland. The turret was built at the Novelty Iron Works, transported in sections and put together by Rowland's men. The port stoppers and other heavy forgings, as well as some of the heavy turnings, were made at different machine shops, wherever machinery was to be had, that could be applied to making this new kind of work. Mr. George H. Corliss, our distinguished steam engine builder, contributed to the work by making a boiler rest. The steam machinery, boilers, etc., were built at the Delamater Iron Works, and put on board by Delamater's machinists.

The contract to build the *Monitor* was signed Oct. 5, 1861. She was launched Jan. 30, 1862, and delivered at the navy yard after her first trial trip, Feb. 19, 1862. She had two trial trips afterwards. On the second she was in commission under command of Lieut. John L. Worden, but owing to some imperfection in her steering apparatus she was

unable to go farther down the harbor than Wall Street, New York. The 4th of March she went down to Sandy Hook and tried her guns, having a board of naval officers, who made a favorable and satisfactory report.

Lieutenant Worden, United States Navy, was ordered to take command with authority from the navy department to select a crew from any vessel in New York harbor. He asked for volunteers from the receiving ship *North Carolina* and the frigate *Sabine*. The manouvres of this new experimental vessel had been watched, and the probabilities discussed with much interest by old sailors, and they readily conceived its objects. It was not difficult, therefore, to procure a crew,—a great many more volunteered than were wanted, and to use Lieutenant Worden's own words: "They were as fine a body of men as any man ever commanded." I will here give a list of the crew who went on board in New York and were in the *Monitor* at the time of her engagement with the *Merrimac*:

Commander—Lieut. JOHN L. WORDEN, U. S. N.
Executive Officer—Lieut. SAMUEL D. GREENE, U. S. N.
Volunteer Master—LOUIS N. STODDER.
Volunteer Master—JOHN J. N. WEBBER.
Assistant Paymaster—WILLIAM F. KEELER.
Assistant Surgeon—DANIEL C. LOGUE.
Chief Engineer—A. C. STIMMERS.
First Assistant Engineer—ISAAC NEWTON.
Second Assistant Engineer—ALBERT B. CAMPBELL.
Third Assistant Engineer—R. W. HANDS.
Third Assistant Engineer—M. F. SUNSTRUN.
Acting Master's Mate—GEORGE FREDERICKSON.
Captain's Clerk—DANIEL TOFFEY.
Hospital Steward—R. R. HUDDALL.
Paymaster's Steward—JESSE M. JONES.
Quartermaster—PETER WILLIAMS.
Quartermaster—RICHARD ANGER.
Quartermaster—MOSES B. STERNS.
Master-at-Arms—JOHN ROONEY.
Boatswain's Mate—JOHN STOCKING.
Yeoman—WILLIAM BRYAN.
Gunner's Mate—JOSEPH CROWN.
Quarter Gunner—JOHN B. CONKLIN.
Captain of Hold—THOMAS CARROLL, 1ST.
Carpenter's Mate—DERICK BRINKMAN.
Officer's Steward—DAVID CUDDERBACK.
Officer's Cook—EDWARD MOORE.
Ship's Cook—THOMAS LANGHRAM.

Seamen: Charles F. Sylvester, Thomas B. Vial, William Marion, Anton Bosting, Charles Peterson, Daniel Welch, Anthony

Connoly, Peter Truscott, Hans Anderson, James Fenwick, Lawrence Murray. *First Class Boy*: Thomas Carroll, 2d. *First Class Firemen*: Robert Williams, George S. Geer, William Richardson, John Garrety, Abraham H. Tester, Mathew Leonard, Thomas Joyce, Patrick Hannon, Edmund Brown, John Driscoll. *Coal Heavers*: Michael Mooney, William Durst, Christy Price, John Mason, James Seery, Ellis Roberts, Robert Quinn.

Subsequently joined the *Monitor* at different dates:

Commander—Lieut. W. N. JEFFERS, from March 10 to August 1.

Commander—F. H. STEVENS, from August 1 to September 1.

Commander—JOHN P. BANKHEAD, from September 1 to time of disaster.

Ensign—NORMAN ATWATER.

Third Assistant Engineer—S. A. LEWIS.

Seamen: William Allen, Francis B. Butts, William Egan, John Monahan, Charles Smith, Charles H. Scott, William Nicklis. *Officer's Steward*: Daniel Moore. *Officer's Cook*: Robert Howard. *Firemen*: Charles H. Smith, John O. Brown, Henry Remington, William Coleman, William Morrison. *Cabin Boy*: William H. Nichols, *Boy*: Edwin McCann.

The following are the names of those lost on the *Monitor* at the time of her wreck:

Ensign: Norman Atwater. *Acting Ensign*: George Fredrickson. *Third Assistant Engineer*: R. W. Hans. *Third Assistant Engineer*: S. A. Lewis. *Boatswain's Mate*: John Stocking. *Quarter Gunner*: James Fenwick. *Yeoman* William Bryan. *Officer's Steward*: Daniel Moore. *Officer's Cook*: Robert Howard. *Seamen*: William Allen, William Egan, William H. Nichols, William Nicklis, Charles H. Scott, Henry Robinson.

It is now twenty-three years this very month* since I was associated with these men, and as I write each name, I think of something in their character, or an incident that has not occurred to me before in years. Charles F. Silvester was my next man at drill, and helped me raise the heavy shot to the muzzle of the ponderous cannon. John Rooney, the Master-at-Arms and funny man of the birth-deck. George S. Geer, with whom I chummed and slung in the next hammock. John Stocking, the boatswain's mate, one of the very best types of an American sailor, and my tutor in seamanship,—I saw him swept from the deck and drowned that fearful night when the vessel foundered. Mr. R. W. Hands, engineer, the favorite of all on board, stood the engineer's watch when the ship went down, and died at his post of duty.

The *Monitor* was put in commission Feb. 8, 1862, and Commander Worden and all the officers and crew worked constantly, in getting her ready, and during her trial trips. She was finished Feb. 20, 1862, when Commander Worden received the following sailing orders :

*Read before the Society October, 1883.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 20, 1862.

SIR:—Proceed with the United States Steamer *Monitor* under your command to Hampton Roads, Va., and on your arrival there report by letter to the department. Commodore Paulding has been instructed to charter a vessel to accompany the *Monitor*, provided none of our vessels are going South about the same time she sails. Transmit to the department a muster roll of the crew and a separate list of the officers of the *Monitor* before sailing from New York.

I am respectfully your obedient servant,

GIDEON WELLES, *Secretary of Navy.*

TO LIEUT. JOHN L. WORDEN U. S. N.

Commanding U. S. Iron Clad Steamer Monitor, New York.

Commander Worden worked steadily in getting the *Monitor* ready for sea, and when this had been accomplished he received the following sailing orders from the commandant of the navy yard at New York :

NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, March 4, 1862.

Lieut. Commanding JOHN L. WORDEN. U. S. Steamer Monitor:

SIR:—When the weather permits, you will proceed with the *Monitor*, under your command, to Hampton Roads, and on your arrival report to the senior naval officer there. I have hired the steamer *James Freeborn* to tow the *Monitor* and have directed the propellers *Sachem* and *Currituck* to attend on you to the mouth of the Chesapeake. If it should be necessary to retain them longer you are authorized to do so. When you shall have no



further use for the *Freeborn* be pleased to give the captain a certificate with directions to return to New York, and immediately, on his arrival report to me.

Wishing you a safe and successful passage,

I am respectfully your obedient servant,

H. PAULDING, *Commanding.*

The *Monitor* left New York on the afternoon of March 6, 1862, with a fair indication of good weather, in tow of the tug *Seth Low*, and accompanied by the gunboats *Currituck* and *Sachem*. They proceeded without incident until the next day at noon, when they had reached the Capes of Delaware, and the water began to sweep over the deck of the *Monitor* and broke into the vessel under the turret and through the hawser pipe. The wind and sea increased during the afternoon, and the water broke over the blower pipes into the ventilating machinery, which soon became useless and stopped the draft of the furnaces. The engine room was immediately filled with gas, which prostrated the engineers and firemen, who had to be carried to the top of the turret in order to revive. At this time the voyage had a most discouraging outlook. The motive power was checked, and the water was breaking

into the ship in considerable quantities. Commander Worden ordered the hand pumps started and the men to bailing. The vessel was headed in shore and the sea having smoothed down after an hour or two, the blowers were put in order, and the vessels were put on their course again. About midnight, when they were crossing a shoal, the water again broke over the blower pipes, causing a renewal of the accident and wetting the wheel ropes, which jammed, and, until the shoal was crossed, or for half an hour, the *Monitor* was at the mercy of the sea. Damages were again repaired and the vessel proceeded smoothly until they were passing Cape Henry light, when heavy firing was heard in the direction of Fortress Monroe, and they were not mistaken in thinking that the *Merrimac* had come out and that an engagement was going on with our fleet at Hampton Roads. The decks were cleared, and the *Monitor* made ready for action, as it was thought the *Merrimac* would attempt to escape to the North. Here for the first time quarters was beat on board the *Monitor*, and a drill was had in handling the guns and ammunition. When about a dozen miles

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the company's financial health and for providing reliable information to stakeholders. The document then outlines the specific procedures for recording transactions, including the use of standardized forms and the requirement for double-checking entries.

The second part of the document addresses the issue of data security. It highlights the need to protect sensitive information from unauthorized access and to implement robust security measures. This includes the use of encryption, secure storage, and regular security audits. The document also provides guidance on how to handle data breaches and the importance of employee training in maintaining data security.

The third part of the document focuses on the company's compliance with relevant laws and regulations. It identifies the key regulatory requirements and provides a clear framework for ensuring that the company's operations are fully compliant. This includes regular monitoring of regulatory changes and the implementation of internal controls to prevent non-compliance.

The final part of the document summarizes the key points and provides a call to action for all employees. It encourages everyone to take responsibility for their role in maintaining accurate records, ensuring data security, and complying with regulations. The document concludes by expressing confidence in the company's ability to meet these challenges and achieve its long-term goals.

from Fortress Monroe a pilot was taken on board, from whom was learned the true state of affairs at Hampton Roads, the disasters to the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, the formidable character of the *Merrimac* and the gloom that overshadowed all who had witnessed the fight.

Such was the state of affairs when the *Monitor* arrived at Hampton Roads, that the sturdy commanders trembled in face of the coming day, and all was silence and gloom. The sloop-of-war *Cumberland*, having a crew of three hundred men, and mounting twenty-four guns, now lay on the bottom with only her top-gallant masts and pennant above the water, marking the spot where one hundred and seventeen mangled bodies lay buried beneath the waves. The *Congress*, a fifty-gun frigate, had also met her destruction, and now lay on shore with the flames kindled by hot shot of the *Merrimac* sweeping out her hull. The *Roanoke* and *Minnesota*, steam frigates of forty guns each, the pride of the navy and the most perfect of any men-of-war of the period, laid hard and fast on shore, with broken machinery and as powerless as if they had been

unarmed. The capture or entire destruction of the Federal fleet at Hampton Roads and the escape of the *Merrimac* and the rebel cruisers seemed inevitable.

At 9 o'clock, P. M., of this memorable day, March 8, 1862, the *Monitor* anchored near the *Roanoke*, and Lieutenant Worden immediately reported on board to Captain Marston, where he spent much of the evening, and the crew was given a short drill of half an hour. The working of the guns and the movements of the turret were new to all on board, but were readily learned by these practical gunners. When Captain Worden had finished his interview with the senior officer and returned, the *Monitor* was got underway, and at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 9th anchored near the frigate *Minnesota* at Newport News. An incident occurred at this time reflecting great credit upon a man of whom very little, if anything, has ever been said.

Pilot Samuel Howard, attached to the United States bark *Amanda*, went on board the *Monitor* as soon as she was seen coming into the Roads, and remained with her until brought alongside the *Roanoke*.

When it was decided that the *Monitor* should proceed up the Roads and protect the *Minnesota*, Captain Worden inquired of the flag-officer for a pilot. Mr. Howard volunteered, to which the Captain of the *Amanda* objected, as he was already short of officers. A pilot who had been left on the bark was sent for, but he declined to go. Two other pilots were then sent for from the pilot boat, but they declined to go, assigning as a reason that they knew nothing about the Roads. Mr. Howard then volunteering again was permitted to go. The night was hazy, the smoke of the battle having settled upon the water. He proceeded by the north star and the light of the burning *Congress*, and laid the *Monitor* alongside the *Minnesota* ready for battle the next day.

There were at that time in Hampton Roads sixteen of all classes of war vessels, mounting 298 guns, which that day had proven their utter worthlessness to engage a mailed vessel. Tired and exhausted with the constant employment of the past three days, in view of the work that would be needed of them on the morrow, the crew of the *Mon-*

itor was allowed sleep and rest. "It was a most glorious sleep," said one of them to me. "I closed my eyes with my thoughts filled with the horror of that day's work of destruction, and depressed by the burden of what was depending upon us on the morrow. Overcome with fatigue, dreams of the victory that awaited us added pleasure to my sleep. I was hardly more delighted when the *Merrimac* withdrew from the fight than when I awoke from my vision. I was invigorated with strength and courage,—a victory seemed sure."

At half-past five in the morning all hands were called, and the ship was immediately cleared of her sea-rig and got ready for battle, shot were hoisted into the turret, and a thorough inspection made, so that everything about the ship should be in working order. Breakfast was soon over, and it seemed as quiet and solemn as if preparing for the funerals of those who had been slain the day before. At half-past seven o'clock a long line of black smoke was seen, preceded by the steamers *Jamestown*, *Patrick Henry* and *Teazer*. It was the signal for battle. The crews of the different vessels stood by their

guns, fuzes in hands. The *Monitor* steamed slowly from beneath the bows of the *Minnesota*, where she had been partly concealed, to meet the challenger in an open field. It was alike an astonishment to the rebels and our own people; neither had seen her when she arrived, and many were the conjectures of what it could be. Some said a huge water tank; others an infernal machine; none that she had guns, and not till they saw steam rise from her deck did they think she had power to move herself. Onward, with the brave Worden at her wheel, she was steered straight for the *Merrimac*, whose consorts, loaded with spectators and soldiers, had dropped astern and out of the channel. Onward in a straight line the *Monitor* kept her course. Her diminutive size, for only the turret could be seen by those who were a mile or more away, made her seem like a rat attacking an alligator. The *Merrimac* stopped her engines, as if to survey and wonder at the audacity of the nondescript. The *Monitor* was approaching on her starboard bow. Then, as if seized with impulsive rage, and as if a huge breath would waft her enemy away, the *Merrimac* poured a broad-

side of solid shot at her. For an instant she was enveloped in smoke, and people who were looking on held their breath in doubt of seeing the *Monitor* again. It was a moment of great suspense. Then as a gentle breeze swept over the scene the *Monitor* appeared. At this instant the flash of her own guns was seen, and then their report, louder than any cannon that had ever been heard, thundered across the sea. It seemed to jar the very earth, and the iron scales of the invincible crumbled and cracked from their fastenings. One on board the *Merrimac* at this time has told me that, though at first entirely confident of victory, consternation took hold of them all. "D—n it!" said one, "the thing is full of guns!"

The enthusiasm at this moment among the thousand of civilians and soldiers, who lined the shore to witness the fight, was beyond description and their own control. Such a spontaneous burst of cheers was never before heard. Men were frantic with joy.

The *Monitor* continued her approach, reserving fire that every shot might take effect, until she came parallel with the *Merrimac*, but heading in the

opposite direction. In this way they passed slowly within a few yards of each other, both delivering and receiving the other's fire. Some anxiety had been felt about the turret machinery, many persons having thought that a heavy shot striking the turret with great velocity would damage it so as to stop its working, but finding that it was revolving freely, and that the *Monitor* was apparently uninjured, Captain Worden headed again towards the *Merrimac* with renewed confidence and engaged her at close quarters.

Again they joined in close combat, the *Monitor* lying bow on, at times touching, both delivering their fire as rapidly as possible. At the same time the marines on the *Merrimac* poured an incessant fire of musketry at the peek-holes about the pilot-house and turret. The speed of the two vessels was about equal, but the light draught of the *Monitor* gave her an advantage. The rebels finding that they could make nothing of the invulnerable cheese-box, as they called her, and foiled and maddened at the loss of their coveted prize, turned towards the *Minnesota*, determined, if possible, to destroy her.



The *Merrimac* went head on and received a full broadside of the *Minnesota*. Fifty solid nine-inch shot struck square. Any wooden vessel that ever floated would have gone to pieces under such a fire. The *Merrimac* was unharmed. She returned the fire with her forward rifle guns. One shell passed through four rooms, tearing away partitions and setting the ship on fire. Another passed through the boiler of the steamer *Dragon* which lay alongside, blowing her up and killing and wounding seventeen men. Before a third was fired the *Monitor* interposed, compelling the *Merrimac* to change her position. The two combatants then made a complete circle in their endeavors to get a favorable position, each seeking to discharge a broadside into some vital part. The *Merrimac* then turned sharp and made a plunge towards the *Minnesota*, but Worden was vigilant, and crossed the stern of the *Merrimac*, sending two solid shot into her. To get back again between her and the *Minnesota*, the *Monitor* had almost to cross her bow. The *Merrimac* steamed up quickly, and finding that the *Monitor* would be struck with her prow Worden sheered towards the

enemy's stern, avoiding a direct blow, and, as they came into collision, each vessel delivered a broad-side into the other. At this point a shell from the *Merrimac* struck the pilot-house exactly over the peek-hole through which Captain Worden was looking. The shell exploding, filled his face and eyes with powder and fragments of iron, utterly blinding and for a time rendering him unconscious. Lieutenant Greene, who had been in charge of the turret division, immediately left the guns and spent full thirty minutes nursing the wounded commander, during which time the gunners shotted the guns, and, as the *Merrimac* was turning away, discharged them at close range into her stern, a blow that made her whole frame shudder and seemed at once to be fatal. There was no officer to direct the movements of the vessel except the pilot Howard. As the two combatants parted from the struggle they were headed in opposite directions, both away from their goal. Presuming that the fight would be continued, Pilot Howard ran the vessel a short distance down the channel and turning brought her again close to the protection of the *Minnesota*, when Lieutenant

Greene stepped into the pilot-house and assumed command. It was then observed that the *Merrimac* had taken the channel and was heading towards Norfolk. She was soon joined by her consorts, and taken up to their refuge under the batteries of Craney Island, the *Merrimac* apparently sagging down astern.

Thus ended the greatest naval battle of the world. The *Cumberland* went into action with 376 men. When the survivors were mustered there were only 255. The crew of the *Congress* were 434; of these 298 got to shore. Three were killed and sixteen wounded on the *Minnesota*. One sloop-of-war 24 guns, and one frigate 50 guns, totally destroyed. One first-class steam frigate, carrying 40 nine-inch Dahlgren guns, disabled. Two others were driven off, glad of the low water which kept the *Merrimac* away.

When the sun went down the 8th of March it appeared to those who were acquainted with the appalling facts that the cause of the Union was well nigh, if not utterly lost. No victory with such decided results for the present, or with such bright hopes for the future, was gained by the rebels either

before or after. That night was one of exultation among the conspirators wherever the telegraph could carry the news. The easy and entire destruction of the Union navy, the capture of Washington, the laying of the northern cities under contribution, the raising of the blockade, recognition in Europe; in short the complete triumph of the rebel cause seemed the natural consequence of that day's work. The rebels knew of nothing between them and entire success, and our government had no means of arresting this impending ruin, except an experimental and most diminutive war-ship, in which experienced naval officers and scientific naval constructors had little or no confidence, and which had not even reached the scene of action.

The importance of this battle to the cause of the Union can only be estimated from revelations of the secret archives department, which appear to prove that England and France were watching the result of this very affair, resolved to take the side of Southern secession had the Northern fleet been vanquished. The result of this day's conflict proved to them the entire worthlessness of their wooden

navies, and, that their ships were safer in their own waters. When the tidings of this fight crossed the Atlantic, the *London Times* affirmed that England had on the day before 149 first class war-ships, now there were only two; beyond these there was not one that could safely be pitted against the *Monitor*, and even these were not invulnerable, for, being iron-plated only amidships, they would be set in a blaze at either extremity in a few minutes by shell from this new war-ship.

After the battle Captain Worden was taken at once to Washington, and an incident, connected with him there, illustrates the character of Abraham Lincoln. A cabinet meeting was in session, when it was told the President that the wounded commander of the *Monitor* was in the city. He instantly rose, took his hat saying, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I must see this fellow," and went immediately to his room. Worden was on a sofa, his eyes bandaged, his face swollen and bloody. The President was announced, and he took his hand in silence. "Mr. President," said the wounded officer, "You do me great honor by this visit." "Sir," replied Mr. Lin-

coln, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I am the one who is honored by this interview."

Commander Worden was the recipient of many congratulatory letters from various societies and individuals. A resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, tendering thanks, etc.; a letter of thanks from the Secretary of the Navy; a resolution of the Assembly of the State of New York, authorizing a sword to be presented; a letter of the Secretary of State of the State of New York, accompanying the sword on its presentation; a resolution of thanks from the Chamber of Commerce, of New York; also a gold box from the citizens of the city of Buffalo.

The only perceptible danger to those on board the *Monitor*, after the first round from the *Merrimac*, was to those in the turret, who were in great danger from the flying of bolt-heads driven with great force across the turret, and, from the concussion, which would for a time paralyze a man if he should in any way be in contact with the turret when struck by a shot. There were several sight-holes, through the turret, about an inch and a quarter in diameter,

through which now and then a musket bullet, fired by the *Merrimac* marines, would enter the turret.

The *Monitor* was struck during the engagement twenty-one times. Eight times on the side armor, seven times on the turret, four times on the deck and twice on the pilot-house. None of the marks were very large, hardly indented into the armor plating sufficient to hold as much as a common tea-saucer, and only two that crooked or bulged the iron on the inner side of the turret. The pilot-house was a clumsy affair, built of eight-inch iron beams placed log-house fashion and bolted together. The one hit when Captain Worden was wounded was cracked and slightly turned out of place. The *Monitor* also received seven other hits from the *Minnesota* as she lay at times between the two vessels enveloped in smoke, but these were mere scratches compared with the scars of the *Merrimac*.

The hull of the *Monitor* was constructed of a double thickness of iron three-eighths of an inch thick, strengthened by iron ribs and knees. It was 147 feet long, 36 feet wide, and twelve feet deep, built sharp at both ends, the sides flanging regularly,

with a flat bottom and hollow iron keel. Upon the hull was laid a deck projecting four feet from the sides, ten feet at the bow, and sixteen feet at the stern, over the rudder and propeller. This deck protected the hull by an overhang, built of oaken blocks three and a half feet thick, over which were bolted five series of one-inch iron plates above the water line, diminishing to first four, then to three, again to two inches. The entire length was 174 feet, the breadth 42 feet, and it was rated at 776 tons. The turret was constructed of plates of iron an inch thick, about three feet wide and nine long. Eight of these were bolted together in such a way that the joints were firmly strengthened. It was thus nine feet high, eight inches thick and twenty feet in diameter. The two port-holes were oval, just large enough to allow the guns to be run out with sufficient height to give room for the elevation of the guns; they were closed by heavy wrought iron pendulums, that were swung either side by pulleys. Two eleven-inch Dahlgren guns, weighing 16,000 pounds each, using spherical shot of 168 pounds, with a charge of 15 pounds of powder, were mounted side

by side on iron carriages. The pilot-house, built of nine-inch square iron beams, was on the forward deck, about three feet high and four feet wide, covered by a heavy iron plate. Nothing else was above the deck except the flag-staff, so that the guns had an unobstructed range in any direction. The top of the deck was plated with two layers of half-inch iron, through which was made a hatchway for the engine-room, and one forward to allow the passage of the crew. Both were covered in action with iron plates the thickness of the deck. There was also a dead-light in the deck in each of the officer's rooms, which furnished light and ventilation, except in action, when they were closed with iron covers or battle-plates, the same as were the hatches.

There were two engines 40-inch diameter of cylinder by 26-inch stroke of piston, and they would make 80 revolutions per minute, and the vessel made eight knots an hour in smooth water. Six knots was, however, her common speed. It is hardly possible for a person unaccustomed to the relative size of vessels to make a correct comparison between the *Monitor* and her opponent as they

appeared together during the engagement. The *Merrimac* being five times her tonnage, it may be imagined she was a very large vessel, the other a very small one. Thus it was that during the engagement our people viewing the fight could not always see the *Monitor*, and only the sound of her guns gave evidence of her existence, whose echoes sounded over sea and land, mingled with the cheers of thousands, whose throbbing hearts gave impulse to their joy.

In order clearly to understand the honor and fame that has been awarded to the *Monitor* for her victory, something should be known of the build and formidable character of the vessel with which she was engaged, as well as the amount of property saved from destruction, and the damage the *Merrimac* and the two rebel cruisers would have done if they had escaped to sea.

What I am to state was told me by mechanics who worked in raising her, and getting her ready for sea, also from those who were on board during the fight, or went in her consorts as spectators.

In 1855, the United States built, at different navy yards, four steam frigates: the *Merrimac*, the *Wabash*, the *Minnesota*, the *Roanoke*, and, by contract, at a private yard, the frigate *Niagara*. They were all nearly alike, of about 3,500 tons burden, carrying a heavy battery of nine and ten-inch Dahlgren guns. In April, 1861, the *Merrimac* was at Norfolk navy yard undergoing repairs. When the navy yard was abandoned she was scuttled and set on fire, but, it being low tide, she only sunk to the gun-deck, and the fire was extinguished. She was soon raised by the Confederates, and the dry-dock, which had by accident or misfortune escaped destruction, was opened for her reception. After an examination, it was found that the bottom of the hull and the engines and boilers were entirely uninjured, and John M. Brooke, formerly a lieutenant in the United States navy, and John L. Porter, Confederate naval constructor, reported plans for her reconstruction into a shot-proof steam battery. The hull was cut down to within three feet of the water-line to form the gun-deck, and the hull was plated with iron four feet below the surface. Both ends,

for seventy feet, were cut down to the water-line and covered over so as to be submerged when the ship was ready for action. On the midship section, one hundred and seventy feet in length, were placed, side by side, pine beams a foot square and fifteen feet long, like rafters of a house, at an inclination of forty-five degrees. These projected over the edge and two feet into the water. Upon these beams were placed two layers of oak planks four inches thick, one layer horizontal the other vertical. This was overlaid in the same manner with two thicknesses of iron plates, two inches thick and eight inches wide, firmly bolted through the wood-work and fastened on the inside. Experiments made by Lieutenant Brooke proved this thickness of iron insufficient, and a layer of railroad rails was added to the forward and exposed portions of the roof. This roof did not come to a point, but was flat on top, rendered bomb-proof by iron plates. Her armament consisted of two seven-inch rifled cannon, mounted on pivot on bow and stern, two six-inch rifles and six nine-inch smooth-bore broadside guns—ten in all. The ends of the casemate were rounded and

a false bow of wood was built over to keep the water from banking against the casemate ; and, in appearance, the *Merrimac* almost exactly resembled a house submerged to the eaves. She had a draft of twenty-three feet.

There is not room in an article like this for comment upon the battle fought by the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. If their commanders had known exactly how much their own vessels could be depended upon, and the strength and impregnability of their opponent, the battle would have ended sooner, with a far different result. It would have been unwise for the *Merrimac* to have risked a battle with the *Monitor* without trying to escape to sea, where she could have done more damage than to have sunk a dozen iron-clads, and accomplished the mission that was intended, without any permanent injury. The *Monitor* had an advantage on the waters where they fought by being of less draft, and the long high sides which the *Merrimac* exposed enabled the gunners to train the guns without missing a shot. No guns of such calibre as the *Monitor's* had ever been experimented with, and a charge of fifteen pounds

of powder, such as Captain Worden had been instructed with caution to use, was thought to be enormous, and all that the guns would bear. Subsequent tests have proved that thirty pounds would not have been an over-charge, while even forty pounds might have been used with impunity. With such a charge of powder as either of these a shot would have bored the *Merrimac* through and through, and the battle could not have lasted after a second round.

The *Monitor* was managed with the greatest bravery and skill, so far as the movements of the ship were concerned, but as much cannot be said of the management of the turret and guns. The turret, as is well understood, was of great weight, resting on a single shaft from the centre of the roof, exactly like an umbrella when opened, the movements being governed by a lever, the same as is used in starting an ordinary engine. I will not attempt to explain why this was not better operated. It has been said (without truth, however,) that the turret worked badly, and that the vessel had to be turned in order to bring the guns to bear. The facts of the story

The first of these is the fact that the
population of the country has increased
very rapidly since 1850. This has
been due to a number of causes, but
the most important of them is the
immigration of large numbers of
foreigners into the country.

The second cause is the fact that
the country has been very fertile
since 1850. This has been due to
a number of causes, but the most
important of them is the fact that
the country has been very fertile
since 1850.

The third cause is the fact that
the country has been very fertile
since 1850. This has been due to
a number of causes, but the most
important of them is the fact that
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since 1850.

The fourth cause is the fact that
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The fifth cause is the fact that
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The sixth cause is the fact that
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are: when the turret was fairly started it revolved with considerable speed, and instead of keeping their assailant in view, by looking through the peek-holes in the turret, and gradually checking the movement as the guns were brought to bear, the guns' crew would watch through the open ports until the *Merrimac* was to be seen, and then the steam would be suddenly shut off, causing this heavy mass to vibrate in such a manner as to swing backwards and forwards, several times, before it would stop at a rest. There was no attention paid to training the guns, except to hit the *Merrimac* somewhere. The water-line, the machinery, or a concentrated fire, the most essential principles taught in gunnery, were apparently not thought of by the officer in charge of the turret division, and the guns were often fired without stopping the turret at all. The *Monitor* was in no way disabled. Except the injuries to Captain Worden and one of the iron beams of which the pilot-house was built, the *Monitor* and all on board were in as good condition after the battle as when it began.

The *Merrimac* was managed in the most brave and

daring manner, and too much praise cannot be given to her commander and those who trained her guns. When was there a parallel to the correctness of the sighting of her guns, as those who have seen the marks of her shot on the *Monitor* can testify? They hit eight times in a line along the hull on a surface not more than a foot in width, and so close to the water that either would have flooded the ship if there had been no armor. Two shots struck within a space of six inches from one of the port-holes, and one shot hit between the ports. One shot struck exactly in the centre of the turret, avoiding a glancing stroke, and fell crumbled to the deck. Two struck the pilot-house, a target only four feet wide and three feet high, one of them exactly over the crack through which Captain Worden was looking, placing him *hors de combat*.

Of the condition of the *Merrimac* after the battle, the most reliable account I have ever had was given to me by a ship carpenter who was employed at the Norfolk navy yard during the time it was in possession of the Confederate government. From his ex-

perience I should think he was fully capable of making a correct estimate in such a matter. He told me that the *Merrimac* was in a disabled condition and could not have been engaged any longer; that a shot had entered one of the forward ports, disabling two guns and killing and wounding nineteen men; that the water had entered through her battered sides in such a quantity that she was obliged to retire. He further said that he worked on her after she had been taken into the dry-dock, and that the armor was torn off and bent into every conceivable shape; that her whole frame was battered and shaken beyond repair, and it was with the gravest fears that she was held in defence of the city of Norfolk.

The *Merrimac* and *Monitor* never met again. For a month they lay watching each other, neither side caring to take the chances of losing a battle. Captain Jeffers, in the course of his inspection of the *Monitor*, upon assuming command, said, "Sir," if I knew as much of the *Merrimac* from newspaper descriptions and pictorial representations and diagrams as the rebels know of the *Monitor*, I would go up to Norfolk and sink her before sundown."

On the 3d day of May, General Magruder retired from Yorktown. Norfolk was abandoned, the strong positions at Sewell's Point and Craney Island evacuated; and the rebel troops were concentrated for the defence of Richmond. The *Merrimac* was shut out from her retreat, and all day and night they worked to lighten her, in order to cross the shoals so as to take her up the James River. In this they did not succeed. The poor old commander, Joseph Tatnall, who had spent his whole life in the naval service of the United States, saw nothing to be done but to destroy his vessel. So he ran her ashore, landed the crew and set her on fire, fore and aft. She burned fiercely for an hour, and on the morning of May 11, 1862, she blew up. Thus ended the *Merrimac*.

Four days after the destruction of the *Merrimac* the *Monitor* and *Galena* ascended the James. It was hoped they could reach Richmond. The expedition, however, met a serious obstacle at Drewry's Bluff, upon which, about 200 feet above the river, had been hastily constructed what has since been known as Fort Darling. The river here less than two hundred yards wide, was also obstructed by a

line of piles and sunken vessels, and a great number of sharpshooters were concealed along the banks. Three wooden gun-boats accompanied the expedition, which anchored about a mile below the fort. The *Galena* took position within 600 yards, and the *Monitor* went still nearer, but it was found that the guns could not be elevated enough to reach the fort, and she dropped astern again to where her guns could be brought to bear. While in this position, unconscious of any danger except from the sharpshooters, who kept up a steady fire at the port-holes, a masked battery, located near the shore and not more than 200 feet from the *Monitor*, discharged its only gun, a ten-inch Dahlgren; the shot hit the turret fair in the centre, fell to the deck and rolled into the water. The shot penetrated the iron about half its diameter leaving a perfect mould. She was also struck twice on the hull from Fort Darling, leaving only slight scars.

The action lasted three hours, during which time the *Galena* had been exposed to the full fire of the fort. Thirteen shot and shell penetrated her side. The deck was pierced by the plunging fire, and

the narrow iron plates that composed the light armor of the vessel were broken and forced from their fastenings, proving that light-armored vessels are of no use against heavy guns. The *Galena* had lost thirteen killed and as many severely wounded, and having expended nearly all her ammunition she withdrew, followed by the *Monitor*.

Lieutenant Jeffers, who commanded the *Monitor*, said in his official report of this affair: "The action was most gallantly fought against great odds, and with the usual effect against earthworks. So long as our vessels kept up a rapid fire, the enemy rarely fired in return, but the moment our fire slackened they remanned their guns. It is impossible to reduce such works except with the aid of a land force."

The *Monitor* returned to Hampton Roads, where she remained until the first of October, when she went to Washington navy yard for repairs, and a few important improvements. The 6th of November, she hauled out from the navy yard into the Potomac, and the next day started towards the South. After a pleasant sail down the river, she

anchored for the night, and the following day, under a most beautiful autumn sun, steamed down the broad Chesapeake, and late in the afternoon arrived at Hampton Roads.

The reappearance of the little wonder inspired demonstrations of joy, in both land and naval forces, and cheer upon cheer rent the air from transports laden with troops, and the men-of-wars-men climbed into the rigging and gave vent to their enthusiasm with waving hands and continuous cheers. Some of the vessels dipped their flags in silent recognition, and the heavy cannon of the fortress boomed forth friendly greetings.

From this time till late in December the *Monitor* laid at her former moorings off Newport News, when, in contemplation of an attack on the fortifications at Charleston, she was taken to Fortress Monroe, and preparations made for an ocean voyage. The time for sailing was not definitely given by the navy department, it having been left to the judgment of experienced navigators. At length, on the 29th of December, after a storm of several days, there were indications of favorable weather, and the *Monitor*

started out in tow of the side wheel steamer *Rhode Island*, which had been detailed to be the convoy.

The weather was heavy, but it seemed as though the storm had passed, and that the next day when Hatteras should be reached the sea would be calm, and a safe and easy passage accomplished. The sea was much agitated from the previous storm, but nothing occurred to indicate danger till the second day, when a renewal of the storm tossed the sea into most frantic action, and the waves rolled in succession over the little craft, completely submerging her. After a severe struggle, lasting for twelve hours, she sprung a leak. The pumps, one of which of great power had just been put in, were set working. For a time it seemed as though she would be kept clear, but the coal became wet, which deadened the fires. The steam ran down, and the machinery failed to perform its duty. Soon the water reached the furnaces. The furniture in the cabin was afloat, and nothing could be done but to save life. It was a solemn thought for the crew to give up the ship, but all that could be done had been done.

Signals of distress brought her convoy within hailing distance, and boats were sent to rescue the crew. In doing this many were swept by the heavy sea into eternity. Others stupified with fear remained on the turret, and some who had not heard the order to leave the ship stood at their posts of duty within her, and were swallowed by the sea. The writer assisted the captain, John B. Bankhead, in getting into the boat, and with one other of the crew was the last person saved from this ill-fated ship.

The battle of the *Monitor* is over. All honor to the names of Ericsson, Winslow, Griswold, Bushnell, Rowland, Worden, and those who volunteered for the fight. She now lies fathoms deep beneath the stormy waves of Hatteras. In her noble souls have gone down. Their names are for history; and so long as we remain a people, so long will the work of the *Monitor* be remembered, and her story told.

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FROM BRIDGEPORT TO RINGGOLD

BY WAY OF

Lookout Mountain.

BY

ALBERT R. GREENE,

[Late First Lieutenant Seventy-eighth New York Infantry, and A. D. C.,
Third Brigade, Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps.]

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FROM BRIDGEPORT TO RINGGOLD

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LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

IN the suppression of the great Rebellion the military situation in the autumn of 1863 was extremely critical. In a broad sense there was a general line of battle extending from Eastern Virginia, the Union left, to Middle Tennessee, the Union right, with Knoxville in Eastern Tennessee as the centre.

On the left the condition was almost one of temporary paralysis in both contending forces. Gettysburg had just passed; but Gettysburg was a victory for the Union in a negative or defensive sense only. Meade's campaign was purely a defensive one, Lee's offensive; and when the two forces came together

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each put forth the supreme effort,— and Meade held on. That was all.

At Knoxville in the centre Burnside, ever cheerful and confident, was far less concerned about himself than other commanders, and the government were anxious about him.

On the right Chickamauga had more than offset Gettysburg; the Union army had been desperately defeated, and was hard pressed and besieged in Chattanooga. Technically the Union right had been turned. The reparation of this disaster was the immediate problem and work of the Union commanders. Supplies must be got into Chattanooga and the siege raised, or the place and its army be surrendered and Middle Tennessee abandoned. Prompt and effective action was imperatively demanded.

On Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1863, the Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, then on the Rapidan and Rappahannock Rivers in Virginia, began to take eight days' rations, and received orders to be ready to move at an hour's notice. At midnight on the following Friday, it was generally known that our destination was Chattanooga, and that the Elev-

enth Corps was going also. The bearers of the *Star* and the *Crescent*, under command of General Hooker, had been assigned to the work of repairing the disaster of Chickamauga.

It were the task of a skillful word-painter to depict the emotions of those men who had been together in the rush of Antietam, amid the turmoil and confusion of Chancellorsville and at the mighty shock of Gettysburg, when they realized that they were to part from the Army of the Potomac and were to bear their insignia amid new and distant scenes and unfamiliar comrades. But the fact of their selection for the arduous undertaking flattered the pride of their veteran hearts, and their abiding faith in old Hooker and affection for him assured their confidence and awakened their enthusiasm. It is a noteworthy fact that in the transportation of those two *corps d'armée*, numbering 23,000 men, from Virginia to Tennessee, 1,200 miles, the desertions were so inconsiderable as not to be noticed. The complete transfer took nearly a month, though all the troops, artillery and trains were south of the Ohio and beyond Nashville in ten days. Most of the

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE

CAUSES, THE CONDUCT, AND THE

ISSUES OF THE

WARRE CIVILL, AND

RELIGIOUS DIVISIONS

IN GREAT BRITAIN

FROM THE YEAR 1625

UNTILL 1649

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES.

longer period was consumed south of Nashville, for the country was infested with guerrillas, and the single line of railway was frequently cut, and sometimes at once both before and behind the same train. The brigade with which I was connected was delayed in Murfreesboro some two weeks; and we had "the freedom of the city," if not "in a gold snuff-box," yet with all the essentials. The brigade commander was commandant of the place, and his troops constituted the entire garrison, with the exception of some cavalry and artillery under command of Major Houghtaling, a loyal Tennessean, who, with his cavalry, was an ideal Nimrod toward guerrillas.

The brigade headquarters were established in a fine well-furnished house on the corner of College and Academy streets, and we were attentively served by the black servants of the family. The three young ladies of the family, however, were cool, not to say uncivil. Although we dined at their table, they would not break bread with us; their piano was silent, for they would not play "Yankee Doodle," and they dared not play "Dixie"; and even a staff-officer's brand-new uniform, well garnished with gold

lace, utterly failed to make any favorable impression upon their obdurate hearts. Undoubtedly they hated us. They were different in their manner from a young woman whom I found the next summer up in the mountains at Altoona Gap; who, when I spoke to her of the hope of peace in the nation after a while and a return to the calm felicities of domestic life, replied, "Yes, but you uns has killed off all the men. Will you uns come here then and marry we uns?"

But let us return for a moment to Virginia. The Third Brigade of the Second Division of the Twelfth Army Corps were the last troops to take the cars at Bealton Station, on the Alexandria Railroad. As one of the aides of the commander of that brigade it was my duty to look after the assignment of the troops to the cars. The men were all loaded and the last train moved away from Bealton at half-past one, September 28th, and the same men crossed the Tennessee at Bridgeport, Ala., October 27th, on their march from Bridgeport to Ringgold by way of Lookout Mountain.

A glance at the situation in and around the be-

leagured city of Chattanooga may well be taken here. The city is on the left bank of the Tennessee River, partly on the bluff and partly on the plain which stretches off eastward to Missionary Ridge. Standing by the river in Chattanooga and looking over the plain eastward, the spectator sees in front, some two miles off, Orchard Knob; beyond that to the left, some four or five miles away, the north end of Missionary Ridge, around which pass the railroad to Atlanta and the Dalton Turnpike. Here is the rebel right. Turning now to his right his eye follows the rebel line along the crest of Mission Ridge to Rossville Gap, then sharp to the right again he follows that line across the lowland to where rise the rough craggy sides and towering palisades of Lookout Mountain. Here on side and summit is the rebel left. The Tennessee flowing south past Chattanooga to the base of Lookout, turns there sharply around to the west and north and flows back in the last direction some miles, making a peninsula called Moccasin Point. On the west side of Moccasin Point and due west of Chattanooga is Brown's Ferry. The river runs on north, and then, bending around

Raccoon Mountain, comes back again in a southerly direction some eight miles, when it turns to the east. Just at this turn is Kelley's Ferry. From Kelley's Ferry is a tolerable road through Pan Gap in the Raccoon Mountains to Brown's Ferry, distance about eight miles. From Brown's Ferry across Moccasin Point is an easy road into Chattanooga, distance two and a half miles. Kelley's Ferry and Brown's Ferry at this time were both in possession of the enemy, and the latter was considerably fortified and the former strongly picketed.

The railroad from Bridgeport approaches the Tennessee at the base of Lookout, and running between the mountain and the river, follows the river up to Chattanooga. There is also a good wagon road from Wauhatchie, a railroad junction in Lookout Valley, along the river to Brown's Ferry. The railroad, the river and the wagon road on the left bank of the river are the only ways of communication between Bridgeport and Chattanooga that were then at all practicable; and these were all in the hands of the enemy. The only other roads were little better than mule paths, and lay on the south of the river from Jasper

over Walden's Ridge into Chattanooga, the shortest at least fifty miles, and passable only in good seasons of the weather. What supplies Thomas, shut up in the city, had received for over a month, had been transported on mules by these last named paths. But now these paths were essentially impassable because of the mud, the mules had starved to death, and although communication was had by couriers, and small parties could get into and out of Chattanooga, the transportation of supplies was impossible and had ceased.

The base of Lookout was well fortified with entrenchments supplied with artillery; on the slopes were entrenched camps, and on the summit were siege guns, which commanded Moccasin Point and had Chattanooga and the Union camp within long range. The besieged were simply grouped within the fortifications of the town. The fact that on the retreat from Chickamauga Rosecrans huddled his army in the town and abandoned Lookout, shows beyond question the utter demoralization which must have seized him as well as the routed portions of his forces. Thomas must have gone into the town, be-

cause he could not cope alone with his pursuers. A month later on the north and west were impassable mountains, on the east and south the victorious enemy; within the contracted lines a very scanty supply of ammunition, not enough for a general engagement. The animals were most all dead, and by the 20th of October there were absolutely not a day's rations in Chattanooga. Half rations and lesser quantities had been issued for weeks, and on that day the last pound of food had been given out. Thomas' heroic message, "I will hold the town till we starve," had been sent long before, and the stern reality of his anticipation was upon him. Within thirty miles there were food and ammunition in large quantities, but those thirty miles were almost as impassable as the ocean. Thomas could not get out. Could we get in in time?

It was during this state of affairs that Jefferson Davis had visited the scene, had gazed from the summit of Lookout down into the valley below, had complacently observed that inevitably the place must surrender in a day or two, and had agreed with Bragg that a little more time would work quite as

effectively, and far less expensively than an assault, the complete capture of the imprisoned army.

The plan of relief for the contingent from the Army of the Potomac to carry out was to move into Lookout Mountain Valley along the mountain and the Tennessee River up to Brown's Ferry, so as to cover and protect the river and Kelley's Ferry, and the Pan Gap road between the ferries. Steamboats were then to bring up transportation and supplies to Kelley's, whence the wagons were to cross Raccoon Mountain to Brown's, eight miles, thence again over the river and across Moccasin Point into Chattanooga, two miles and a half. By the river from Bridgeport to Kelley's was about thirty miles, but the route was a sufficient line if it could be used unmolested.

The operations of Smith (William F.) and the exploit of Hazen (William B.) on the night of October 27th in floating around the base of Lookout in pontoons, capturing the rebels at Brown's Ferry and bridging the river there, are well known to the readers of the *Century Magazine*.

October 26th, the Eleventh Corps under Howard

crossed on the pontoons at Bridgeport, and on the morning of the 27th a portion of Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps followed. In Geary's command were the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, Colonel Rickard commanding, of the First Brigade, Knapp's Independent Battery, four pieces (Pennsylvania), and the Sixtieth, Seventy-eighth, One Hundred and Thirty-seventh and One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York, being a portion of the Third Brigade, and commanded by General George Sears Greene. The rest of this division and the whole of the first division of the Twelfth Corps were guarding or building railroads or earthworks or bridges, or doing any kind of fatigue duty, of which there was abundance.

We made about seven miles to Shell Mound by the afternoon, going slowly because we had a long pontoon train and the roads were very bad. In addition to the mud, there were many rocks in the roads, and the going was continually up and down steep hills. We worked nearly all night in laying the pontoons, and after two or three hours' rest and getting coffee we pushed on at daylight. At Shell

Mound is the Nickajack Cave, where were very considerable saltpetre works, the capture and destruction of which deprived the rebels of a principal source of supply of one ingredient of their gunpowder. The roads were worse than on the day before. The mud was as bad as in the east, yes, worse, deeper and stickier and meaner; the roads were full of rocks and still more it was continually up hill and down. The leading regiment was moved as slowly as possible, not faster than two miles an hour, and yet the rear of the column struggled along with great effort. The battery was often stuck, and the infantry helped by hauling with ropes through the worst places. Halts for a few minutes were frequently made to let the men breathe, and altogether it was toilsome and tedious enough. We had been three days and nights getting from Murfreesboro to Bridgeport, relaying track, building culverts and bridges, wet by rain all the time, had had one night's sleep in the mud at Bridgeport, and had laid a pontoon bridge the night before this march.

About noon the column reached "Whiteside Gap," a great rent in the hills, through which a road

branched off into the enemy's country. The column was halted and a scouting party of a couple of companies was sent out on this branch road with orders to proceed half a mile or so, return and report. Meanwhile the others rested. Nothing was discovered by this expedition, and the only surprise was that Howard, who with his entire corps was ahead of us, had left this road unguarded. It was the only road by which our line of march could be reached in flank, and certainly was not a safe place to leave unoccupied. So the Sixtieth New York was detached and left to guard this place and protect our rear and line of march.

The rest of the column resumed its way, and before long we came in sight of the palisades of Lookout. The country is wild and picturesque beyond any description that I can give. The mountain runs up from the valley at a slope of from twenty to thirty degrees. Where we first came in, the slope is three or four miles wide, gradually narrowing and growing steeper as it nears the Tennessee, and in places is cut by deep transverse ravines. At the point of the mountain just over the river the bluff

is almost perpendicular for hundreds of feet in height; then there is a plateau of arable land and then a sharp rise to the palisades. The palisades are from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty feet high, a sheer perpendicular wall of rock. The varying height of this wall is caused by the varying rise of the slope, for the top is level, and from where we marched presented a clear horizontal line against the sky. The slope is heavily wooded, both with large timber trees and with much thick undergrowth.

The road was now becoming better; it got pretty level, and the men, refreshed by the rest at "White-side," closed up well, and the column moved at a freer marching pace. Our eyes continually turned to the point of the mountain, for there, distinctly outlined against a background of leaden clouds, was a siege gun, which every little while vomited a shell off into Chattanooga, and seemed to roar to us a grim defiant welcome. With equal clearness we could see, waving back and forth, up and down, sometimes one, sometimes two of the enemy's signal flags. Lookout Mountain was telling Mission Ridge of the advent of the intruder. With field glasses

we could easily see the movements of the gunners and of the men of the signal party. We were in plain sight of them as well, as must have been the Eleventh Corps who preceded us. The situation was exciting and inspiring to the last degree. Our color-sergeants unfurled their flags, our drummers unslung their drums, and the rattle of some loyal tune sounded our answer back at this gate of the rebel stronghold. There was no use in any attempt at concealment, and none was made. They knew we we had come, and we told them then with flag and drum, as we told them before another sun rose with musket and cannon, that we had come to stay.

Well along in the afternoon the road led us into the woods, and after proceeding a couple of miles we were well up to the junction of the Pan Gap road from Kelley's Ferry. It was now getting dark. Kelley's Ferry was covered and without a fight. It indeed seemed strange, and there was a feeling of insecurity. But Howard was ahead of us with the whole Eleventh Corps. But how far we did not know. There had been a little musketry in the afternoon, but nothing to attract special notice. Howard

had probably met a few pickets, who had exchanged shots with his skirmishers, and scud away. If Geary knew, which I doubt, how great a gap there was between us and Howard, he did not make it known to anybody, for no information was received at brigade headquarters. I doubt whether Howard knew where we were. But Geary ordered us to camp for the night.

The wood in which we drew up joined a large open field in front of us, land which had been cultivated, and in that field was a log-house of the poor class of dwelling. The field was perhaps one thousand feet square. On our right was a little hill with a railroad cut through it and then a railroad embankment; on our left we found a swamp with a thick growth of swamp brush. The wagon road passed through the right centre of our line. Back of a slight elevation beside this road the guns were placed in battery, and the caissons closed up. On either side of the battery the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania was deployed in line of battle. The One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York was put on the same line with a space between, and the two left companies

were refused to face the swamp. In the rear of the space was the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh New York, near the centre of the camp, and the Seventy-eighth New York was faced to the rear across the road we had come. Brigade headquarters were about seventy-five yards behind the left of the front line, and division headquarters were back on the road near the Seventy-eighth. There was no train, not even a load of reserve ammunition, and but a single ambulance. No fires nor lights were allowed, and we ate a cold supper in the dark. A pretty strong detail of picket was sent out on the road in the direction of Howard, and also some to the rear and into the swamp on our flank in the direction of Kelley's Ferry.

General Greene was strongly apprehensive of an attack, and directed his staff to keep their clothes on and the horses to be kept saddled and bridled. At nine o'clock he sent me to Geary to ask whether the troops should sleep on their arms and not take their shoes off. I saw Geary himself and asked the question. He replied, "It is not necessary," and I reported this answer. Nevertheless the order was



issued throughout the brigade, and saved us from being captured, though Ireland's disobedience with respect to his regiment, the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh New York, caused some disorder a few hours later. I carried the order to Ireland in person, but he disregarded it. A little before midnight we were aroused quickly by sharp firing of pickets in our front on the road in the direction of Howard. The Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York and the battery were in line facing the enemy. They were awake and ready in three minutes. The Seventy-eighth New York was faced about and put across the railroad in the rear of the cut through the hill. Our pickets came in and reported the approach of an attacking column. Before the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh could get their shoes on to run up and fill the space on the right of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth, on account of Ireland's disobedience of orders, we could distinctly hear the tramp of men at the double quick across the open field in front of us. It was so dark that they could not be seen, but they seemed to know our position perfectly. We distinctly heard

the command to those men, "By the left flank!" But before the command of execution was uttered, on our line was, "Battery! Fire!" and the flash of the four guns lighted up our whole front, showing for an instant the line coming toward us. Then in the darkness the flash of the rebel muskets marked their line, and the bullets began to come. Our men replied, but the delay of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh was making bad work, and the men began to cluster around trees and to carry wounded to the rear. Finally the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh was got into position, and the men made amends for the misconduct of their regimental commander.

While General Greene was riding at the very front, urging the men to stand, and encouraging them by his example, and getting the formation of his brigade orderly and steady, he was struck in the face by a rifle ball, which entered at the left lower corner of his nose and passed diagonally across his mouth, badly breaking his upper jaw and tearing out through his right cheek. He was assisted to his tent, not more than seventy yards in the rear, and his servant

got him again on horseback, and went with him to a house some distance back, where a hospital had been established.

A considerable pioneer corps attached to the brigade had been deployed across the rear about the distance of the headquarters tent to check and drive back men carrying the wounded and any stragglers. Field, line and staff officers kept the men in their places, and soon the men began to shout back in reply to the rebel yells. Then we breathed easier; we knew the line was safe.

Knapp's battery had done its share at Gettysburg, but the way that battery was worked this night was enough to immortalize it if it had never on any other occasion fired a gun. Its flashes lighted up its own position and half the rebel line. We could hear the devils shout, "Shoot the gunners! Shoot the gunners!" It was point-blank business. The lines were not over two hundred yards apart, and the air was literally loaded with death. After the canister was used up, shells were resorted to, and when an annoying fire came from men clustered around the log-house in the open, solid shot were put through that. With the infantry

the officers stripped the dead and wounded of their cap and cartridge boxes and carried them to the line, for the brigade went into that wood with only sixty rounds, and there was no reserve supply. On the right the enemy got a line along the railroad embankment and opened a cross-fire. Rickard with some of his men dragged one of the guns up on to the embankment, doubled shotted it with canister, and ended that demonstration. On the left the rebels got around us in the swamp, but before they had done much their main line fell back, and some of the flanking party came in and surrendered. The firing lasted but a little over an hour, and at the close many of our men had but a single cartridge left. The attacking force went off, leaving their dead and all of their severely wounded.

This was the battle of Wauhatchie, and the first fighting in the west by troops from the Army of the Potomac. We had come to stay, and we stayed, but at a fearful cost. The severity of this affair is best shown by our losses. We had in the fight between 750 and 800 muskets. We lost in killed and wounded 350 officers and men, including General Greene, who

was very severely and dangerously wounded. The battery lost four commissioned officers, all that were with it, one of them (a son of Geary), either killed outright or mortally wounded, and all its men and non-commissioned officers, except one sergeant and men enough to man one gun ; and lost also thirty-seven out of forty-eight horses. When the firing ceased the Seventy-eighth New York, which had not been used, was deployed in single rank on our line of battle, details were made to search among the dead and wounded for ammunition, a line of skirmishers was advanced, and the rest, including the pioneer corps, went to throwing up intrenchments. About two A. M. there was a disturbance on our picket line, and we stood to arms again. Presently messengers from Howard came in, and he had connected with us. The firing had attracted his attention, a brigade had been started to our relief, had gallantly captured the ambuscade laid for it, and word had been got through to us.

The importance of this affair and of our holding on lies in the fact that the capture of us naturally would have resulted in closing the road to Kelley's

Ferry, in the capture of the ferry and the supplies there, and in shutting Howard into Chattanooga. Soon after daylight reinforcements were poured in in great numbers, and our men were moved out of the trenches. About two P. M. the rebels opened on us from the top of Lookout with two or three thirty-pounders. In about an hour they got our range, and threw shells into our camp till dark, but the only results were the knocking down of some stacks of muskets and the killing of one horse and one man.

The next day our brigade was moved on to the side of Raccoon Mountain, and the time till late in November was busily spent in making a complete fortified camp. We held the extreme right of the line. Building earthworks was the occupation of the day, and vigilant watching on picket of the night. There was a great deal of rain, the weather grew quite cold, and both men and animals suffered much from want of food. The regiments were disposed in earthworks on different hills, batteries were arranged to sweep every road and ravine, a system of signals by flag or torch was devised, so that headquarters

and each regiment could instantly communicate by day or night. Our trains came up, men and animals were housed, and we felt that we were settled for the winter. But this was not yet to be.

November 22d, on my return from guard mounting, I found the brigade ordered to move at daylight the next morning. During the day Sherman's men, the Fifteenth Corps, passed our picket line and went on through the field of Wauhatchie toward Chattanooga. At midnight the order to move was countermanded. All the next day and night there was firing, sometimes sharp and heavy, all along the line, from the head of Lookout to our left beyond Orchard Knob toward the north end of Mission Ridge. Ireland, then commanding the brigade, was tremendously nervous and excited. At one A. M., November 24th, he was ordered to report in person at division headquarters. He was gone two hours, and on his return woke me up, and told me to get the brigade under arms at once, for we were going to storm Lookout Mountain. Reveille was sounded, breakfast eaten, 100 rounds per man distributed, and, leaving the Seventy-eighth to guard the camp, the

rest of the brigade at half-past six crossed the field of Wauhatchie, went over Lookout Creek and commenced the toilsome ascent of the slope. A picket guard of twenty or thirty men was captured at an old mill where we crossed the creek, without firing a shot. The second brigade, Colonel Cobham commanding, led and climbed the slope till its right reached the palisades. We came next in order of the Sixtieth, One Hundred and Second, One Hundred and Thirty-seventh, One Hundred and Forty-ninth. These two brigades made the first line. When they were well closed up, they were faced to the front and ordered to lie down to rest. No opposition had been met, and the enemy could not have dreamed of our presence on the mountain. The brigade commanders, their staff officers and the regimental commanders were summoned to Geary's presence on the safe side of the creek. He made a speech, in which he expatiated on our undertaking, told us of the dangers we should undoubtedly encounter, said something about success and glory, directed us to sweep along the slope and push the enemy off, observed cheerfully that he was not go-

ing up then but would come up later, shook hands with us all, and bade us good bye. We recrossed the creek and went to our posts. Some remembered that when Geary's division was in sore straits at Gettysburg, he was miles away on the Taneytown road, and they thought of it then, and remembered too that less than a month ago, in that dark and bloody wood at Waubatchie, there was no word from Geary till the firing had ceased and the only sounds on the field were the digging of entrenchments and the cries of the wounded.

We had scarcely got arranged in the places assigned to us when the bugle sounded, "Forward!" Major Elliott, of the One Hundred and Second, was ordered to deploy his regiment as skirmishers for our brigade front. When they had had time to advance 300 or 400 yards, the line followed. The fog was thick and we could not see far ahead. There was much large timber, in places clear and again thick with small growth and underbrush; there were stones and holes and rocks and ravines; and our progress was necessarily slow if we would preserve any sort of formation. Some considerable time

passed as we moved on in silence, and we must have covered a mile, when the rattle of musketry in front told us the ball had opened, and the tune as usual was the grand march of death! The line pushed on faster as the firing quickened. The fog was dense and it was impossible to see two hundred yards. Elliott was evidently having all his line could carry, for the firing was very continuous for a skirmish line. Presently we met some men carrying an officer in a blanket, and it was poor Elliott, mortally wounded. He wore a full uniform with a red-lined cape on his overcoat, making a conspicuous mark, and he was the first man hit in this engagement.

Cobham, having clearer ground, had got a little ahead of us, and had commenced firing. We pushed on and overtook our skirmish line and passed over it, meeting an irregular fire from a foe we could not well see, and blazing away ourselves into the fog. The firing increased some, and now and then a man dropped, and we urged the line on faster. The shriek of shells came up from the valley below, passing parallel with our line, and now and then a shell would burst in our front. Rifle balls struck the

trees from the direction of our right, showing that an attempt was making to enfilade us from the palisades, and the fire toward which we were advancing grew sharper. The fog rolled up from the valley and passed over the top of the mountain, clearly revealing us and the enemy. Firing and shouting, the whole line pressed forward, and the work became sharp and hot. At every tree and rock and log in front of us was the flash of a rebel musket; from the palisades above the rebel bullets fell thickly, and up out of the valley came the screeching shells of a friendly battery, trying to enfilade the rebel line and clear our front. We could see the men on the rocks above us and in our front, and the battery far down below.

It was fighting now, for our line had ceased to advance and the men had taken some cover, though the fire did not slacken. Our wing was checked. Cobham above us, meeting with less opposition and far less annoyed by the fire from the palisades above, pushed out and turned his fire on the men in our front. The battery below redoubled its exertions; a fog bank from the valley rolled slowly up the side

of the mountain, shutting the battery and the lower hills out from our sight and from the sight of observers on Raccoon Mountain. This was the first scene of "The Battle above the Clouds."

A little before the fog bank reached us the color-bearers, as by a common impulse, rushed ahead, and with a great shout the whole line broke cover and followed them. On they went in the face of a nasty rain of bullets. The rebels broke and ran and we ran after them, heedless of the bullets from the summit. Into holes, over rocks and stumps and logs, over a slight line of earthworks, past a ravine in which were huddled our foes to the number of two hundred or three hundred, who were speedily made prisoners and put under guard,—through a camp of huts and shelter-tents, and over fires where rebel breakfasts were cooking, on, capturing squads of the fleeing enemy, till the dense fog shut in again over and around us, and we must stop and feel our way. The battery did not change front as fast as we advanced, and it exploded one shell in the line of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth, doing some harm, and others too close in front of us, and for a while threw them to our rear.

Our line was reformed, skirmishers advanced and the movement resumed into the thick fog. Some firing from the palisades annoyed us, and now and then a spherical shell with lighted fuse was tumbled off the palisades to bump down the slope and burst where it might. Moving slowly, we came to easier ground; we had reached the edge of the plateau, though Cobham was still on the slope from the plateau to the palisades.

It grew lighter again and the bullets again began to sing amongst us. The fog seemed to break where we were; we could not see the valley, but it got clear on our level and above us. An earthwork was sighted ahead. Behind the last knoll the line was steadied and well closed up. As we showed over this knoll we were greeted with a sharp fusillade, which developed into a steady fire. Our line stopped and commenced firing. This was not what was wanted, but the resistance was heavy for our light line. Cobham again helped us by his cross-fire. Barnum of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth, shouting to his men to follow him, rushed up the knoll, waving his sword above his head. A bullet

struck his sword arm and it fell by his side, but the line had caught his spirit, and it went on now across good ground and with a regular front. The little white house on the point came in sight; we could see Chattanooga, and the watchers there could see us. All energies were bent to reach the house. Again the rebel line broke and ran. The One Hundred and Forty-ninth cleared the earthworks, the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh passed across the door-yard at the house, meeting with sharp resistance, for three color bearers went down in carrying their flag a distance of fifty yards. The Sixtieth pushed along on the right, and Cobham did great work in sweeping our front with his cross-fire.

In the yard at this farm-house were two Napoleon guns, and their caissons hard by were well supplied with ammunition. Our line here wheeled sharp to the right, following the enemy in plain view, and entered some woods. The fog closed in on us again. The whole of this charge could be plainly seen with glasses from Chattanooga, for while the fog was thick below, shutting in the sides of the mountain, our elevation was in plain sight. It is said that as we

rounded the point in this last rush, the watchers in Chattanooga and on Orchard Knob, anxiously awaiting our appearance, were almost beside themselves with exultation, and that even Thomas so far forgot his gravity as to throw his hat into the air with a great shout.

But though the second scene above the clouds had been presented, the battle was not over. As we got in range of the Summertown road, which runs from the plain up the east side of Lookout, and is perhaps 600 or 800 yards around the point, we came upon a line of fortifications covering that road, which it was worse than useless for our line to attempt to carry. It was a regularly constructed entrenchment, well covered by *abatis* and fully manned by fresh troops; and we met such a fire that our men were halted and took what cover the ground afforded. It was now after 12 o'clock noon, our ammunition was getting low, although we had started with 100 rounds, and our men were very much exhausted. We had charged in line of battle over horrible ground for more than four miles, had been fighting nearly five hours and had sustained very considerable losses.

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Up to this time neither Ireland nor any of the staff knew whether there was anything behind us or not. We supposed of course there must be, but nothing had reported. Ireland told me to go back and look for help, and to get a line to relieve us. I went back to the white house, and there found one Brigadier-General Whitaker, who, with a brigade, had got on to the plateau somehow. Whitaker was drunk; not fighting drunk, but complacently so. His troops were on the plateau, with stacked arms, the men resting. I tried to explain our urgent needs, and implored him to lend us a single regiment. He replied that his troops had carried the mountain, and had gone into camp, and that the battle was over. I hastened to report to Ireland, who went to Whitaker, begging aid. But all the aid that Whitaker would render was to offer a drink out of an enormous flask that he had slung to him. The two had a very sharp quarrel; but the tipsy brigadier persisted that the battle was over, that he had carried the mountain and that his men had gone into camp. Application was made directly to Whitaker's regimental commanders, but without success. Mean-

while matters were getting serious around the point, and there was on the left only an irregular line of groups of men clustered about rock and trees. But happily our first brigade arrived now, and was large enough to take the place of our entire line. The movement of getting them in and our men out, though somewhat covered by the dense fog, unavoidably attracted the attention of the enemy, and they opened a heavy fire. The lead came fearfully for ten or fifteen minutes, but we accomplished the change with as little loss as could be expected on ground practically open and the lines not more than 250 yards apart. This firing has been spoken of as a charge by the rebels, but they did not come out of their works, firing rather to repel what they imagined was going to be an assault.

The battle was now over, though a little firing continued far into the night. Our brigade was got together on the plateau in the rear, and our losses ascertained. We had lost four field officers and ten line officers, and 150 men. But we had sent to the rear nearly eight hundred prisoners. The brigade was grouped in close column of regiments and arms

stacked. If the men had anything to eat they ate it. I know that the brigade officers had nothing to eat, nor even blankets or overcoats. Occasional shots were exchanged through the fog between our men and the sharpshooters on the palisades, but few of us had either strength or animation enough to feel much interest in that. The fog was very penetrating, it had rained some, we were wet through, and ached with fatigue. Night shut in about us and the darkness was almost impenetrable. A cold rain commenced to fall, freezing as it fell, and our outer clothing was coated with ice. The suffering from cold, fatigue and hunger was extreme. It seemed as if our blood was cold and the last spark of vitality frozen within us. At the slightest attempt to make a fire the sharpshooters on the palisades would open on us, and all attempts were forbidden.

At midnight men came up the mountain bringing ammunition on their backs. Two hundred rounds per man were distributed in our brigade, and the work of aiding at this distracted for awhile my mind from my discomforts. This was completed at two A. M., when the night got clear and very cold. The

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is essential for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It mentions the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather information from stakeholders. Additionally, it discusses the application of statistical analysis to interpret the collected data.

3. The third part describes the process of identifying and addressing the needs and concerns of the community. It highlights the importance of active listening and communication with the community members to understand their perspectives and requirements.

4. The fourth part details the implementation of the proposed initiatives and programs. It mentions the allocation of resources, the assignment of responsibilities, and the establishment of a timeline for the implementation process.

5. The fifth part discusses the monitoring and evaluation of the implemented programs. It emphasizes the need for regular assessment and feedback to ensure that the programs are effectively addressing the community's needs and achieving the desired outcomes.

6. The sixth part concludes the document by summarizing the key findings and recommendations. It reiterates the importance of ongoing communication and collaboration with the community to ensure the long-term success and sustainability of the organization's efforts.

disposition made for the morning was to open a steady fire on the palisades, while a column should force the Summertown road at any cost. But the rebels saved us further trouble. As the daylight slowly came on all were awake and watchful and ready. It was quiet on the top; and soon after objects could be seen distinctly; a great shout went up as we saw the Flag of the Union waving from the top of the palisades. At the very point of the mountain a crevice had been formed where men could climb up the rocks one at a time, and some had got up there with a flag. The rebels had retreated in the night, the mountain was abandoned. "The Gibraltar of America" was again in the possession of the nation. We got some hard bread, raw pork and coffee, the first in twenty-four hours, and the last, as it proved, in the next twenty-four. The stuff relished better then than it would now. The atmosphere was as clear as a bell and as the day advanced grew comfortably warm. The view was magnificently grand; the whole field of operations in front of and on Mission Ridge could be taken in at a glance. Away to the northeast we saw the smoke and heard the noise of

battle where Sherman was pounding with all his might. We saw the glistening of rebel muskets along Mission Ridge to Rossville Gap. On the plain in the midst we saw the deployment of the 25,000 who were to break the rebel centre before the sun went down; and looking on to the Tennessee we saw a little steamer, piled high with cracker-boxes and casks of pork and bacon, calmly paddling along toward Chattanooga.

In the forenoon we moved down the Summertown road and out on to the plain toward Rossville Gap. We were assigned to support a large park of artillery, some forty or fifty pieces, and moved slowly with them, for the animals were scarcely able to draw the guns. At Chattanooga Creek we were delayed some hours for the bridge to be replaced, which had been destroyed the night before by the rebels in their retreat from the mountain. The rest of the column forded the creek, but we waited with the artillery for the bridge to be repaired. After we got over, the guns were urged forward and commenced to shell the ridge, meeting with some resistance. The batteries were manœvered on the plain, throw-

ing shells rapidly on to the hills and advancing as fast as might be. Our brigade slowly followed them, marching in line of battle at right angles with the ridge. Under the most favorable circumstances we beheld Thomas' famous charge upon the rebel centre. We were not more than a mile away, facing his right and slowly closing up to it. The occasional shell and scattering bullets that came over to us went by unheeded. The 25,000 men in three lines were at the foot of the rise. They had 200 yards yet to go. As they moved forward there burst from the crest of Mission Ridge, overlapping their whole front, a line of smoke and sheets of fire and shot and shell. Will they, can they do it? Can men live in that fire? They seem within fifty yards of the rebel line; they falter, they stop, the long lines waver; they give way and go back down on to the plain. Then the firing ceases and the rebels set up their yell. The batteries in front of us are working now with all the might of men. Bullets begin to come thicker our way. Bragg has apparently reinforced his centre. It begins to look as if we should get in too.

But Thomas' men have reformed, and the three lines are again in motion up the hill. With the same rush as before they go and the rebels pour on them again the same torrent of death. Nearly up the line staggers, wavers! In vain do colors wave and swords flash in the afternoon sunlight; the line falls back to the foot of the hill. A breathing spell and again the third time they face that work, and for the third time the rebel infantry and artillery turn on them a tornado of destruction. The first line gets nearly up unbroken, though the carnage is awful; the men stagger, but do not break; they commence firing; the second line closes up to the first. Together they move forward, slowly, then they rush, they are on to the works, they are over them, and firing at the fugitives flying down the eastern slope to the rear. The rebel centre is broken; the firing gradually dies away, last on the left in Sherman's front. The battle of Chattanooga is over; the great victory is an accomplished fact.

That night we slept in the rebel huts, finding their fires still burning and much of their camp equipage and utensils left behind. Before daylight the next

morning we got our horses, coats, blankets and food, and joined in the pursuit. The head of the column was continually fighting the rebel rear guard. We bivouacked at Pea Vine Creek, sleeping on the ground, and at daylight pushed on again. This was the last day of the pursuit. Osterhaus was ahead and our division next. Some time in the forenoon it became evident that the rebels had made a stand, and we hurried on. Emerging from the woods we came upon a pretty town of a hundred houses or so, two churches, a hotel, a large store-house or two, and a long, low stone building by the railroad, used for a freight depot. Beyond the town was a high hill, and the women from the windows of the houses tauntingly bade us "look there." We looked, and there was the rebel rear guard on the crest, Osterhaus' whole division in line about half way up, where he could neither go on nor come back, our first brigade vainly struggling with great slaughter to get up the left flank, and our second brigade *en echelon* on the right of Osterhaus. We moved up under the cover of the stone depot. Grant and Sherman both stood there talking together quietly, apparently un-

conscious of the sharp fight on the other side of the stone building. Our brigade was presently ordered to seize some buildings across an open field to the right and rear of our second brigade. It was in full sight and good range of the rebels on the hill, but we went across and took the position, losing fifty men while passing over about 400 yards. The first brigade was all cut to pieces, losing 400 men and many of its best officers, all to no purpose, for a couple of batteries soon came up and shelled the rebels out. Capt. Charles T. Greene, assistant adjutant-general of our brigade, had his right leg taken off by a shell while we were crossing the field. The next day a strong column started for Knoxville, for the safety of which place there seemed to be much solicitude.

We remained in this town of Ringgold two or three days, resting and feeding; and at half-past two on the morning of December 1st, set out on the return march to winter quarters. We moved away by the light of the burning houses, for it was said that Osterhaus' men had been fired on from the windows as they entered the town.

The weather was bitterly cold, the ground frozen hard, the walking never better, and that night, after a march of twenty-eight miles, we slept in our huts on Raccoon Mountain. The campaign was over.



GENERAL DUFFIÉ.

(AT THE AGE OF 28, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MANCHESTER BROTHERS, TAKEN IN 1863.)

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

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DUFFIÉ

AND THE

MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY.

BY

GEORGE N. BLISS,

[Late Captain Company C, First Rhode Island Cavalry.]

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DUFFIÉ

AND THE

MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY.

ALFRED NAPOLEON DUFFIÉ was born in the city of Paris, May 1, 1835. He was a pupil in the school of St. Barbe from his fifth to his tenth year, and was then for seven years in the preparatory Military Academy at Versailles, and in 1852 commenced the regular course of study in the Military College of St. Cyr, at Versailles, having in the autumn of 1851 been one of the two hundred and twenty admitted out of the eleven thousand candidates examined. After two years at St. Cyr he completed the course, passed the examinations, was commissioned a Lieutenant in the French army, and at once sent into active service, first in Algiers, and later in Senegal, in Africa, where he was wounded in action.

He went to the Crimea and was in action in the battles of Alma, Inkerman, Balaklava, Chernaia, Gangel and Sebastapol, was several times wounded and was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant in the Fifth Huzzar Regiment. At the close of the Russian war, in 1856, he returned to France and served with his regiment until the war with Austria again called him into action and a severe wound compelled him to leave the field for the hospital, but not until he had borne his part in the battles of Palestro, Magenta and Solferino.

During his service in Africa and Europe, Duffié received eight wounds and four military decorations, the Cross of the Legion of Honor from his own country; the Sardinian Cross from the Emperor of Sardinia, who decorated him with his own hand as he lay wounded; the Turkish Cross from the Sultan; and the English Cross from Victoria.

An effort has been made to obtain from the widow and son of the General a more full and satisfactory account of his life before he left Europe for America, but while desirous to assist they had no information to add to the publications already made in this State.

A recent letter from the son, Daniel P. Duffié, narrates the following incident :

During the Crimean War, at one time, the Russian and allied powers being very near each other, a Russian officer (a celebrated swordsman) challenged the enemy to a single combat. My father accepted the challenge and killed the Russian. For his skill and bravery on this occasion and other brave services during his two years' service in the Crimean War, he received from the Sultan of Turkey the Medjidie medal, and also an expression of thanks (in acknowledgment of his services), beautifully written in gold and red letters on vellum and signed by the Sultan.

When asked by my mother "if he did not feel sorry to kill the Russian," he answered, " Why, no ! If I had not killed the devil, the devil would have killed me ! "

In the autumn of 1859 he came to the United States intending to visit Saratoga for the benefit of his health, and on the outbreak of the Rebellion accepted the tender of a Captain's commission in the First New Jersey Cavalry, and in July, 1861, was

appointed Major of the Harris Light Cavalry, a New York regiment, in which he was distinguished for efficiency upon the drill ground and gallantry in action.

On the 8th of July, 1862, he assumed command as Colonel of the First Rhode Island Cavalry. Chaplain Frederic Denison, to whose labors as historian of the regiment I am greatly indebted in preparing this paper, thus describes his appearance at that time :

"He is of medium stature, erect form, light frame, nervous temperament, dark complexion, full hazel eyes, black hair, athletic in action, humorous in manner, exact in routine, firm in discipline, and thoroughly accomplished in his profession."

At this time there was great dissatisfaction with the action of Governor Sprague in thus appointing a foreigner to the command of the regiment, and it resulted in the resignation of their commissions by all but four of the Rhode Island officers (we had four companies from New Hampshire then), and there was evidence of hostile feeling in the ranks. Chaplains are not always discreet in such times of excite-

ment, and, as a result, before the sun went down on his first day in camp, Colonel Duffié sent for this officer and said: "Chaplain, I understand you have been stirring up a spirit of mutiny in my regiment. I put you in arrest in your tent. I am very sorry to begin with the servant of God, but must begin somewhere." The arrest was of short duration, and, in a few days, there were no closer friends than the Colonel and the Chaplain.

A few hours after taking command the Colonel assembled the officers at his tent and said to them: "I understand most of you have sent in your resignations. I give you four days to send and get your resignations back; if you do not get them back they will be accepted. I will stay with you four weeks; if you do not like me then, I pledge you my word I will resign myself." With two or three exceptions the resignations were withdrawn. The following order was issued:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY, }
MANASSAS, July 10, 1862.

Officers and Soldiers of the First Rhode Island Cavalry:

In taking command of this regiment as your Colonel, I was pained and grieved to see a disinclination on your part to re-

ceive a stranger, manifested in such a manner as to leave no doubt as to your sentiments. If it has pleased your much beloved Governor and the War Department at Washington to make a change in the construction of your executive department, as good soldiers, patriots and defenders of the one great and holy cause now animating all true American hearts, it is your bounden duty to God and man, to the cause of human liberty throughout the entire world, to every manly impulse, to every hope of peace and happiness for yourselves and your posterity, that you sink all personal considerations in one great holocaust, whose flames shall illumine a world, and whose end shall be Union.

As for myself, I like you. You have all the material for success. I say it not in the poor spirit of mere compliment, nor with the slightest disrespect for your former commander, as circumstances beyond his control may have prevented him from giving to you the benefit of his undoubted military knowledge; but I like you, and here say to you, in my place, that if you will give to me your undivided time and labor for the space of a few weeks, I will add to them my own best endeavors to make you at once the pride and glory of your own gallant State and of the nation.

Soldiers! Do you hear me? Soldiers! Do you answer me? Say, yes! And fear not the result!

A. N. DUFFIÉ, *Colonel Commanding.*

The zeal and skill of the new commander was felt at once throughout the regiment, and in a few days

officers and men were convinced that no mistake had been made in the appointment.

On the 9th of August, 1862, the regiment was under fire at the battle of Cedar Mountain, Va., and the value of the drill and discipline of our new Colonel tested. Under a heavy fire from infantry and artillery the regiment moved and formed several lines of battle with as much coolness and precision as upon the peaceful drill ground. The regiment was complimented by General Banks for its good behavior in action, and from that day was ever ready to follow with full confidence wherever Duffié might lead.

Near Groveton, Va., Aug. 28, 1862, the regiment, while acting as advance guard, became the target of eighteen guns of the artillery of Jackson's force. One man appalled by the fury of the bursting shells urged his horse to a trot; instantly Duffié's voice rang out, "Walk that horse; one man run, all run." The order was obeyed and at a walk the regiment moved to a new position and gave our own guns an opportunity to answer the enemy. August 29th and 30th upon the field in what has

been called the second battle of Bull Run, the engagement having been on nearly the same ground as that of the battle of 1861, the regiment was conspicuous for the precision of its movements. When the army retreated to Centreville on the 30th, Duffié fell back slowly, forming successive lines of battle with his regiment. At Chantilly, Va., on Sept. 1, 1862, the First Rhode Island deployed a skirmish line and were the first to draw the enemy's fire. The following order, a compliment to the regiment, is also a tribute to the ability of the commander :

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY, }
POOLEVILLE, MD., October 5, 1862. }

(Special Order, No. —.)

Calling the attention of the regiment to the late campaign from the Potomac to the Rapidan and back, your commander wishes to assure you of the high encomiums which have been passed by officers high in rank and military attainments, upon the admirable manner in which you performed your part of that ever memorable retreat from the Rapidan to the Potomac. The last Federal soldiers to leave the Rapidan; the last to leave the Rappahannock; the last to leave Warrenton and its vicinity; in several of the severest battles; under fire many times; at all other times on outpost or other hazardous duty; and in almost every march, the rear guard of the Grand Army

of Virginia, or to a main column—you never faltered; you never even hurried, but, steady and in good order, as upon a parade ground, you retired, when obliged reluctantly to turn from the superior numbers of the foe.

Upon the 30th of August, at Bull Run, it is especially true that, when thousands around, in direst confusion, were escaping as fast and best as they might, your evolutions were more steadily and perfectly performed than I have ever seen them at any other time. That is so true that you here, by your beautiful appearance, attracted the confidence of your brothers without command, and soon behind your ranks were eight hundred seeming to implore your protection.

Generals of divisions have been anxious for our services, and many applications were made for them. You endured fatigue and privations without murmuring. You are known and appreciated in the proper quarters. Soldiers! Your record is a proud one. See that it is not blotted!

A. N. DUFFIÉ, *Colonel.*

The regiment was on picket duty along the line of the Potomac River during the battle of Antietam, and Oct. 22, 1862, crossed into Virginia with the advance of McClellan's army. Near Warrenton a part of the regiment engaged on November 11th, in a short skirmish with a force of rebel cavalry, during which Colonel Duffié emptied a rebel saddle by a carbine shot and afterwards issued the following order :

(*Special Order No. —.*)

Officers and Men of the First Battalion and Captain Manchester's Squadron :

Your Colonel has great pride in thanking you for gallant conduct on the 11th instant. Your charge up the hill, in the face of the enemy outnumbering you many to one, was an act of courage and heroism seldom seen, and in its results never excelled. With their ranks completely broken, they were driven more than three miles in the utmost confusion; and when in their insolence they afterwards returned, you again attacked and dispersed them, thus freeing that part of our lines from annoyance.

The cavalry service is, in the main, a thankless one; the duties hazardous and severe, both for men and horses; and it is only by a manly, self-sacrificing spirit that we are able to bring about results, so important in themselves, and which seldom appear on the surface. Our reward is not in the blazing encomiums of army correspondents, but in the consciousness of having done our duty; that our blows have been sharp and decisive; that we have done our work at the right time and in the right way; in a word, that we have done the work laid out for us, and done it effectually; and, depend upon it, that in military circles, whence praise falls so gratefully upon the ear, we are, and we shall continue to be, appreciated.

This regiment is both my joy and my pride. I shall continue to give to it my constant care; and, sure of your coöperation in all that shall raise it to highest standard of excellence and effectiveness, we may each of us indulge in the fond belief

that, in after years, we shall be proud to say, "I belonged to the First Rhode Island Cavalry."

I am happy that I can thank Major Farrington, Captain Manchester, Lieutenants Allen and Chase.

A. N. DUFFIÉ, *Colonel Commanding.*

On the 7th of November, 1862, General Ambrose E. Burnside succeeded McClellan as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, and, on the first day of December, following, the First Rhode Island Cavalry, First Massachusetts Cavalry and the Third and Fourth Regiments Pennsylvania Cavalry were put under the command of Brig.-General William W. Averill. This putting the cavalry into brigades by Burnside was the beginning of the movement towards consolidation of this arm of the service, finally resulting under Hooker in the formation of a cavalry corps. After joining Averill's brigade Colonel Duffié renewed his efforts to perfect the regiment in military knowledge. Copies of tactics were bought for the use of the non-commissioned officers, and all officers were practically put into a school for soldiers. The sergeants and corporals had their regular recitations in the tents of the

captains, and all the commissioned officers were frequently summoned to the colonel's quarters for instruction and examination, while daily drills in company, squadron and regimental formations tested the lessons of the book, and the results fully justified the following order :

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY, }
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., January 16, 1863. }

(*Special Orders, No. 23.*)

Fellow-Soldiers: Again it is my proud privilege to congratulate you upon your admirable appearance, drill and discipline, as a regiment. It has been granted me before, in all truth, to applaud the efforts you have made to become the first among the cavalry in the service.

General Roberts, Chief of Cavalry on General Pope's staff, on the 18th of last August, said: "While I have no hesitancy in saying yours is the best regiment I have inspected so far, there is still much to be done." Since that time, unqualified praise from high military sources has been repeatedly accorded to you; and now, to crown the whole, our most distinguished, most esteemed General, commanding this brigade, after the inspection of the 15th instant, says: "It is the best regiment in my brigade."

Sharing equally alike the glorious possession of such a prestige, we must all see to it, with jealous care, that we hold the position assigned us against all comers.

Let no mark or blot mar the fair page; and I hope soon, across the river which intercepts us from our foe, you will finish your brilliant achievements.

A. N. DUFFIÉ,

Colonel Commanding First Rhode Island Cavalry.

March 1, 1863, General Averill had his force increased by the addition of three regiments and the whole was divided into two brigades, forming the Second Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac. Colonel Duffié, although not the senior Colonel, was appointed to command the First Brigade, composed of the First Rhode Island, First Massachusetts, Fourth New York, and the Sixth Ohio Cavalry. March 17, 1863, General Averill crossed the Rappahannock River at Kelley's Ford, and on that day was fought the first cavalry battle in Virginia. Here the First Rhode Island was first in every encounter with the enemy, and Duffié had reason to be proud of his regiment. Upon the right bank of the river the enemy, sheltered by rifle-pits, commanded the ford and repulsed the first regiment, and then a platoon of eighteen men of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, led by Lieutenant Simeon Brown,



charged across under a fire so severe that only the Lieutenant and three of his men reached the opposite shore, the others having been stopped by bullets striking them or their horses. It had been shown that the crossing could be made, and the remainder of the regiment followed, capturing twenty-five of the enemy before they could retreat from the rifle-pits to their horses. In this contest, called the Battle of Kelley's Ford, General Fitz-Hugh Lee was in command of the rebels, although Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was present, and the best Virginia regiments of cavalry were there to meet the Yankees; but three times the First Rhode Island charged them with the sabre and were each time victorious. The total loss on the Union side was eighty-one, and forty-two of that number came from the First Rhode Island.

Colonel Duffié was with Hooker's army during the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, but was not in action beyond some skirmishing with the enemy. General Hooker was not pleased with General Averill and relieved him from duty with the Army of the Potomac, and Colonel Duffié took command

of the division. In the great cavalry battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, Duffié crossed the river at Kelley's Ford and led his division against the rebel cavalry, driving them back in confusion through Stephensburg, with considerable loss to the enemy in killed, wounded and prisoners. Near Stephensburg a force of the enemy was found supporting a battery, upon which our battery opened fire, and one of its shells took off one leg of Col. M. C. Butler, now United States Senator from South Carolina. Duffié was rapidly forming his men for an attack when an order came for a march back to Brandy Station. We marched along the rear of the entire battle line of that day, recrossing the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford several miles up the river from our crossing of that morning.

After this battle Duffié was removed from the command of the division and sent back to the regiment. There seemed to be some dissatisfaction with his conduct, although it was never alleged that he did not obey his orders, and he was certainly operating against the enemy with great success when checked by orders to retire. I have seen in some

military paper that Duffié ought to have marched towards the heavy firing at Brandy Station instead of pushing on towards Stephensburg, but his orders were to drive the enemy out of Stephensburg, and I am inclined to think that Duffié was made an excuse for some other officer's blunder on this hard-fought field.

Early in the morning of June 17, 1863, the following order was received :

"Col. A. N. Duffié, First Rhode Island Cavalry :

"You will proceed with your regiment from Manassas Junction, by the way of Thoroughfare Gap, to Middleburg; there you will camp for the night, and communicate with the headquarters of the Second Cavalry Brigade. From Middleburg you will proceed to Union; thence to Snickersville; from Snickersville to Percyville; thence to Wheatland, and passing through Waterford to Nolan's Ferry, where you will join your brigade."

The regiment, numbering then 280 strong, encountered troops of Gen. W. N. F. Lee's brigade at Thoroughfare Gap under command of Col. J. R. Chambliss. This brigade was at that time about 1,200 strong, and a force of the enemy larger than our own was seen at the Gap, but they fell back as

our men pressed boldly forward, and the position was carried with no loss except that of a few horses killed by rebel bullets. Leaving this force in his rear Duffié marched to Middleburg, arriving at 4 p. m. where General Stuart had his headquarters, having with him three companies as a body guard. The charge of our men was the first news Stuart had of our movement, and he was driven out of the place in haste, narrowly escaping capture. The order was to camp here for the night and communicate with the headquarters of the Second Cavalry Brigade. Captain Frank Allen, with two men, was sent to Aldie with a dispatch stating the situation and asking for reinforcements, and after several delays by encounters with the enemy, safely delivered his message at 9 p. m., but no effort was made by our generals to send troops forward. When we first occupied Middleburg, Aldie, five miles in our rear, was held by Fitz Lee's brigade under command of Col. T. T. Munford, against which Pleasanton's cavalry corps had made charge after charge and been repulsed with heavy losses. As soon as we forced Stuart out of Middleburg he sent orders

to Munford to fall back from Aldie and join him, and also ordered Chambliss to march to Middleburg from Salem. General Stuart himself proceeded to Rector's Cross Roads, eight miles west of Middleburg, where Robertson's brigade, 1,000 strong, was stationed, and immediately returned with it, so that upon our small regiment Stuart's entire cavalry force was marching. At 7 P. M. Robertson's brigade charged upon us and found no easy victory. Three times they were driven back, but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Duffié was forced out of the town. Duffié fell back two miles and halted for the night in some woods near Little River, where with horses saddled and men under arms, he waited for daylight, hoping for reinforcements. This was a fatal error. His only hope was to escape from the enemy approaching from all directions by cutting his way out that night; but he was a Frenchman, felt he must obey his orders, and could not take the responsibility of using his own judgment as a native-born officer would have done in this desperate situation. Afterwards he wrote: "I could certainly have saved my regiment in the night, but

my duty as a soldier and as Colonel obliged me to be faithful to my orders. During those moments of reflection, and knowing that my regiment was being sacrificed, contemplating all this through more than five hours, my heart was bleeding in seeing the lives of those men whom I had led so many times sacrificed through the neglect and utter forgetfulness of my superior officers; but in the midst of my grief, I found some consolation beholding the manner in which the Rhode Island boys fought."

At daybreak on the morning of June 18th the 200 of the regiment who remained were attacked by overwhelming numbers, and were scattered in the attempt to cut through the enemy, and Duffié passed through Hopewell Gap, and reached Centreville at noon with four officers and twenty-seven men, which he supposed to be all that remained of his gallant regiment. There were others, however, who had escaped. Major Farrington brought in two officers and twenty-three men; Lieutenant Colonel Thompson, eighteen men; Sergeant Palmer, twelve men, and Captain George N. Bliss, six men. Some others who had been captured escaped, so that the total

loss of the regiment in killed, wounded and prisoners was less than two hundred in these two days. Colonel Duffié made his report direct to General Hooker, who recommended him for promotion, and June 23d he was appointed Brigadier-General, and the story of his connection with the regiment here ends with his farewell address :

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1863.

To the Officers and Men of the First Rhode Island Cavalry :

In bidding farewell to my old regiment I do so with sentiments of unfeigned pain and grief at being obliged to sever a connection which has been at once my pride and honor to have held from its commencement to this moment, bearing, as it does, no personal unkindness to forgive, no private grief to be assuaged, on my part, and may I be allowed the pleasurable hope of the same immunity from yourselves.

I leave you, satisfied of your high resolve to be worthy of the reputation you have earned upon many a hard fought field. But remember that in the great school of war every man is weighed and tested by the touchstone of daily truth, and is valued at what he is actually worth. Success reflects not backwards to the individual only so far as he has positively contributed to that success. As the aggregation of goodness in a community depends upon the individual virtues of its members, so the effectiveness of any military organization depends upon the individual performance of its duties.

Heroic courage, based upon pure motives, becomes in devotion to country sublime. Let yours not fall short of this high standard. The proud consciousness that he has not only done his duty, but has done it cheerfully, with willing heart and hand, is to the soldier a full recompense for all the sacrifices, hardships and privations he has borne in the defense of his country's flag, her institutions and her laws, and be assured that the solace of life shall be in saying, "I, too, was a faithful defender of my country's integrity during the most infamous rebellion that ever blotted the fair page of a nation's history.

I bid you an affectionate farewell,

A. N. DUFFIÉ, *Brigadier-General.*

The record of Duffié's military service as Brigadier-General is taken from *Memoirs of Rhode Island Officers* by John Russell Bartlett, for many years Secretary of State of the State of Rhode Island.

General Duffié was ordered to report to Brigadier-General Kelley, then commanding the Department of West Virginia, and on the 7th of September, 1863, was ordered to proceed to Charleston, West Va., to organize a cavalry force of three thousand men consisting of the Second Virginia, Third Virginia and Thirty-Fourth Ohio Cavalry, and in two

months he succeeded in making this brigade one of the best cavalry commands in the service.

In November he was put in command of a force of two thousand cavalry and one thousand infantry and ordered to capture Lewisburg, a town one hundred and twenty miles from his base of supplies, which he did, defeating the Confederate General Ewell, and capturing artillery, wagons and war material. After pursuing the enemy to Union, General Duffié returned to Charleston and the enemy having again occupied Lewisburg, General Duffié once more forced the rebels to retreat from the town and then joined Brigadier-General Averill in his raid to Salem.

In April, 1864, General Duffié was ordered to report to General Averill and received high praise for gallant and effective service in the battles of Saltzville and Wyethville.

In May he was ordered to report to Major-General Hunter, and soon after was ordered to turn his cavalry command over to General Averill and to assume command of the First Cavalry Division of West Virginia, composed of the first New York Veteran,

the First New York Lincoln, the Fifteenth and Twenty-first New York, the Twelfth and Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry. He took command of this cavalry division at Staunton, Va., and was frequently engaged with the enemy while under command of Major-General Hunter in his advance upon Lynchburg, capturing several wagon trains, a large number of horses and one hundred prisoners. During the retreat from Lynchburg General Duffié was for ten or twelve days in command of the rear guard, and repulsing the vigorous attacks of the pursuing enemy brought the large wagon train of the army safely into Charleston, West Va.

From Charleston General Duffié was ordered to march to Maryland and join the forces operating against General Early, then making the raid that ended in front of the fortifications at Washington. Duffié found one of Early's trains near the Potomac and captured two hundred men and three hundred wagons loaded with part of the plunder gathered by the raiding enemy. After General Sheridan took command of our forces in the Valley Duffié was kept in active service with his division.

General Sheridan appreciated Duffié's remarkable ability in organizing, drilling and preparing recruits for effective service and sent him to Cumberland, Md., to organize a division of cavalry, which duty having been soon and well performed, he was ordered to Hagerstown to organize another cavalry force. October 21, 1864, Duffié found it necessary to visit his commanding officer for instructions, and, escorted by a squadron of the First New York Cavalry, he went to the headquarters of General Sheridan near Fisher's Hill. On his return, four days' later, General Duffié was furnished an escort at Winchester and took with him, in ambulances, some officers who had been wounded in the battle of Cedar Creek October 19th, but becoming impatient at the slow progress required for the comfort of the wounded, he pushed on at greater speed in a private wagon, followed by a detail of only ten men. About five miles from Winchester, Moseby, the rebel guerrilla, was lying in wait with three hundred men, watching for an opportunity to capture an expected wagon train, and this force opened fire on the approaching wagon, killing the driver and the horses and severely

wounding Captain Stevens, General Duffié's provost marshal, and the General found himself for the first time a prisoner.

General Duffié arrived in Richmond early in November and was confined in Libby, where I was also at that time a prisoner; but as an unhealed wound had sent me to the hospital I did not have the pleasure of meeting my old commander. Duffié had a little trouble with Dick Turner, the turnkey, and was confined in a cell for two days, but his life in Richmond was short, as he was soon sent with other officers to Danville, Va., where he suffered hunger, cold and the nameless evils of a prisoner's life in the Confederacy. Duffié could not endure such trouble with patience and he led the prisoners in a desperate effort to effect their release by seizing the guards, hoping to secure the stacked arms and capture the town. Two of the guards were disarmed but an alarm was given before the guns could be reached, and a storm of bullets was poured into the prison which killed several brave men and put an end to all hope of escape.

On the 22d of February, 1865, Duffié was paroled and ordered to Cincinnati, where on the 20th of

March he was declared exchanged. On the 1st of April he was ordered to report to Major-General Pope, in the military department of Missouri, and was sent to Fort Gibson to organize a force of six thousand cavalry under Major-General Blunt for an expedition to Texas. On the 25th of May, while Duffié was on his way to Texas, General Kirby Smith surrendered his army and the cavalry was ordered back, and on the 5th of June were mustered out of the service at Lawrence, Kansas. General Duffié was ordered to the city of New York to wait for orders; and on the 24th of August, 1865, by a general order from the War Department, was, with eighty-six other major-generals and brigadier-generals, honorably mustered out of service.

Duffié was married August 19, 1860, to Mary A. Pelton, daughter of Daniel Pelton, of West New Brighton, Staten Island, New York, and when peace came and his services as a soldier were no longer required, his fortune was ample for his wants and a happy and honorable life was apparently before him in his adopted country. His health, never firm after his European battles, had been further impaired by

his soldier life in our service and especially by his experience as a prisoner of war. He suffered greatly from asthma, and in the hope of benefit from a more favorable climate, he finally applied for a position as consul, and, in May, 1869, was appointed to that post at Cadiz, Spain. After leaving his home at Staten Island his health greatly improved, but even the climate of Spain could not heal, it could only retard the progress of disease.

In the summer of 1877, while on a brief visit to this country, he came to Providence without writing to any of his old friends here of his intention. He tried to find some of those he had known, but those he sought were dead or out of town, and as he turned from a house on Benefit street, where not even a servant remained to answer his summons, he was indeed feeling like a stranger in a strange land, when suddenly a carriage stopped and Sergeant David S. Ray, of his old regiment, greeted him with a warmth that convinced him of a cordial welcome, and he was soon surrounded with a host of friends. His recognition by an old soldier who had not seen him for thirteen years warmed the General's heart. With what en-

thusiasm he described it. "He stops his carriage; he jumps out; he runs to meet me; he tells me everything." He was pressed to tarry a few days; at least, until his old veterans could be notified and rally around him, but he could stay only a day. So with Major Farrington, Captains Baker and Bliss, he went down to the Squantum grounds, and as, unfortunately, it was not a club day, tried for the first time a clam-bake at Silver Spring. He enjoyed it hugely, said it was worth coming here from Spain, and he would come again next year. At the close of the day he sat, with Major Farrington, Captains Baker and Bliss, at the table of his old chaplain, Rev. Frederic Denison, who remarked that he alone of the five present had escaped a wound in the War of the Rebellion. We could keep him no longer, though reluctant to part, so escorting him to the New York boat, we saw him for the last time as, standing on the deck of the departing steamer, he waved his old comrades a soldier's farewell.

After his return to Cadiz he went, under medical advice, to Canterets in the Pyrenees, to drink the waters of that place as a remedy for asthma, but the

disease developed into consumption, and, after fifteen months of suffering, he died November 8, 1880, having given the United States over eleven years of faithful service as Consul.

At the annual reunions of his old regiment many a reminiscence is heard of the commander, now lost to mortal sight, and some of them are deemed worthy of preservation here as characteristic of the man.

General Duffié was constantly trying to extend his knowledge of the English language, and as constantly amusing his officers with his struggles. In autumn of 1862 the regiment received a number of recruits called by the old soldiers "thousand dollar men," in allusion to their bounty money. The war demonstrated the curious fact that the more you paid for a man the less he was worth, and these new recruits, as they became short of money to spend at the sutler's, commenced to improve the night by stealing from the old soldiers their revolvers, which they sold to the privates in some of the new regiments of infantry camped near us. The Colonel learned of this, and the chaplain being absent at the time, determined to attend to the matter himself,

and on Sunday night, at the close of dress parade, thus addressed the regiment : " One man, he go steal his comrade's pistol ; he go sell it to one infantry man ; he think nobody see him ; God see him ; God go give to him hell." Nobody laughed then, but after dress parade was dismissed the Colonel was very much astonished by the roaring laughter throughout the camp. He was not aware that he had said anything to call forth such hilarious conduct. One day, while riding with another officer, he said to him, " See them goose," and was respectfully informed that the proper phrase was " those geese." " Ah ! " he said, " geese, geese. I get him right next time." Shortly after he had some trouble in instructing the Fourth New York Cavalry, whose gallant Colonel, Di Cesnola, was afflicted with officers, many of whom could speak almost anything except English, and who persisted in repeating in different languages the Colonel's orders, instead of giving the proper orders in accordance with their rank. In describing it Duffié said : " The Colonel, the Fourth New York, he give an order ; all the officer, they stick up their head ; they holler like one

geese." When informed that he was again wrong on the goose he exclaimed, "My goodness, what a language!"

Although the Colonel did not always use such language as would have met the approval of the professors on College Hill, he had no trouble in making himself fully understood, nor did he fail to enforce his ideas with apt illustrations. At a meeting of officers in his tent he was urging upon them earnest application to perfect themselves in all their duties as soldiers, saying, "You can all do something when you wish to do it. You all know Captain Bliss; he is not quick. He get a leave of absence to go home to Rhode Island. My goodness! He is off like a shot."

Duffié's son, Daniel Pelton Duffié, born March 17, 1862, married Adele Prudence Miner, October 30, 1888, and they, with the widow, joined the First Rhode Island Cavalry Veteran Association in the dedication of the monument, of which a full account will be found in the Appendix to this paper. Another son, Auguste Duffié, born August 13, 1866, died September 5, 1866.

In December, 1880, Duffié's body was brought across the stormy Atlantic, and each year, upon his grave at Staten Island, the soldiers on Memorial Day place the flowers of spring and the flag he served so well. Let us hope that until time shall be no more the veterans and their descendants will annually place similar tributes of affectionate remembrance upon the stone in the North Burial Ground which, upon Wednesday, July 10, 1889, his surviving comrades dedicated to the memory of Duffié.

APPENDIX.

WEDNESDAY, July 10, 1889, the First Rhode Island Cavalry Veteran Association assembled in the City of Providence to unveil and dedicate at the North Burial Ground the memorial to Gen. Alfred Napoleon Duffié.

The line of march was formed on South Water Street about 9 o'clock A. M., and was as follows :

Detachment of Police.

National Band, T. W. Hedley, leader; 31 pieces.

Slocum Post Drum Corps.

Slocum Post, G. A. R., J. H. Rhodes, Senior Vice Commander; Gorham Dennis, Acting Senior Vice Commander; Elisha Disley, Junior Vice Commander; Officer of the Day Witter, Surgeon Graves, Commander Potter, Chaplain Crocker, and 52 comrades.

First Rhode Island Veteran Association, Marshal David S. Ray; Aids, Martin C. Cary, Caleb Hobart, Thomas A. Richards, Alonzo J. Babcock, and J. E. Bennett, 72 veterans.

La Gauloise Société, Georges Lair, Marshal, with tri-color; 14 members.

Grand Army Republic Officers of the Department of Rhode Island, Department Commander Benjamin F. Davis, Assistant Adjutant-General George M. Turner, Inspector Carlos Hart, Chief of Staff Theodore A. Perry, and 25 staff officers.

Sons of Veterans, Department of Rhode Island, Col. Theodore A. Barton, commanding; Lieut. Col. G. F. Martin, Maj. E. O. Riggs, Adjutant W. P. Hawkes, Sergt. James Duffy, Chaplain Joseph E. Mason, Quartermaster F. B. Wilson, Judge Advocate Cyrus N. Van Slyck, Mustering Officer S. M. Billington, Inspector F. C. Monroe, Senior Aide-de-Camp C. E. Monroe, Quartermaster-Sergeant William H. Church, Sergeant Major C. E. Lindsey.

Carriages containing Governor Ladd, Mayor Barker, Mrs. Duffié, widow of the memorialized General, with his son and son's wife; Gen. Horatio Rogers, Col. Edwin Metcalf, Col. Isaac M. Potter, Secretary of State Cross, Lieut.-Col. Philip S. Chase, Rev. E. O. Bartlett, Department Chaplain G. A. R., Capt. George N. Bliss, Col. C. N. Manchester, Chaplain Frederic Denison, Commander S. C. Willis, William A. Harris, Lieut. C. G. A. Peterson, Mr. E. M. Wilson, City Clerk H. V. A. Joslin, Quartermaster H. S. Olney, Capt. George H. Pettis, Messrs. G. W. Hill and Walter Ballou, Surgeon Budlong, and Colonels W. T. Nicholson, Jr., and R. S. Washburn of the Governor's staff; Adjutant-General Dyer and Stillman White.

Members of the First Massachusetts Cavalry Veteran Association.

The route of march was directly across Market Square and up North Main Street to Branch Avenue junction and the burial ground. Having entered the limits of the cemetery, the line marched about the spot where the memorial was located until they were upon three sides of it. Advancing in regular lines, the comrades and friends then drew nearer the memorial, and finally, with the advance of the people upon the fourth side, there was a hollow square. The memorial, covered with the American flag, and with a French flag waving over it upon the right and the American upon the left, was in the centre. Its location upon the burial ground is upon the same lot with the French memorial.

Col. Charles N. Manchester, Officer of the Day, spoke as follows :

COMRADES: We are assembled to-day for the purpose of bringing to completion our long-cherished object to erect and dedicate in this city a suitable memorial to our late loved commander.

An appropriate order of exercises having been arranged by your committee, it is not expected that I will detain you with any extended remarks of my own.

The unveiling of the cenotaph by two veteran comrades of the Association will be followed by the ceremonies indicated in the programme.

Two veterans of the cavalry unveiled the cenotaph, Welcome A. Johnson and John R. Arnold. The removal of the flag brought to view a granite tablet of about the same size as the French memorial. Upon the upturned face was the inscription:

In Memoriam.

GEN. ALFRED N. DUFFIÉ.

Born in Paris, May 1, 1835.

Lieutenant of the French Army,

Colonel of 1st Rhode Island Cavalry,

And General of the United States Army,

1861-1865,

This tribute

Erected by the 1st R. I. Cavalry

Veteran Association.

The head of the tablet had upon the exterior the coat-of-arms of the First Rhode Island Cavalry Veteran Association. The other side bears the arms of the French Republic and the insignia of the Legion of Honor. The French memorial erected in 1881 has not the same French arms cut upon it, but the arms of France when the nation was a monarchy. The tablet was designed by the Smith Granite Company, of Westerly, and it is a handsome piece of

workmanship as well as a tasteful work of art. It was decorated for the dedication by Mr. J. Harry Welch.

Mrs. Duffié was standing at the left of the memorial during the exercises, with the other members of the family by her side.

Members of La Gauloise sang the Marseillaise Hymn. This was perhaps the tenderest tribute of the occasion, and the members of the society sung with deep feeling. Lieutenant Martin L. Cary led with the Lord's Prayer next, and Sergeant William Gardiner read the statement of the Association. This was as follows :

STATEMENT OF SECRETARY GARDINER.

MR. CHAIRMAN, COMRADES AND FRIENDS: At the annual summer reunion of the veterans of the First Rhode Island Cavalry at Oakland Beach, R. I., July 14, 1881, the announcement was made of the death of our beloved commander and comrade, General Duffié.

The following record and resolutions in reference to his death were unanimously adopted, viz.:

Having received intelligence in reference to our former beloved commander, Col. Alfred N. Duffié, afterwards an honored Brigadier-General of Cavalry, and finally for ten years a faithful United States Consul at Cadiz, Spain, that after a protracted

struggle with consumption he died as a patriot and Christian at his consular post, November 8, 1880, at the age of forty-five, and that his embalmed body has been returned to his adopted country for burial, we desire to bear this additional record:

That in his voluntary coming from the regular army of his native land, with the scars and insignia of heroism upon him, to lend the value of his large soldierly attainments and the ability of his tried sword to our country in the dark hour of our conflict with treason and rebellion, we gratefully recognize the famed chivalry of France, the kindred spirit of Lafayette, and a touching exhibition of the brotherhood of mankind, and hence hold him in emphatic honor as a man and in the fondest remembrance as a compatriot and comrade-in-arms.

That in him we found a military scholar, a brave soldier, an accomplished cavalier, a gallant officer, a polite gentleman, an affable associate, an affectionate friend, a Christian adviser, and a valiant defender of our nation.

That to his eminent tact, devotion and bravery, our regiment in the field was largely indebted for its training, daring, efficiency, reputation, and success.

That his death has brought a deep personal sorrow to the members of his old command—a real patriot grief to Rhode Island—that was proud to own him as an adopted son—an acknowledged loss to the public service of our country.

That, with the tears of soldiers who fought by his side, we now star his name in the history of our regiment on the roll of our Veteran Association, and in the State that was honored by his valor.

That we specially and tenderly sympathize with his bereaved family and kindred, in their sore and irreparable loss.

That this expression of our soldierly regard and fraternal love for him, and our appreciation of his National services, be placed upon the records of our Association, and a copy of the same, signed by our President and Secretary, be forwarded to his afflicted family.

At the annual summer reunion, August 18, 1886, at Oakland Beach, R. I., the Association, upon motion of Comrade Lieut. Charles G. A. Peterson, by unanimous vote decided to erect a suitable monument to perpetuate the memory of their late former commander, and the following resolution was adopted, viz.:

That the Executive Committee petition the City Council of the City of Providence, R. I., for a location in the North Burial Ground of that city, upon which our Association shall erect a monument or fitting testimonial to the memory of Gen. Alfred Napoleon Dufi  .

In accordance with this action of the Association, the Executive Committee petitioned the City Council of 1887, and were given the ground upon which the memorial rests that we are now assembled to dedicate.

The Executive Committee appointed Comrades Chaplain Frederic Denison, Lieut. Charles G. A. Peterson, and Sergt. William Gardiner as a Memorial Committee, with authority to procure a design for the memorial, collect contributions (not to exceed \$1,000), and contract for whatever might be necessary to insure a speedy completion of the work. Two designs were presented (suggested by the Memorial Committee), by the Smith Granite Company, of Westerly, R. I., and the one represented by this monument was adopted by the unanimous consent of both the "Executive" and "Memorial" Committees.

March 23, 1889, a sufficient amount having been contributed to pay for the monument, the contract was made with the Smith Granite Company, of Westerly, R. I. This is, in brief, a

statement of the origin and progress of the movement that has successfully culminated in the erection of this memorial tribute to our much loved commander.

The Association gratefully acknowledges its indebtedness to the General Assembly of Rhode Island, the City Council of the City of Providence, and to a number of public-spirited and patriotic citizens for the liberal donations that have assisted so materially in making a success of the monument movement.

REV. FREDERIC DENISON'S ORATION.

Rev. Frederic Denison then delivered the oration, as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN, COMRADES AND FRIENDS: Our hearts have drawn us here to-day to perform a patriotic and sacred duty—to dedicate, on this historic and holy ground, this tasteful memorial; a tribute to one whom we loved—one with whom, mid the flames of a gigantic war, we bore our starry flag and served our perilled country.

Gen. Alfred Napoleon Duffié was of worthy patrician blood, son of Count Jean A. Duffié; was born May 1, 1835, in Paris, France; was educated in the School of St. Burke, in the Military Academy of Versailles, and in the National Military College of St. Cyr; was trained in infantry, cavalry and staff duties; was graduated as a Lieutenant of Cavalry in the Hussars d'Afrique in the Regular Army of France; served in Algiers, in Senegal, in the Crimea, and Austrian wars, receiving eight wounds in action, winning four imperial decorations of the Legion of

Honor—the French, English, Turkish and Sardinian crosses, the latter bestowed as he lay wounded direct from the hands of the Emperor.

While suffering from his wound received in the battle of Solferino, he had leave of absence, in 1859, to visit America for recuperation. He was at once enamored of our country and the genius of our Government, finding here what best answered his higher ideals of a nation.

When the slaveholders' rebellion broke on our land, he, in chivalrous love for our republic and people, quickly transferred his citizenship to our shores, and threw himself enthusiastically into our conflict for the defense of the banner of the free; becoming successively Captain of New Jersey Cavalry, Major of New York Cavalry, Colonel of Rhode Island Cavalry, and Brigadier-General of Cavalry; gallantly serving in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, the Department of the West, and in Texas, meanwhile, for a season, suffering the horrors of Libby and Danville rebel prisons. But the full portraiture of his worthy life we leave to the appreciative cavalier hand of Capt. George N. Bliss, to whom, for a future day, that tender service has been assigned.

Gratefully and affectionately we recall our devoted commander; of light, manly frame, a superior horseman, nervous and lithe in action, a polite scholar, with large, keen eye, of quick, commanding voice, of free, social disposition, a thorough tactician and disciplinarian, brave as steel and gallant as a knight; a votary of freedom and a devotee to our flag; unquestionably the best instructed and most experienced cavalry officer then in our country.

He imparted to us knowledge, skill, confidence, enthusiasm, and his own magnetic spirit, making us one of the most daring and efficient cavalry regiments in the Union Army; winning for us, even, a national reputation. He gloried in the cavalry arm. He was master of sabres and spurs. His pride was in battalions of horse. He felt the inspiration of bugles that summoned to the front, and his metal was revealed beneath our guidons on the lines of battle.

Under his cool, yet dashing leadership, we had, in less than a year, nineteen great and small encounters with the foe; among them the brilliant stroke at Kelley's Ford, rolling back the flower of the Rebel cavalry. No wonder the Confederates learned to dread what they styled "the little Frenchman and his Rhode Island regiment."

The secret and charm of his command with us was in his thorough soldierly accomplishments and his deep personal love for us. We emphasize his love. We remember on the morning of the second Bull Run battle, how, with the tears streaming down his face, he exclaimed, "O, what can I do for my poor starving boys? We have been fighting two days with nothing to eat; and now we must fight to-day." Yes, his was a large, warm, sympathetic, generous, overflowing heart for the right, the noble, the brave, with a corresponding detestation of meanness, cowardice and disloyalty.

He came not to our country as an adventurer, seeking fame and honor. He aimed not, as some erroneously conjectured, to here win military laurels that he might return and display them in his native land. No, no; he was providentially given to us, and became in heart one of us, drawing his sabre as a

true brother, to share the dangers and destinies of our Republic.

As his deeds fully proved, he came to live and die under our standard. His supreme ambition was to act what soldier part he might in the greatest military drama of the ages, to advance the liberties and interests of men. Foreseeing our election of God to hold the van of free nations, he became a devoted American, laying all his rare gifts and attainments with heroic ardor upon our national altar; and no truer spirit fought under our republican ægis. Of the Roman Catholic faith by profession, his bosom was as broad as the family of man, abhorring slavery and caste, and his aspiration was to know and do the will of God in the emancipation of our race. Herein he was one of the noblest of knights. His ideal was "the commonwealth of man" and "the federation of the world."

Our highest military officers of all arms, as they knew him, comprehended him only to appreciate and applaud him. The Legislature of Rhode Island, in 1864, by resolution, thanked him "for distinguished bravery, loyalty, and fidelity." The Federal Government, through General Grant, recognized his talents, character, and heroism, bestowing on him a consularship that he nobly honored till the day of his death.

With throbbing breast our country gives to bronze, to granite, to illuminated historic pages, and to the pulsing hearts of her citizens, the names and deeds of her heroic defenders and patriot martyrs, counting these her greatest and most enduring treasures—her roll of honor and of fame. And bright and lasting on Rhode Island's escutcheon, with Greene, Whipple, Olney, Perry, Rodman, Slocum, Burnside, she will engrave the

name of her most accomplished and intrepid cavalry officer, Duffié.

Most fitly and tenderly we, his comrades-in-arms, who knew the temper of his soul and of his sabre, here, on the old Campus Martius of Providence, erect to his memory this beautiful and enduring cenotaph; by the side of the lily-crowned memorial of near a hundred French soldiers, who died as the allies of our Revolutionary fathers; both works being tributes of chivalry, self-sacrifice, love of liberty and international fellowship; here to teach to all coming generations the high and holy lesson of devotion to the world's welfare; to show that the true glory of man is in serving mankind—in counting millions greater than a unit.

Rhode Island may well prize, as she will, this new historic jewel which her gallant cavaliers now reverently lay upon her bosom. Such memorials of patriotism are inspiring, uplifting object-lessons for all time, far outweighing silver and gold. And not until gratitude ceases to be a grace and our birthright of freedom shall be forgotten, will the city of Providence fail to cherish this memorial of self-denial, virtue, and valor.

Thus the scarred cavalry veterans, survivors of fifty-six battle strokes with our enemy, here reveal again their patriotic hearts, and here lend their brave hands in this work of art to adorn and dignify our State and our nation. With justice and with pride we give our loved leader and his worthy work to the judgment and keeping of history. As the faithful officer of our nation he fell at his post of duty at the age of forty-five, in the meridian of life, his body worn out in the cause of freedom and humanity. Bidden by our full hearts, we enroll him in our American Legion of Honor, and hang his portrait in the gallery of our historical Valhalla.

And while we here recall and honor him in this memorial service, generously aided, as we are, by war veterans of Slocum Post, No. 10, and Sons of Veterans of the Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic, by La Société Française, of Providence, and by city, State, and national officers, we all are especially thankful to welcome in our ceremonies his widow and his son, whom may God bless and ever graciously protect and guide and prosper in the land their loved one and ours fought to defend and to save.

He, shrined in bosoms and in stone,
Of knightly soul and hero hands;
Who bound our country to his own
By deeds more worth than golden bands.

True cavalier, revealed by scars
From old-world fields of patriot strife;
He wed the tri-flag with the stars
And battled for our country's life.

So toiled to make his fellows blest
And wrought what heaven delights to crown;
As oak that grasps the mountain crest
And shakes the centuries' fruitage down.

Our rescued land may ne'er forget
This son of France our braves among;
With Rochambeau and Lafayette
Shall be the name of Duffié sung.

Faint meed can our weak words afford,
Or all our phrase of eulogy,
He carved his record with his sword;
He fought to set two nations free.

An original hymn by Rev. Mr. Denison was sung at the close of this address to the tune of "America."

ADDRESS BY MR. GEORGES LAIR.

Mr. Georges Lair, of the Society La Gauloise, then spoke as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND VETERANS OF THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY: I feel it is my duty to thank you in the name of the French society, "La Gauloise," for the honor that you have done to us to invite "La Gauloise" to the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of General Duffié; but I will have to be excused on account of my poor English of making any extended remarks, and will only say a few words.

In the name of the members of "La Gauloise" I wish to express how deep, and at the same time comforting, feelings this ceremony brings to us, who, so far from our country, have the satisfaction to witness such a touching scene.

It is a glory for a country to honor those men who have taken up arms for its defence, and it is an honor for the First Rhode Island Cavalry Veteran Association not to have forgotten their comrades who fought with them in many battles.

Now, I will add but one thing; it is that if ever (that which I do not hope) circumstances should call again the American army into the battle-field, my fellow-countrymen and myself would hurry to acknowledge the generous hospitality that we enjoy in your free country, in following the example of our countryman, General Duffié, and defending the welfare of our adopted country with all the means in our favor.

This was followed by the giving of the memorial to the city by Lieut. Samuel C. Willis, Jr., who spoke as follows :

PRESENTATION BY LIEUT. S. C. WILLIS, JR.

MR. PRESIDENT, COMRADES OF THE VETERAN ASSOCIATION, AND FRIENDS: Our regiment was a thousand strong, composed of Rhode Island and New Hampshire men. It was officered by New England freemen, who, like the troops they commanded, had been reared to lives of peace, industry and usefulness, and were as true to their citizenship as patriots and brave as the defenders of Thermopylæ or the Athenians who went down to war with the Persians on the plains of Marathon.

On the farm, in the factory, in institutions of learning, and in the arts and sciences they had wrought well; but in the art of war all were as skillless as unpractical childhood.

In the war for independence Washington found a friend, patriot and soldier in the gallant Lafayette. In the great war for the perpetuation of free government and equal rights for all we found a friend, a patriot, and a skilful master of the art of war in the gallant young Duffié, who came to our command fresh from the armies of France.

One correction I wished to make in regard to General Duffié's name. His name was Alfred Napoleon Duffié, and not Alfred Nattie Duffié, as we have always supposed.

My comrades, you know the rest. I need not picture to you the inflexible drill, the rigid discipline, the march, the bivouac, the long campaign, the retreats, the onslaughts, the victory.

We are here to-day to talk neither of theory nor theorist, but to honor and to perpetuate the memory of the brave officer, his captains and his men for noble deeds achieved and heroic duty done.

Our esteemed commander, General Duffié, and his loved and trusted lieutenant, Col. John L. Thompson, and the immortal Ainsworth, and Gove, and Nicolai, and Easterbrook, and Chedell, and a hundred others of our command are mustered in the Elysian field beyond the stars. They offered their lives in their country's defence, and now rest from their labors, their final life-work done.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Their record is made, their fame secure. To their honor, and in their memory, we, their surviving comrades, come to-day to dedicate this monument. And now, Mr. Mayor, representing, as you do, the loyal people of the great city of Providence, into your keeping we give this cenotaph. True to your past history, you will protect and defend it, and we know that your people will cherish, and that they will teach their children to cherish the principles for which these heroes died, and doing this, the future of your State will be as heroic and as glorious as its past, and greater blessing than this no State need ask. In this presence, then, and in the memory of our distinguished dead, we present to your city this memorial.

MAYOR BARKER'S ACCEPTANCE.

The memorial was received by Mayor Henry R. Barker, with the following short address :

LIEUTENANT WILLIS, MR. CHAIRMAN, AND COMRADES: I count it a privilege and a pleasure to be the recipient for the city of this tribute to the memory of a true hero.

In doing honor to Gen. Alfred N. Duffié, you, his old soldiers and comrades, have done honor to yourselves and to posterity. The pleasant memories which are awakened in your hearts by this testimonial to bravery and patriotism will dispel the thoughts of sadness at the loss of comrades on the battle-field and in the camp, which will forever burn within the breasts of tried and true soldiers.

He, whose deeds you this day commemorate, was a true soldier. Imbued with principles which prompted his forefathers to render aid to a country struggling for freedom, he reckoned the sacrifice of his life no greater than theirs, and to emulate the deeds of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and De Grasse, and, like them, to maintain and perpetuate those principles in a country which the record of the past had taught him to love and respect, was the incentive which prompted him to join with you in the contest for freedom.

The gratitude which our people owe to him has oft found expression in words, and the record of his patriotism is inscribed upon the battle-flags that waved o'er many a triumphant field. But this cenotaph to his memory, simple, chaste and unostentatious, surrounded by the resting places of many whose life blood was given for their country, will draw

the attention of friend and stranger, and will bear witness to the esteem of loving comrades and the gratitude they bore to one who, as their leader, beckoned them on to victory in a noble cause.

Side by side in this historic ground, stand the memorials of the heroes of '76 and the martyrs of '61, and what more appropriate place than this to erect a testimonial to your beloved commander?

There stands the monument with appropriate inscription expressing the gratitude our people bore to our allies from his native country in the struggle for independence, while on yonder hillside rises the emblem of war which marks the resting place of martyrs for the cause of freedom in '61, and in which cause he won renown.

Here for ages to come your tribute to his memory will remain near the hallowed resting place of the heroes of his native country.

On behalf of the city I receive this memorial erected by a loving command to their gallant and heroic commander. It will ever have faithful and perpetual care by the city, and be recognized by our people as a tribute from patriots to patriotism.

The floral decoration of the cenotaph next took place. At a sign the veterans followed one another in line to it, and each one placed a boutonnière which he had been wearing upon the face of the tablet. They were led by Lieut. C. G. A. Peterson,

and the flowers were so placed that a cross was formed. In this way the cenotaph was left, and a benediction by Rev. E. O. Bartlett, with taps sounded by the buglers, closed the programme.

THE CAVALRY REUNION.

As soon as the exercises were over at the Burial Ground the line was ordered to march back to the entrance of the ground and take cars for the centre of the city. The annual reunion of the Cavalry Veteran Association was to take place at Silver Spring. The Sons of Veterans, the Grand Army officers, and a few members of Slocum Post went with the Cavalry. Mrs. Duffié and young Mr. Duffié and wife also went. His Honor Mayor Barker went down by railroad a little later. The reunion brought a party of nearly three hundred to Silver Spring, when the day became liveliest.

The dinner Mr. Bliss served was excellent, and was a well-cooked shore dinner, from the time of the appearance of the chowder up to the appearance of the watermelon. It was ready as soon as the

company arrived, and the majority ate at once. The regular camp-fire followed, the veterans gathering in the dance hall. Mrs. Duffié and young Mr. Duffié and his wife were present.

The following officers of the Veteran Association were elected for the year: President, Theodore A. Perry; First Vice-President, J. A. Babcock; Second Vice-President, Emmons D. Guild; Secretary, William Gardiner; Treasurer, Major G. N. Bliss; Surgeon, Dr. Albert Utter; Bugler, George Richards; Executive Committee, Lieut. David S. Ray. Welcome Johnson, William Spink, Lieut. C. G. A. Peterson; General Committee, Sergt. William Gardiner.

The treasury was reported in a comfortable condition, and several other reports containing favorable information were received. The widow of General Duffié contributed the sum of \$30 to the treasury. She had before offered to give the Association some sign of her feeling towards it, but the Association had refused it. This time her request was made with so much earnestness that the members were induced to accept the gift.

The following were reported as the deaths recorded since last year, and the date of the decease is given : Messrs. Newton Reynolds, 1872 ; Albert Joslin, unknown date ; Chauncey L. Salisbury, April 1, 1889 ; Noah Ashworth, April 13, 1889 ; Ephraim H. Jenks, June 17, 1889 ; Henry A. Whitaker, unknown date.

Speeches were made by Col. C. N. Manchester, Capt. T. W. Manchester, Col. Theodore A. Barton, Duty Johnson, Jr., Chaplain Denison, President Theodore A. Perry, and Mr. Daniel P. Duffié, the son of General Duffié. He spoke as follows :

GENTLEMEN AND COMRADES OF MY DEAR FATHER: I thank you in his name for this beautiful and enduring memorial to his memory. I know he would ask no greater reward for his services than to be remembered by the country and regiment he loved so well. I thank you for my mother and myself, and pray that we may all meet again at many more happy reunions, and that at the final it will be as soldiers of the cross.

To Slocum Post for acting as escort, to La Gauloise Société, the Rhode Island Department, G. A. R., and to the Sons of Veterans votes of thanks were extended for their interest in the day and kindness in taking part in the celebration.

After the business meeting the veterans passed the time in bowling, talking over old times, in singing and smoking. The National Band was ready to supply music at any time, and between 4 and 5 o'clock quite an elaborate concert was given. The 5 o'clock boat brought nearly all the company to the city.

GENERAL DUFFIÉ'S SISTER.

Secretary William Gardiner, of the First Rhode Island Cavalry Veteran Association, has received the following communication from the sister of General Duffié, to whose memory the Association has erected a cenotaph in the North Burial Ground, conveying her regrets by reason of her inability to be present at the ceremonies, and her grateful appreciation of the respect shown to her beloved brother and the members of the family :

RUE ST. DOMINIQUE, }
PARIS, FRANCE, July 2, 1889. }

*Monsieur William Gardiner, Secretary Cavalry Association,
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.:*

DEAR SIR: I have just received the invitation to be present at the dedication of the monument which the veterans of the

army have done the honor to erect to the memory of General Duffié.

Allow, me, sir, to express to you, in the name of my family and for myself, all the sentiments of gratitude and of profound recognition which we feel concerning the touching souvenir which you and the soldiers who have served under the orders of my brother desire to preserve of him.

I regret not to be able to join his numerous friends the 10th of July, but my thoughts will accompany them. Please, sir, to be our interpreter to all the comrades of our regretted brother, and to express to them all our thanks for the touching souvenir which they erected to their General, and for the polite attention shown his family. Accept the assurance of our profound sentiments of appreciation.

C. MAILLEZ, *née* DUFFIÉ.

In April, 1890, the First Rhode Island Cavalry Veteran Association received as a gift from Mrs. Mary A. Duffié a silk United States flag of regulation size, six by six and a half feet, with a beautiful gold-colored fringe, cords, tassels and gold stars. The staff is surmounted with a gilt eagle and furnished with a shoulder belt and socket. There was also a water-proof case and box to protect them when not in use. Mrs. Duffié and her son, Daniel

P., are honorary members of the Association, and this beautiful and appropriate present will at every reunion recall tender memories of the days when Duffié was at the head of the regiment.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO DUFFIÉ MONUMENT FUND.

1887.

Aug.	6.	John Rothwell.....	\$5 00
"	10.	Edward B. Myers.....	1 50
"	16.	George N. Bliss.....	10 00
"	"	J. W. Dewey.....	2 00
"	"	F. H. Sprague.....	5 00
"	"	H. Duxbury.....	2 00
"	"	C. N. Salisbury.....	2 00
"	"	Edwin Carter.....	1 00
"	"	Edwin M. Wilson.....	2 00
"	"	Fannie Rutherford, for John Rutherford, deceased.....	1 00
"	"	R. H. Gavitt.....	1 00
"	"	R. J. Lillibridge.....	2 00
"	"	B. H. Straight.....	1 00
"	"	A. La Roy Bigelow.....	1 00
"	"	Napoleon Servatius.....	1 00
"	"	Jasper Spencer.....	1 00
"	"	Martin L. Cary.....	5 00
"	"	O. N. Carpenter.....	1 00
"	"	J. A. Fuller.....	50
"	"	Lieut. S. C. Willis.....	5 00
"	"	Lyman Aylesworth.....	5 00
"	"	First R. I. Cavalry Veteran Association...	50 00

MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY.

61

Aug.	16.	Harrison T. Nichols.....	\$ 50
"	"	E. R. Schouler.....	10 00
"	"	David S. Ray.....	10 00
"	"	C. H. Batcheller.....	2 00
"	"	Horatio Rogers.....	1 00
"	"	Richard Waterman.....	10 00
"	17.	Charles O. Greene.....	2 00
"	"	William H. Palmer.....	5 00
"	18.	Patrick Parker.....	1 00
"	"	F. P. Stone.....	10 00
"	25.	D. F. Longstreet.....	5 00
"	"	Henry J. Steere.....	25 00
"	"	George F. W. Myers.....	1 00
"	26.	Thomas W. Manchester.....	5 00
"	29.	Maj. B. B. Nelson.....	2 00
"	30.	Gen. John L. Thompson.....	25 00
Sept.	9.	Morris Crane.....	1 00
"	27.	C. W. Brown.....	2 00
Oct.	3.	Theodore A. Perry.....	2 00
"	"	George M. Turner.....	5 00
"	5.	Capt. B. H. Rogers.....	10 00
"	14.	Bucklin Post, No. 20, G. A. R.....	8 36
Nov.	7.	E. Henry Jenks.....	2 00
Dec.	14.	John A. Medbery.....	2 00
1888.			
Jan.	26.	James Grimley.....	5 00
"	31.	Henry T. Beckwith.....	10 00
Feb.	10.	Willard H. Bates.....	5 00
"	"	B. O. Springer.....	1 00
"	29.	Leverett C. Stevens.....	2 00
June	8.	F. C. Sayles.....	25 00
Aug.	9.	William P. Lovett.....	5 00
"	"	S. C. Willis.....	5 00
"	"	George N. Bliss.....	5 00
"	"	J. R. Arnold.....	5 00
"	"	William R. Spink.....	2 00

Aug.	9.	William A. Herrick.....	\$1 00
"	"	James H. Farrell.....	1 00
"	"	Reynolds Lillibridge.....	5 00
"	"	Warren Butman.....	1 00
"	"	Widow of John Rutherford.....	3 00
Nov.	16.	Lieut. Philip Jones.....	2 00
1889.			
Feb.	14.	W. A. Johnson.....	2 00
"	19.	B. G. Church.....	50
March	5.	William Gardiner.....	5 00
"	"	D. Russell Brown.....	10 00
"	7.	Oliver Johnson.....	2 00
"	11.	William H. Tallman.....	5 00
"	12.	William H. Lawton.....	1 00
"	13.	T. A. Barton.....	1 00
"	14.	Charles N. Manchester.....	10 00
"	16.	William R. Spink.....	5 60
"	"	State of Rhode Island.....	300 00
"	19.	Caleb Hobart.....	5 00
"	"	Thomas W. Manchester.....	25 00
"	20.	W. J. Fortier.....	2 00
"	"	James H. Luther.....	1 00
"	"	Capt. C. H. Thayer.....	5 00
"	21.	James A. Jennings.....	1 00
"	23.	William F. Sayles.....	100 00
"	26.	John Brown.....	1 00
"	"	William Walsh.....	1 00
"	"	C. E. Longley.....	10 00
"	"	William E. Meyer.....	20 00
"	"	J. Harry Welch.....	10 00
"	"	A. G. Lorimer.....	1 00
"	"	John E. Bennett.....	5 00
"	"	Henry R. Barker.....	5 00
"	29.	John McWilliams.....	5 00
"	"	William Walsh.....	2 00
"	30.	Alfred H. Littlefield.....	10 00

MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY.

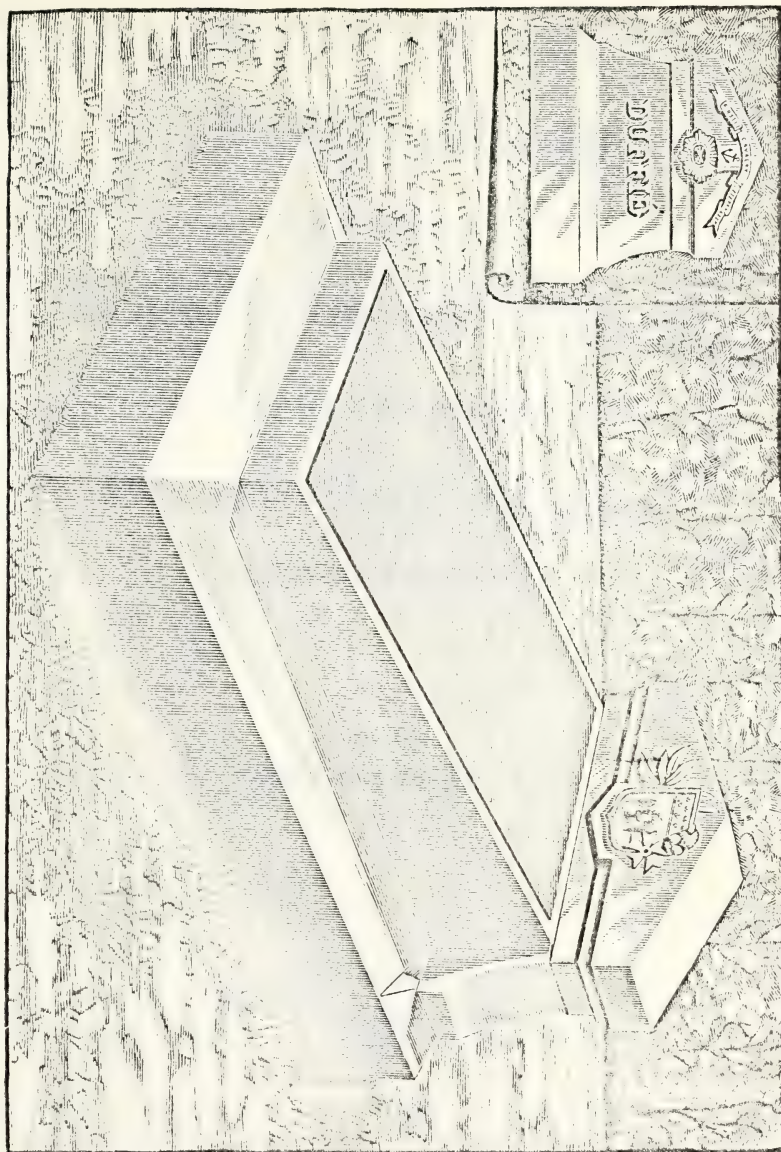
63

April	6.	Patrick Parker.....	\$1 00
"	"	John Brown.....	1 00
"	9.	Amasa L. Mathewson.....	1 00
"	"	A. G. Sheldon.....	1 00
"	10.	James Farrell.....	1 00
"	"	Amos Gould.....	2 00
"	"	Walter S. Ballou.....	5 00
"	11.	Alfred A. Reed.....	10 00
"	15.	William C. Stewart.....	50
"	16.	Col. William Goddard.....	10 00
"	19.	Jeffrey Hazard.....	1 00
"	20.	Cash, per F. Denison.....	2 00
"	25.	Henry Howard.....	1 00
May	4.	William Nightingale.....	5 00
"	"	Samuel Bartlett.....	1 00
"	"	Hiram Taylor.....	5 00
"	6.	Thomas Durfee.....	5 00
"	7.	Philo G. White.....	1 00
"	"	William G. Baker.....	1 00
"	"	Olney Arnold.....	5 00
"	"	First Massachusetts Cavalry Association..	25 00
"	8.	James Coats.....	25 00
"	11.	William Ford.....	1 00
"	"	Henry S. Olney.....	1 00
"	"	Willis C. Capron.....	5 00
"	"	J. B. Johnson.....	5 00
"	31.	George H. Copeland.....	1 00
"	"	Thomas J. Tasker.....	2 00
July	2.	E. L. Freeman & Son.....	3 00
"	6.	Henry Howard.....	5 00
"	"	Alvin S. Eaton.....	2 00
"	8.	Henry J. Steere.....	10 00
"	9.	Warren Plympton.....	5 00
"	11.	Collected on horse cars.....	6 10
"	"	Pliny May.....	2 00
"	"	Napoleon Servatius.....	4 00

July	11.	John Kelley.....	\$2 00
"	"	Calvin Claflin.....	4 00
"	"	William A. Harris.....	5 00
"	13.	Contribution of comrades.....	36 35
"	15.	C. G. A. Peterson.....	10 00
1890.			
July	1.	Interest on deposits in Industrial Trust Company.....	16 65
Total receipts.....			\$1,120 96

PAYMENTS FROM DUFFIÉ MONUMENT FUND.

1887.				
Aug.	17.	Bill J. A. & R. A. Reid, printing.....	\$39	00
1889.				
April	10.	" E. L. Freeman & Son, stationery.....	5	00
July	2.	" " " printing, etc....	14	62
"	12.	" Smith Granite Company.....	775	00
"	"	" B. H. Gladding & Co., pins.....	1	13
"	"	" R. I. Printing Co., printing badges...	17	00
"	13.	" G. H. Copeland & Co., hacks.....	40	00
"	"	" Franklin Brothers, carriages.....	4	00
"	"	" Narragansett Hotel, for Mrs. Duffié and family.....	34	50
"	"	" Union Railroad Company.....	27	00
"	15.	" T. W. Hedley, leader National Band..	84	00
"	17.	" William E. Chappell, flowers.....	12	50
"	22.	" Theodore F. Chase, photographs....	9	80
Oct.	8.	" " " "	2	00
"	"	" Wm. Gardiner, postage on photographs	57	
1890.				
July	1.	Amount available for printing pamphlets.	54	84
Total payments.....			\$1,120	90



PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

FOURTH SERIES - No. 9.

PROVIDENCE:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.
1890.

The Providence Press:
SNOW & FARNHAM, PRINTERS.
37 Custom House Street.
1890.

THE
BURNSIDE EXPEDITION

AND THE
ENGAGEMENT AT ROANOKE ISLAND.

BY
WILLIAM L. WELCH,
[Late of Twenty-third Massachusetts Infantry.]

PROVIDENCE:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.
1890.

[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION

AND THE

ENGAGEMENT AT ROANOKE ISLAND.

THE Coast Division was gathered at Annapolis, Md., in the fall of 1861. It was commanded by Brig.-Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, and organized into three brigades, respectively commanded by Brig.-Gen. John G. Foster, of the First Brigade; Brig.-Gen. Jesse L. Reno, of the Second Brigade, and Brig.-Gen. John G. Parke, of the Third Brigade. The troops in the First Brigade were the Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, and the Tenth Connecticut. In the Second Brigade were the Sixth New Hampshire, Twenty-first Massachusetts, Fifty-first New

York, Ninth New Jersey, and Fifty-first Pennsylvania. In the Third Brigade were the Fourth Rhode Island, Fifth Rhode Island Battalion, Eighth Connecticut, Eleventh Connecticut, Fifty-third New York, and Eighty-ninth New York; and also Battery F, First Rhode Island Light Artillery.

My regiment, the Twenty-third Massachusetts, had left Lynnfield, Mass., on the 11th of November, and reached Annapolis via Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Perryville. At the latter place we were embarked on steamers, and went by water to the wharf, over the same route traveled by the Eighth Massachusetts and General Butler in April, 1861. When we left home our right flank company, Company A, had a natty Zouave uniform; we were drilled in Zouave style, and thought a great deal of ourselves; and in fact we added much to the looks of the regiment, but at Annapolis we were obliged to discard this big-legged, low-necked uniform for our own protection. The reason was, that some turkeys about a half mile away disturbed the sleep of the regiment so much, that a volunteer detail was made to correct the abuse, the turkeys were ad-



judged to be in error, and were removed to our camp, and some twenty odd of them were found concealed in the quarters of Company A, undoubtedly put there by the perpetrators of the deed, to avert suspicion from them, and we were made to suffer for them. This vicarious atonement might do for once, but the Colonel didn't want us to suffer again, therefore he ordered the uniform discarded, and we never again had to stand any more than our share of blame for any such *accidents*.

This change of uniforms was disastrously uncomfortable for me, for while the Zouave uniform, having been made for me, fitted me splendidly, the government uniform didn't fit me at all. I was number 90 in the company, and of course had the 90th choice, and when eighty-nine men have been suited out of a lot of one hundred coats and pants, the ninetieth has almost Hobson's choice. The coat that I secured would almost fit me now, and I weigh over seventy pounds more than I did in 1861, but I found it convenient to wear underclothing with. I was compelled to wear the coat, for there was no redress.

I couldn't get a pair of army shoes to fit me, they were all too large, and the day we broke camp and went on board transports at Annapolis, I walked the two miles with the sole of one of my shoes completely worn out, and the sole of the other flapping.

General Orders, No. 15, from Headquarters Coast Division, ordered us aboard the transports Monday, January 6, 1862.* The transports ordered for the First Brigade were side-wheel steamers *New Brunswick*, *New York* and *Guide*; propellers *Vidette*, three guns; *Zouave*, four guns; *Ranger*, four guns, and *Hussar*, four guns; bark *Guerilla*; and schooners *Highlander* and *Recruit*.

For the Second Brigade, side-wheel steamers *Northerner* and *Cossack*; propellers *Lancer*, four guns, and *Pioneer*, four guns; ships *Kitty Simpson* and *Ann E. Thompson*; brig *Draagoon*, and schooner *Scout*.

For the Third Brigade, steamer *Eastern Queen*; propellers *Sentinel*, four guns, and *Chasseur*, four guns; ships *Arrican* and *John Trucks*; barks *Vol-*

*This arrangement of vessels was afterward changed in some particulars, as the exigencies of the service required.

tiquer and *H. D. Brookman*, and schooner *Skirmisher*.

For the transportation of the troops and their material, forty-six vessels were employed, eleven of which were steamers. To these were added nine armed propellers to act as gunboats, and five barges* fitted and armed as floating batteries, carrying altogether forty-seven guns, mostly of small calibre. These formed the army division of the fleet, and were commanded by Commander Samuel F. Hazard.

Monday, January 6, 1862, with about an inch of snow on the ground, and the thermometer eighteen degrees above zero, we started from our camp about 10 o'clock A. M., and marching and waiting about in the Naval Academy yard, we were much chilled when we finally went aboard our vessel at about dark. Tuesday, January 7th, I find myself on the schooner *Highlander*, originally the *Claremont*, of

*One of these barges (canal boats), the *Bombshell*, was converted at New Berne by being lengthened forward, and having some second-hand machinery put into her, into the Army Gunboat *Bombshell*. When the rebels captured Plymouth, N. C., she was among the prizes they got. She came down the Roanoke river with the rebel ram *Albemarle* to attack our fleet in May, 1864, and fell an easy prey to our gunboats, and then she became the Navy Gunboat *Bombshell*.

561 tons, centreboard, built in New Jersey in 1858, for the Southern pine trade. She is very commodious between decks, the tallest man can walk upright; she has wooden bunks along the sides, with beds of straw or seaweed, and two rows of canvas cots on each side, with two passageways thirty inches wide on either side of the vessel; all the bunks were three tiers high. About five hundred of our regiment are on board this schooner, some between decks, and as many more in the lower hold. My company, A, are fortunate in being between decks, and my bunk, numbered 169, is on the starboard side, upper tier, and near the main hatch, decidedly cool, but healthful. Forward between decks on the starboard side is the galley, with large coppers for cooking the rations of the soldiers, and smaller ones for messes for the cabin. On the port side forward was the sink for use of the men, and as it was the only place that smoking was allowed below, it was generally filled with smokers.

The harbor at Annapolis was full of vessels of all sizes, kinds and descriptions: huge sidewheelers, capable of carrying a thousand men; propellers, old

North river hay droghers, looking top heavy ; ships, barks, brigs, schooners, down to little tugs, a formidable looking lot, and manned largely by detached soldiers, one hundred and forty having been sent from the Twenty-third Massachusetts, and ten from my own company. The right wing of our regiment, Companies A, F, D, I and B, is on the schooner *Highlander*, A, F, and part of D, between decks, and the balance below. It is also headquarters here, and we have the Colonel, Surgeon, Adjutant and Quartermaster with us. The left wing is on the propeller *Hussar*, and there we have the Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, Chaplain, Sergeant-Major, and Band. The *Hussar* carries two thirty-pound Parrotts, and two six-pound Wiards, and is to tow us when she can. We nicknamed her the blacksmith-shop.

Wednesday, January 8th, during the afternoon, we are towed into position by the *Hussar*, and Thursday, 9th, at 8 A. M., we all started. We were towed along at about five knots an hour. It came up foggy during the afternoon and compelled us to anchor before midnight. We started Friday, 10th,

in the forenoon, arriving at and anchoring in Hampton Roads before 3 P. M. Saturday, 11th, in the afternoon, I saw a boat preparing to go ashore. Looking her over I saw a chance for a change, and tumbled into her, just as if I was one of the regular crew, and as they were all detailed soldiers, it was hard to tell who belonged in her. I took the bow oar, the easiest of the lot, and away we went. We had a chance to look things over. I saw a very large gun on the beach, either the Floyd or the Union gun; went into the sutler's; looked around for about an hour, and returned to our ship. This was the only boat ashore from our vessel, and I was lucky.

January 11th, this same Saturday, we started after dark, before 12 P. M., still in tow of the *Hussar*, and to help along, made sail on the schooner. Sunday, 12th, when we got outside the Capes, the wind came out dead ahead, freshening every minute. We had to take in all sail, and as we went along the sea was getting higher and higher, the boat was rolling heavily and pitching into it finely, and we making barely a knot an hour. About 4 o'clock P. M., this

Sunday, we were hailed from the *Hussar* and told to cut the hawser. Captain Dayton, master of the schooner, gave orders to make sail. First, we reefed the mainsail, then double reefed the foresail, and loosed the jib, and when these sails were set, one cut severed the hawser, and we were off on our own hook.

By this time all the sailing vessels had been dropped by the towing steamers and left to their own resources, the steamers making for Hatteras Inlet, getting in there Monday, 13th. We had sailed from Fort Monroe with sealed orders, to be opened when well out to sea, which, when opened, were found to direct us to make for and enter Hatteras Inlet. About the time we cut loose from the *Hussar*, we didn't care where we went to. There were five hundred or more of us on board a schooner, very badly adapted for the situation, for she had no centreboard, it having either been lost out of her, or so cramped in her as to be unmanageable, and she rolled and pitched about so that nearly every man was seasick.

During Sunday night the wind went down, we

set all sail, standing off and on until morning, the wind being ahead. In the morning the wind shifted to northeast and increased in velocity. When off Hatteras Cape a squall struck us, blew the flying jib out of the bolt ropes, and nearly capsized us; everything was let go by the run and came down handsomely, except the mainsail, that stuck badly, and the captain of the schooner ran up the rigging, jumped on to the gaff and started it down. With everything down we lay nearly an hour, the boat rolling fearfully and throwing some of the boys out of their berths. Then small sail was made on the vessel, and we, standing on the larboard tack, heading off shore, made a little headway. After a while we wore ship and stood in shore, and about 3 P. M. Monday, 13th, dropped anchor in Hatteras Cove, close to Cape Hatteras, in seven fathoms of water, about one and a half miles from shore, and four or five from the Inlet. We were now comparatively safe, but we had had a fearful experience, and were in great danger, and so had all the fleet.

I had been on deck nearly all the time, making myself useful, and had seen most of the storm. It

was my first appearance at sea, and I wanted to see all that I could of it. I sat on the windlass and felt the bow of the schooner go down, down, till it seemed that she would go over endways, and then I saw the stern go down, and the waves, several mountains high, apparently coming on top of us, and I wanted to go home.

We hung at one anchor in Hatteras Cove, Monday night, and nearly all day Tuesday. Tuesday, P. M., 14th, we dropped another anchor, and payed out more chain and hung until Wednesday morning, 15th, when the wind having gone down, we hove short and set signals for pilot and tug. A tug soon came alongside and ordered us to get under way and make for the entrance to the Inlet, where we will get towed in. The wind was light and baffling, and we did not make much headway, but soon the sidewheeler *Patuxent* took our hawser and started us for the bar. We are hardly well under way when we see a ship's boat, apparently capsized, with men clinging to her. Our boats are lowered at once, and we succeed in picking up eleven men and getting them on board the *Highlander*. Two of the

men are dead, and one was drowned when the boat was capsized. There were twelve in all, and they were from the ship *Ann E. Thompson*. There were the captain and second mate of the ship, and the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, surgeon, quarter-master, and some men of the Ninth New Jersey. They had been in to report the arrival of their vessel, and were swamped in the breakers on the bar coming out. The second mate of the ship was drowned, and the colonel and surgeon of the Ninth New Jersey died on our vessel.

On our left as we go in we see the steamer *City of New York* ashore and breaking up. She was a total loss. She was loaded with ordnance, which was also lost. As we get inside we see the propeller *Zouave* sunk. We learn that she rode over her anchor and knocked a hole in her bottom. She was also a total loss. Astern of us as we are anchored is a schooner on a bar in a sinking condition, flying signals of distress.

Hatteras Inlet is one of those freaks of nature on the coast of North Carolina. It was solid ground, cultivated, bearing figs, grapes, vegetables, and cov-

ered with trees on September 6, 1846, but on the next day it was an entranceway to the sounds, having been cut through by a heavy storm during the night. In 1862, on the bar outside, was some thirteen feet of water, and on the bar inside, called "The Swash," was barely seven and a half feet at high tide.

This place was captured from the Confederates, August 28-29, 1861, by a combined naval and army expedition, under Commodore Stringham and General Butler. Their orders were to destroy the forts and abandon the place, but General Butler recommended that they be held, for the situation was one of great importance. August 30th, Colonel Rush C. Hawkins landed at Hatteras Inlet, and, being the senior colonel present, assumed command. Brigadier-General Reynolds was ordered there from Fort Monroe, to proceed September 14th and take command, but did not go at all, from some reasons about force not to be increased. Brig.-Gen. J. K. F. Mansfield arrived here October 8, 1861, and relieved Colonel Hawkins, and October 13th he was relieved by Brig.-Gen. Thomas Williams, who was

in command when we arrived. This force consisted of Ninth New York, Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, and Battery C, United States Artillery, in all about 1,900 men. General Burnside, on his arrival at Hatteras Inlet, January 13, 1862, by General Orders, No. 1, assumed command of the Department of North Carolina. All the troop ships, except the bark *John Trucks*, had arrived. On her was the D'Epineuil Zouaves, Fifty-third New York. Her luck was hard: she ran ashore in Chesapeake Bay, and arrived at Fort Monroe one day after the fleet had sailed; then she was ten days getting to Hatteras; then anchored several miles from the Inlet. It was ten days more before the colonel could report to General Burnside. Then it was found that she drew too much water to get in over the bar, and finally she was ordered back and landed her troops at Annapolis, Wednesday, February 6th, thirty-four days after she started. Lieutenant-Colonel Monteil, of this regiment, stopped with the forces at Hatteras, and was killed at Roanoke Island.

A return from the Department of North Carolina, for January, 1862, gives the number of troops pres-

ent as 12,829. General Burnside, finding that he could not use so many men to advantage as he had afloat, landed at this point the Sixth New Hampshire, Eleventh Connecticut, and Eighty-ninth New York, also the Rhode Island Battery. He took from the island the Ninth New York.

The General had been deceived as to the depth of the water on the Swash, or he had deceived himself, for while seven and a half feet was all that could ordinarily be carried over at high tide, he had an idea that there was eight and a half feet or more. All of the vessels had to be lightened, and it was not till January 30th that five of the tugs ordered and expected had arrived. Many of the vessels were lightened of everything, even to soldiers, to assist in getting them over. Our schooner one day had two steamers tugging at her, but she couldn't be started. However, the next day, Saturday, January 25th, when it had cleared up, and wind gone down, one tug got us over. We were glad; we had been on short allowance of water and food ever since we had been here. One day, three hardtack for all day; another, one gill of tea, and some days no



water at all. We got so ravenous for water, that once as General Burnside was passing us, in the *Picket*, we swarmed up the rigging, and all hands, as one man, called for water! water! I can't say that it made General Burnside feel any better, but it helped us a great deal.

One day, during a rain storm, I secured the use of a bucket, and with that and my quart dipper, took position under the main boom, and caught the drippings down the mast. I secured two-thirds of a pail full of water. It was fresh, any way, even if it did have a compound flavor of tar and slush, and I managed to get a good drink, as well as a chance to wash my hands, for they needed it sadly. Attempts were made to catch water in sails, but they did not succeed very well. We also went to a steamer that had a condenser, and got several barrels of hot water from her, but we never had water enough. Scarcity of water led to inefficient cooking, and our rice and peas were not half cooked. In fact, after eating split pea soup one day, some of the boys said they could hear them rattle as they jumped about.

While we were lying here, these three weeks or

more, our time was passed in reading, if we had anything to read, playing cards, etc. We were a pretty nice set on board the *Highlander*, but the left wing on the *Hussar* were just horrid, they actually, accidentally, started a barrel of whiskey into the coppers to make tea of, and I suppose would have drank it, had the lieutenant-colonel not discovered it and ordered it thrown overboard; and they gambled for money, too. This horrified the chaplain, and after a visit to the *Highlander*, where he observed the boys playing poker for beans, he, on his return, held us up to the left wing as models of propriety. Perhaps if he had seen the beans settled for, he wouldn't have been so pleased.

On board the schooner *Highlander* were two rifled guns, mounted for use on the vessel. Men were detailed from the various companies on board to drill at these guns, it having been determined to take them ashore and fight them. Among the number detailed was myself, and I was ordered to report to Captain Dayton, of the schooner, for further instructions; but before I had drilled once, it was discovered that there was no field carriage for the piece.

The idea of taking two guns ashore was abandoned, and the crew of one only was drilled in the use of artillery. On board each of the gunboats of the army division some men had been drilled to work the guns, and thus add to the force of the bombardment. One of the most useful of the vessels of the fleet was the sternwheeler *Union*. We nicknamed her the *Wheelbarrow*, and claimed that she wheeled herself over where she couldn't steam; but there were not many of these places, for her draft of water was very small.

At last, the last thing to get ready was ready, and on the morning of February 5, 1862 (Wednesday), we started for Roanoke Island. It was a splendid day; the water was very smooth; the wind was light, and it was comfortably warm. There are with us now fifteen or more gunboats of all kinds; the whole fleet numbering twenty, including the sloop *Granite*, and carrying about fifty-seven guns of all sizes and weights. Beside the troops already mentioned, on the gunboats, both army and navy, are one company,

B, of the Ninety-ninth New York* and some detachments of the New York Marine Artillery. This Ninety-ninth New York is essentially a Massachusetts regiment, Colonel and all, and should have been numbered with its men. We are started. Away ahead, as far as one can see, are gunboats; nearer, is another line of gunboats, then comes our line of transports, the steamer *New York* towing schooners *Highlander*, *Skirmisher* and *S. P. Bailey*; the steamer *New Brunswick* towing schooners *Recruit* and *E. W. Farrington*; steamer *Guide* towing schooners *Sea Bird* and *Emma*; and on the flanks sail the army gunboats, carrying their men as they brought them from Annapolis, and acting as a guard for the fleet.

*The detachment of the Ninety-ninth New York was on navy gunboats; thirty-nine men and a first lieutenant on the *Southfield*, thirty-five men and a second lieutenant on the *Hunchback*, twenty-three men and a first sergeant on the *Morse*. These men joined these gunboats at Fort Monroe, were dressed and drilled as sailors, landed as sailors at Roanoke Island, February 7, 1862, with six boat howitzers, and took part in the engagement February 8th, having three men killed and eleven wounded. The navy has credit for the part taken by these men in the battle of February 8th, although, as shown here, the men were soldiers. These men were relieved in August, 1862, and rejoined their regiment in September of that year.

We went along slowly and smoothly all day, and came to anchor about 5 or 6 P. M. Next morning, Thursday, we start about 8 A. M, and during the afternoon we anchor in sight of the island. It has rained all day, but we have been on deck looking at the scenery, and wondering what will come next. Friday, 7th, at about half-past ten, we get under way, and soon pass the marshes through a very narrow channel, and slowly forge ahead. The gunboats are going for the forts, and about half-past eleven the ball began by a shot from one of our gunboats.

Roanoke Island, right after the fall of Hatteras Inlet in 1861, was occupied by the Third Georgia, under command of Colonel Wright, under orders from General Huger, at Norfolk, and the principal defenses were constructed under General Huger's instructions. September 6, 1861, Colonel Wright sends word to General Huger: "We hope to have seven guns mounted in the Pork Point battery to-night, and will commence on the Weir Point battery so soon as we can get the engineers to look after the work." September 22d, he says: "The Weir Point battery is nearly finished, and I will to-day finish a

field work about six miles below the Weir Point battery, at the causeway, across the marsh on the centre of the island." He further says, under this date of September 22d: "Colonel Shaw's regiment arrived here about mid-day yesterday." About December 1st, the Thirty-first North Carolina replaced the Third Georgia, the latter returning to the Department of Norfolk. The island was under charge of the following officers successively: Brig.-Gen. D. H. Hill; then Brig.-Gen. L. O'B. Branch, finally Brig.-Gen. Henry A. Wise, who reached the island January 6th, and was in command when we got there, but owing to a very severe attack of pleurisy, threatening pneumonia, which confined him to his bed, was unable to be on the field, leaving the immediate command of the island in the hands of Col. H. M. Shaw, of the Eighth North Carolina.

The military defenses of Roanoke Island and its adjacent waters, February 8, 1862, consisted of Fort Bartow (Fort Foster), the most southern of the defenses on the west side of the island; a sand fort covered with turf, having six long thirty-two pounder guns in embrasure, and three thirty-two pounders *en*

barbette, one of which had been rifled and strengthened at the breech like the Parrott gun. Next is Fort Blanchard (Fort Parke), on the same side of the island, about two and a half miles from Fort Bartow, a semi-circular sand fort, turfed, and mounting four thirty-two pounders *en barbette*. Next, on the same side, and about twelve hundred yards from Fort Blanchard, is Fort Huger (Fort Reno), a turfed sand fort, running along the side of the beach, and closed in the rear by a low breastwork, with a banquette for infantry, having eight thirty-two pounders in embrasure, two rifled thirty-two pounders (like that in Fort Bartow) *en barbette*, and two small thirty-two pounders *en barbette* on the right. About three miles below Fort Bartow, on the east side of the island, was a battery of two thirty-two pounder guns, *en barbette*, at a point known as Midgett's Hommock. In the centre of the island, about two miles from Bartow, and a mile from Midgett's Hommock, was a redoubt, or breastwork, thrown across the road, about seventy or eighty feet long, with embrasures for three guns, and here were used the three pieces of field artillery, one a heavy twenty-four pounder boat

howitzer, one a six pounder brass field gun, model 1846, and the other an eighteen pounder brass field gun, a Mexican trophy. There were no caissons with these pieces. On the main land, nearly opposite Fort Huger, was Fort Forrest, mounting seven thirty-two pounders. In addition to these defenses named, was a barrier of piles nearly across Croatan Sound, except that a span of about seventeen hundred yards was open opposite Fort Bartow; and on the other end of the line of piles, near the main land, vessels had been sunk to close up that channel; also a naval fleet of seven small gunboats under Commander Lynch.

The military force upon the island at the time of the commencement of the engagement was the Eighth North Carolina State troops, Thirty-first North Carolina, and three companies of the Seventeenth North Carolina. On the morning of February 7th, General Wise sent from Nag's Head, under Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, of the Fifty-ninth Virginia, a force of about four hundred and fifty men, two companies from the Forty-sixth Virginia, eight companies from the Fifty-ninth Virginia. After much delay they arrived at

the earthwork on the main road at about 6 P. M. On February 8th, the Second North Carolina Battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Green, landed at the north end of the island about 12 M., just in time to be taken prisoners. Major Fry, of the Forty-sixth Virginia, also arrived with four companies of the Forty-sixth Virginia, about one hundred and fifty men, from Nag's Head, too late to be of any use, except to swell the number of prisoners taken.

At about 11.30 A. M. on the 7th of February, the ball was opened by a shot from one of our vessels, and the bombardment became general as the vessels could get into position. The enemy replied from four guns in Fort Bartow that could be brought to bear on us. Our forces moved to the right more, so as to mask one of the guns from which the enemy only fired fourteen shots, and concentrated their fire on the three barbette guns, which was all that they could use. We viewed this engagement from our transports,—sailing transports. Some of the steam transports had gone into the fight with the navy. On these steam transports were companies from the infantry. On the *Hussar* was Company E, of the

Twenty-third Massachusetts; on the *Vidette*, Company C, of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts; on the *Ranger*, Company E, of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, and on the *Pioneer*, some of the Fifty-first New York. The balance of the infantry that was on these gunboats had been removed to the transports, those of our regiment having come aboard the *Highlander* Thursday, 6th, in the afternoon, filling our schooner to overflowing.

During this fight the most cheering sight was the movements of the little sloop *Granite*. With an off-shore wind she sailed back and forth in front of the fort, and in passing each time gave them a shot with her thirty-two pounder. She behaved splendidly, and earned the plaudits so freely bestowed on her. The bombardment continued all day. The troops began to land about 4 P. M. in Ashby's Harbor, on the north side, in front of Haman's house. It was intended that the landing should be made at Ashby's, but a force of the enemy being discovered there, the idea was abandoned, and the troops landed just above. A few shells from the *Delaware* and *Picket* quickly drove the enemy away, and the land-



ing of the troops was unmolested. General Foster, on the *Pilot Boy*, General Reno, with the *Union* and *Patuxent*, and General Parke, on the *Phoenix*, each steamer towing boats filled with men, landed in about twenty minutes over 4,000 men. General Foster's brigade was landed first, but that of General Reno would have got there first, but Reno was ordered to wait, by General Burnside, till the boat howitzers from the navy could be attached to his steamers. While thus waiting, General Foster, on the *Pilot Boy*, passed him. There was hardly a second between the landing of detachments from the regiments of the First Brigade, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts.

The force of the enemy at Ashby's had retreated up the island, as much from fear of being cut off as from fear of the shells from the gunboats, for the road from Haman's struck the main road above where the road from Ashby's did, and there was a swamp between the two, impassable for artillery; and again they had orders to secure the artillery at all events. My company landed after dark, on, it seemed to me, a quaking bog. I had hardly started from the boats,

making for a fire up on the shore, when my right leg went into a bog hole up to my hips. I got out of it, and managed to reach dry land without more mishaps. Our two guns were landed by the *Pilot Boy* about 9 P. M., but only one was hauled ashore, as there were only one gun crew drilled.

I soon found my company, and proceeded to make up my bed with my chum. We were in a cornfield back of the house. We pulled up the stalks, placed them lengthwise between the rows; placed one rubber blanket under us, got up back to back, and pulled the other blanket over us, and went to sleep. We didn't go to sleep, for just then it commenced to rain, and up we got, and I commenced wandering, which continued all night. I got into New York and Pennsylvania regiments, and observed things as well as I could. I finally crawled into a dog kennel that stood in front of the dwelling-house, and thought I had secured dry lodgings for the night, but soon was roused up and out by a strange voice that said, "that's my house." I guess it was his, for I was some distance from my own regiment, and I got out of it, and again wandered. As soon as it

was daylight we got ourselves together and prepared to start off.

By 12 o'clock on the night of the 7th all the troops had been landed, except the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, detained by grounding of the steamer at the marshes. Pickets had been placed around our entire bivouac from the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Tenth Connecticut, and Fourth Rhode Island.

The Eighth Connecticut was left at the landing, deployed north of Haman's house to prevent a flank movement by the enemy on our left, and the Fifth Rhode Island Battalion had been placed at Ashby's to protect the right and rear in conjunction with a boat's crew from the *Delaware*, under Captain DeWolf, who patrolled the shore. There had been, and was, complete co-operation between the army and navy in this whole expedition, and its success was largely owing to the good feeling prevailing.

The Twenty-first Massachusetts had been on picket on the road during the night up to a brook that ran across the roads. When our regiment passed through them, following the Twenty-fifth, I overheard Colonel Maggi tell Colonel Kurtz that one of

their pickets was missing, and one had come in wounded. A few rods beyond them we passed through a brook about to the knees of the short men. We had to wade, and the water was very cold. We marched along about a mile or so when we heard firing. Soon we came into a clearing and saw the Twenty-fifth in action ahead of us, with skirmishers ahead. We fell into column, by division, behind them, advanced when they did, and halted when they did. We were just in range of the bullets, and their song was quite audible.

The enemy had a three gun battery at the further end of a road through and across a swamp. They had cut trees down some sixty or eighty yards across, and five or six hundred yards down the road, making an oblong cleared space into which the road entered at the right hand lower corner, making a sharp turn at once to the left, and running to the upper corner diagonally opposite. At this point they had a turf battery, embrasured for three guns, and in it were a twenty-four pound howitzer on the right, a six pounder brass in the centre, and an eighteen pounder on the left; these three guns completely

covered the road to the turn, but they were not calculated to cover anything else, and were firing in one direction all the time, having no sweep to right or left, at least they didn't use them except down the road, their determination being to keep the road clear at all events ; for the eighteen pounder gun they had only twelve pounder ammunition. They had about 800 men at the battery, deployed on either side and in reserve, and reckoned to hold the fort if we insisted on coming up the road, the marshes on either flank being considered impassable.

After our regiment had for some time been supporting the Twenty-fifth, we were ordered by the right flank across the fire of the guns, into the woods and swamp to try and flank the enemy. We started off, and on entering the woods went across the fire, and here lost several men killed. Company A, my company, right flank, went ahead, and passed through the woods, followed by the balance of the regiment. After a while we came to an open morass, and skirted the woods to our left, keeping close to them, made as fast as we could for the enemy. We were seen as soon as we emerged, and fired on, but

kept going. We were some three hours getting through this swamp.

When the Confederates cut down the trees on their left, they left a strip several rods in width between the clearing in their front and the open morass, and this it was that thus enabled our regiment to get so far to their rear before being discovered, the woods here being very close, with vines and briars intertwined, so that at places it was impossible to pass. Our regiment got far enough to open a raking fire, with four companies on their flank, and Company A got further to the rear under cover of the thicket, and up on to the dry land. While we are doing this the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts in front has been relieved by the Tenth Connecticut. The Twenty-first Massachusetts, Fifty-first New York, and Ninth New Jersey have been pushed along on the right of the enemy in the order named, and the Fifty-first New York is being still further thrown to the left, three companies having got to the left of the Twenty-first Massachusetts when the charge is made.

In the road are six guns from the navy, and our

Twenty-third Massachusetts gun from the *Highlander*. Only two guns are used at a time, as the field is narrow, and the troops are all over it, and even *they* do not continue firing through the action. Our gun does not go into action at all, but is in reserve, with the four navy howitzers.

The Twenty-seventh Massachusetts has assayed to follow the Twenty-third on the right, and following them are the Fourth Rhode Island, while the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, having gone to the left and finding it impossible to advance, had left two companies, and now threw their other eight companies up with the Twenty-seventh. It was at this time that the Ninth New York came on to the field. They were ordered to the right, and two companies, led by Colonel Hawkins, had got out of sight in the woods when the General, seeing that there was confusion in the enemy's forces, ordered them to charge. Major Kimball gallantly led off, but just at this time the Tenth Connecticut, in their gray uniforms, came to their feet, and a volley from the enemy came, and the Zouaves failed to respond. They fell back down the road in confusion, but were soon rallied and ran

up the road making as much noise as though they had driven the enemy. When they got to the battery, there were in it ahead of them some of the Twenty-third Massachusetts from the right, and the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Ninth New Jersey, and Fifty-first New York from the left. The famous charge of the Ninth New York, Hawkins' Zouaves, where they are pictured climbing over the fort and bayoneting the enemy and crying Zou! Zou! never happened, except in the minds of some newspaper reporters and picture makers.

In fact the charging on the battery was not the cause of the retreat anyway, for when the charge was made there wasn't a live Confederate in Fort Defiance that could get away. They left because they were flanked out; while their right flank was occupied with the troops there, the Twenty-third Massachusetts had succeeded in getting so far to their left rear as to threaten their capture, and they ran. Their left wing went first. I have a letter from Col. J. M. Whitson, now living on Roanoke Island, who was then captain in the Eighth North Carolina, and in charge of the company on the right flank of the

breastwork, in which he says: "Hearing some confusion to our left, I looked, and found that all the troops, except my company, had left the works. I had not heard the order to retreat, but now gave it. I was slightly wounded in the leg while getting away." This battery was on what the Confederates called Suple's Hill, but there is no hill there; it is simply a piece of dry ground, and called Suple's Hill, from the fact that a man named Suple once lived some rods north of it. This fort was built on the edge of an open swamp, which to-day remains as open as it was in 1862. The earthwork is plain, the ditch is there, but the briars and vines have grown right down to the inside edge of the earthwork.

At one time when we were well into the swamp, with the thicket on the left, I heard a voice seemingly close to us give the order, "Cease firing." Then I heard cheering; soon the firing began again. This order was given by one of the enemy, and we were then on their flank. In General Wise's report to Jefferson Davis, President, etc., dated July 13, 1862, he says: "And until the enemy advanced under a white flag, firing at our men as they cheered a sup-

posed surrender." This must have been what I heard, and it is evident that the enemy had not got acquainted with the white State flag of Massachusetts. I find the account of this order to cease firing and the cheering in a letter that I wrote home in February, dated February 14th.

This engagement was fought by the three subordinate Generals, they acting with perfect co-operation. General Burnside in his report says: "I beg leave to say that I must refer you almost entirely to the reports of my brigadier-generals for an accurate knowledge of their movements during the day, as the face of the island precluded the possibility of any general oversight of operations on the field." General Burnside was at or near the Haman house sending up reinforcements, ammunition, etc.

It is to be remembered that there was not a horse landed, and all the movements were directed on foot, and ammunition, etc., carried by hand; although many regiments are mentioned as being in action, the field was so small, and the obstacles so many, that only a part of each got into action; the Twenty-third Massachusetts firing from four companies im-

mediately on the flank of the enemy; the Twenty-seventh could only fire one company at a time, both the flanks being partly covered by troops; the Ninth New Jersey, Tenth Connecticut, and those on our left, Twenty-first Massachusetts, Fifty-first New York, etc., all lapping each other. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts unfortunately arrived on the battle-field too late to take part in the action. Two companies were detailed to carry ammunition forward from the landing, and the other seven went on with General Foster to the upper end of the island, the Twenty-third being immediately behind them. On the way up two companies of the Twenty-fourth were detached to go along the shore and bring in prisoners, who were reported escaping.

This was a most tiresome march of a half-dozen miles, more or less; the road was strewn with *impedimenta* thrown away by the retreating enemy. We soon passed a cross road on which one gun or more had been placed ready for action, and I thought another fight was coming off. We expressed the opinion that "Burnie" was doing this, not by the day, but by the job, but we pressed on and soon

heard the news that they had surrendered to General Foster. I was glad for one. I was satisfied that they knew what was best for them. While we had been doing this, other troops had gone to the camp of the Thirty-first North Carolina (our camp being that of the Eighth North Carolina), and accepted their surrender, and others had gone to the forts and taken possession of them. "All the guns, excepting the three field pieces in the inland battery, had been spiked, and other ineffectual attempts made to render them unserviceable. Six of them were spiked with rat-tail files; the remainder with wrought-iron spikes and nails. They were all loaded, some with several shot wedged, and others with charged shells unfused and inverted, so arranged as to explode in the gun if fired." These were all removed without accident, and the guns made serviceable in a short time. The total number of cannon captured was forty-two. About 1,500 muskets were preserved, of those taken, the troops being armed also with fowling pieces, sporting rifles, etc. The guns preserved were of smooth-bore pattern, made at Harper's Ferry in 1832, and altered

from flint locks. The number of prisoners surrendered was between 2,500 and 3,000, many escaping by boats, etc., to Nag's Head, where was General Wise, who was carried off in a wagon, being unable to ride or walk. The enemy's loss, in addition to those surrendered, was killed, 23; wounded, 58; missing 62; total, 143. Our loss was killed, 37; wounded, 214; missing, 13; 264 in all.

The position of the battery was apparently a strong one; coupled with their opinion that the swamp and marsh on either side were impassable, was the fact that there was no other road leading up the island, and therefore they could not be flanked; and they had a force at the work sufficient to have caused great slaughter, had their idea of the situation been the true one. The Confederates speak of their left being guarded by a marsh, and their right by a swamp, but to any one not acquainted with the nomenclature it might be all swamp or all marsh; it was all water.

The news of this victory was very cheering to the North, coming, as it did, about the time of the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. It was very

depressing to the South. This victory gave us a good foothold in North Carolina, and it put us right at the back door of Norfolk, and virtually compelled the evacuation of that place. May 3d, Gen. R. E. Lee writes to Gen. T. H. Holmes at Goldsborough, N. C. : "I must explain to you that it is in contemplation to withdraw the troops from Norfolk." General Wise says about Roanoke Island : "It was the key to all the rear defenses of Norfolk." "It should have been defended at the expense of 20,000 men and of many millions of dollars."

That night, Saturday, 8th of February, the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts was ordered to do guard duty, and our regiment and the Twenty-fifth turned in. We were assigned to some of the log barracks. There wasn't bunks enough for all, therefore I had the floor. I was wet, wet since landing Friday night, supplemented with some three hours in the wettest water in the marsh; but I was tired, and spreading my rubber blanket down to keep us from falling through the cracks in the boarding, my chum and I nestled up to each other, *dos a dos*, covered ourselves with the other "gum," and surrendered to old

"balmy." I woke up in the night shaking all over, but went to sleep again until four in the morning, when I got up, went to the cook-house and found some of the boys enjoying coffee and fresh pork. I retain a pleasing memory of the camp: as one stood at the eastern end and looked west, on the left were the large, log barracks of the men; on the right, the smaller well constructed huts of the officers, and down the middle a row of four wells, with sweeps, the water in which tasted to us deliciously. We don't get any rations for several days, *i. e.*, any Union rations; we grub along as best we can. I find a wash-bowl which I fasten to myself for fear it will wander off and get lost, and this I find to be a whole household of tools. When I turn out, I wash face and hands in it; then rinsed out, I use it to mix flapjacks in, flapjacks compounded of Confederate flour, lard and water, cooked on a spade, and sugared with Confederate brown sugar. While these were cooking I was making coffee. I had fastened to a pint coffee-pot, found a coffee-mill nailed to a tree, and also some roasted coffee, which was not all coffee, but half sweet potatoes cut up into small cubes, the

size of a coffee berry, and roasted with the coffee. With this combination and a strong right hand I lived two or three days, till our Quartermaster found time to get some of Uncle Sam's rations ashore ; our Quartermaster in the meanwhile having got a severe reprimand from Colonel Kurtz for not attending to his duty better. Besides the uses named, that wash-bowl did duty as a wash-tub for washing shirts, etc. It was a combination utensil, without being patented.

We are on this island nearly a month, the General busied in sending off the prisoners paroled, capturing towns on Albermarle Sound, and stirring things up generally. Our Quartermaster hears of a schooner of perhaps fifty tons hid up Alligator river ; he gets permission to go for her on the *Hussar*. Captain Alexander and Company E go along ; they find her up a creek covered by bushes, and start down with her. Near the mouth of the Alligator they meet a gunboat of ours coming to them bristling with guns, run out, ready for action. The true condition of affairs is soon explained, and the vessels arrive safely at Roanoke Island. The schooner's name was *Cornelia Dunkirk*, but we called her the

Gideon, and *Gideon* she was known as, so long as she lived, which was several years after the war, she being used as a government freighter, and she ended her days sunk as a wharf boat at Hatteras Inlet. *Gideon* was derived from the famous song of "Gideon's Band," sung aboard the *Highlander*. I recollect some of it, which will illustrate its classical beauty :

The *Highlander* is the Gideon's pet,
She took us through this damned inlet,
She belongs to Gideon's Band.

Here's to the Surgeon of our wing,
Its worth five dollars to hear him sing,
He belongs to Gideon Band, etc., etc.

Thursday, March 6th, we went on board the *Highlander*; Friday, 7th, had a cold northeast snow storm; Saturday, 8th, it was clear but cold. We lay on board vessels until Tuesday, 11th, when we started down the sound in tow of steamer *New York*, but the wind being fair, we cast off from her and sailed for the rendezvous at Hatteras Inlet, where we arrived about dark; we remained here till next morning, Wednesday, 12th. Here we got a

mail from home, and started for New Berne. We anchored in the Neuse river, off Slocum's Creek, sixteen miles below New Berne, and lay there till Thursday, P. M., our wing of the regiment landing about 2 o'clock. While we were at Roanoke Island, the Eighty-ninth New York and Sixth New Hampshire were brought from Hatteras Inlet, and with the Ninth New York were designated to be left to garrison the island. The Eleventh Connecticut and Belger's Battery of Light Artillery were aboard ship to go with the force to New Berne; and the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania and the Company of First Artillery were to be left at Hatteras Inlet for a garrison, although a portion of this company having been used to man two thirty-two pounder field howitzers, for which horses and harnesses had been issued within a month, were taken along for light artillery.

The light artillery was not taken ashore at all, the guns ashore being the naval boat howitzers, and a gun each from the *Cossack* and *Highlander*, and these were hauled by hand, the soldiers pulling, and were got up very late at night, our regiment marching

along through the bivouac some time after dark, our company, A, hauling a gun and singing :

Come along, boys, and march to New Berne,
Up to your knees in mud.

The next day, 14th, was the day of the battle, and our gun from the *Highlander* opened the ball on our side, and was alone in action long enough to fire between ten and twenty rounds before the others came up.

An account of the battle of New Berne does not come within the bounds of this paper.



PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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BATTERY D,
FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY,

AT THE

SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

BY

J. ALBERT MONROE,

[Late Colonel First Rhode Island Light Artillery.]

PROVIDENCE:

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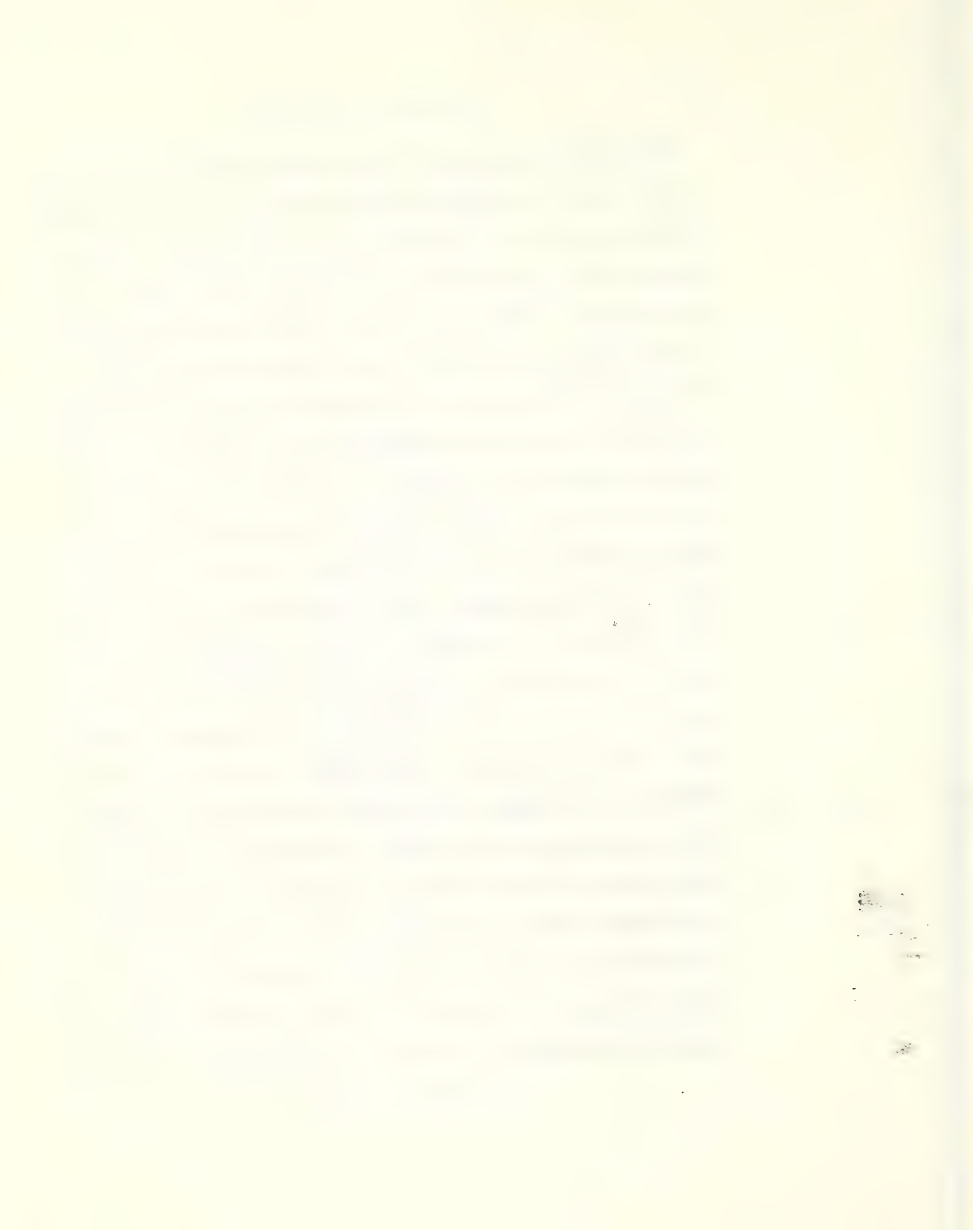
BECAUSE I write and talk of Battery D, it should not be inferred that that battery, in my eyes, was the only one in the army during the Rebellion, or that I desire either to exaggerate its services or make it conspicuous above others.

I would, if I could, tell of every battery engaged in battle during the war, whether of the regular or volunteer force, and particularly of the batteries of the regiment our State sent into the field, but that I cannot do, for the very good reason that I do not know of their experiences individually in battle.



The only engagement I ever participated in with a single battery, excepting Groveton and several small affairs, such as skirmishes, etc., where I had any responsibility, was that of "The First Bull Run," with Battery A. That experience I gave in the first paper I read before the society more than ten years ago.* With the exception of Generals Barry and Hunt, probably no single individual had better or more ample opportunities than I during the war to observe, to study, and to become acquainted with the light artillery of the North, for, having served in three different army corps and in the reserve artillery in the field, besides having organized and conducted the artillery camp of instruction at Washington, D. C., to which most of the new batteries were sent for equipment and drill, as well as many disabled ones from the front, a very large number came under my observation. Considered as a whole, the light artillery of our army was about all that could have been hoped for in the way of efficiency, and more than could have been expected under the circumstances. No arm of the service calls for greater intelligence, capacity and judgment on the

* See FIRST SERIES, No. 2.



part of a commanding officer than the light artillery. A battery commander should possess not only executive ability, but he should be mentally qualified, as well as naturally inclined, to acquire a familiarity with every detail of the material under his charge—guns, carriages, implements, harnesses, etc., and possess the qualifications requisite to impart his knowledge to others, that he may instruct his men so that they may have as intimate and perfect knowledge of the objects and purposes of everything with which he comes in contact in the line of duty as he himself possesses.

Drivers should be as good cannoniers as drivers, and the cannoniers should be as much at home with the horses and harnesses as with the guns. Generally this was the case with our batteries, though the duties of cannoniers and drivers are distinct, and each habitually performs his prescribed duties or fills his own particular place. In a gun detachment each man in an efficient battery must be able promptly to fill the position occupied by any other man. When it is considered that a gun detachment, including the sergeant, under the old artillery system, consists

of sixteen men, and that every position calls for special training, the exercise of discretion, cool judgment, and at critical times quick, intelligent decision, some idea may be formed of the labor of a battery commander in the matter of instruction alone. Were this all that he had to do, the position might be filled creditably by many who have failed when the great responsibilities incident to an engagement have been thrust upon them. Not only must he be a capable instructor, but he must have a quick eye to determine at a glance if every part of his command, material as well as personnel, is in place, is in order, and ready for work. He must be correct in the estimation of distances, have the faculty for selecting advantageous positions for his guns almost intuitively, without laborious and time-losing inspection of the field. He should have all the dash and impetuosity of a cavalry leader, all the coolness of an infantry commander, for at times he must throw his pieces forward like a whirlwind to the very front line and fling his iron hail into the ranks of the enemy, where their success or reverse is just on the balance, or, if the onslaught is irre-



sistible, he must know, to the very last moment, how long he can hold his position and deliver his fire with safety. This is the time that tries his mettle. He sees the line of the enemy rapidly advancing, gap after gap in the hostile line, torn out by his shot and shell, filled as if men sprang out of the ground for the purpose of mocking him. On they come until his canister rattles forth from his pieces like rain. The gaps in the advancing line in his front increase in frequency, but they are no less frequently filled, and the new men appear to be fresher and more determined than the others. Then he knows that the escape of his command depends upon how much punishment he can inflict, how much weakness he can cause up to the very moment that he must get away.

Wavering in mind for a single second then, indecision for an instant at the supreme moment, will prove to be his destruction, the severe crippling, if not the entire loss of his entire command. If he leaves a minute too soon the enemy quickly reaches the position he has occupied, comparatively fresh, and pours into him a destructive fire as he hastens with his ex-

hausted men to the rear. If he uses that important minute to hurl canister from pieces well depressed, the enemy reaches the position he has abandoned, exhausted, torn and bleeding, and while he is gathering himself together, the self-contained, well-manned battery may seek cover with comparative leisure.

Considering all this, it is marvelous that our volunteer artillery proved so efficient, so reliable as it did. Our best volunteer batteries were not a whit behind those of the regular army in action, though in camp and on the march the latter generally gave evidence of better management and better discipline. Still there were exceptions even in these respects. The value of the light artillery in the army as a factor in the suppression of the Rebellion, has never been accorded that credit to which it is entitled. Yet there does not seem to have been a disposition on the part of any writer to belittle its service. In nearly all Southern literature pertaining to the Rebellion, the authors have described in detail the movements of particular batteries in connection with the cavalry and infantry, and, so far as my observation goes, with great accuracy.

Our Northern historians, when it has been necessary to mention the artillery, have not been so painstaking, and have generally only incidentally mentioned that "a battery here or there" did so and so, ignoring entirely what particular battery it was or who commanded, unless, indeed, it was a regular battery, and in that case it is designated by its commanding officer's name. The exceptions are comparatively few, and they seem to be accidental, rather than intentional.

I frankly admit that my reading of "war literature" has been restricted more to what has come in my way than what I have sought. Still it has been sufficient to note the marked contrast between the honorable mention of infantry and cavalry with that of light artillery batteries. Though it is freely recorded that batteries, or a battery, were brought into action at this or that juncture, it is stated in such general terms that it seems as if this was but a matter of course, and that they were merely following out a line of duty marked out by a general officer, which called for no special mention; whereas, no unit in the entire organization of the

army was more independently moved by its commanding officer, without orders from superior authority, than that of a light battery. Light artillery is an adjunct only in military operations, but there never was a general action since it was first introduced when it was not a very important adjunct, and there have been cases where the whole tide of battle turned upon its efficient work, of which many examples might be cited. But I have already dwelt too long upon this subject, which could be extended to the length of a paper.

The "Second Bull Run" battle actually commenced with what is popularly known as the "Battle of Groveton." Southern officers have called this "Gainesville," but it really took place between the two hamlets. This was in the evening of Aug. 28, 1862. The battle continued four days, ending with Chantilly, where General Kearney was killed, September 1st. August 31st was a sort of breathing day for both armies. Nearly all, if not all, writers have chosen to designate the battles of these four days as Gainesville, Groveton, Second Bull Run or Manassas, and Chantilly. Others, as Groveton the 28th of

August, Second Bull Run, 29th and 30th, and Chantilly, September 1st.

In giving the experience of Battery D at Second Bull Run, it is proper to commence with Groveton, August 28th, and in so doing it is unavoidable to repeat what has been narrated in the paper entitled *Incidents of the War*, read before the Society, in two parts, several years ago. Groveton was an unanticipated action, an accident more than anything else, but it was a brilliant one, terrific and fierce.

"The conflict here was fierce and sanguinary." The "Federals maintained their ground with obstinate determination," says General Jackson. "It was one of the most terrific contests that can be conceived," says General Taliferro. The bare memory of such a contest is glorious, and sets one's blood tingling with pride that he was a participant in it. Its lines of blazing fire so close together that, looking at the contesting infantry partially in flank, they seemed to mingle and to be almost lost in one sheet of flame, lighting with lurid glow the faces of both friend and foe. We were moving from the vicinity of Warrenton, the common understanding being that

our objective point was Manassas or Centreville, and had passed Gainesville, when the column halted, for the skirmishers on the left flank had begun to feel something. We regarded this only as a slight, temporary affair, that would pass off with a few shots at bushwhackers or guerillas, and at an intimation from Gen. Rufus King that a bite would be acceptable, our mess cook and Dick furnished a lunch, of which we all partook. The firing continued, but in a desultory sort of way, and I left the party before the meal was finished to see what was going on at the front. I came near to getting into such a predicament that the Society never would have had this paper in its archives, for, before aware of it, I was directly on the skirmish line, and was brought to my senses by an infantry officer calling, "Don't you see that fellow in the grass there drawing a bead on you?" A puff of smoke and the click of a bullet as, in passing, it struck a buckle or some other piece of metal attached to my horse equipments, verified the officer's warning as well as proved the poor marksmanship of the Johnny even at short range. A friendly haystack was near, and I immediately rode behind it and

to the rear. Turning into the road, I again started for the front, riding towards Groveton. Very soon I came across Major Tillson, of the Maine Light Artillery, placing a gun in position, and in his front I saw a large body of the enemy massed in what appeared to be a break in the timber. They seemed to be packed together as one sees men at a huge mass meeting. It was evident that we were in for it, and I hastened back to the battery, which started at a quick trot for a knoll that I had observed and which appeared to be a good position. As the leading carriage reached the foot of the knoll an officer rode rapidly toward me from its top, saying, "For God's sake, Captain, get out of this; they are putting a battery right on this hill." I lost no time, for I could see the horses of the rebel artillery above me, and we turned back to the road, the drivers using whip and spur with all their might and main. We took cover in the road, where timber skirted both sides of it for a short distance. We were very uncomfortable here, for the battery that had stolen the hill from us knew our position, and at less than six hundred yards range sent its shot and shell crashing

through the trees and over them, exploding their shells directly above us. We were where we could do nothing, and I determined to run the gauntlet of fire that swept over the open road beyond the timber we were in, to another copse that would afford more shelter, and at the same time probably an opportunity to get our guns into action; therefore, the necessary order was given, and the battery passed over the space intervening at a sharp gallop. This movement resulted in very few, if any, casualties to the men, but a shot struck the stock of one of the caissons, disabling it. To prevent its capture by the enemy it was blown up by Lieutenant Parker. It had now grown quite dark, and the opposing lines were easily traced by the sheets of flame and flashing powder-ash pouring from each, while the positions of their batteries were as plainly discernible. The ground the battery had secured appeared in the darkness to be unfavorable for the use of all the guns; therefore, two were posted in the road, where they had a flank fire upon both the infantry and artillery of the enemy. A captain of one of the rebel batteries engaged here told me several years after

that the guns away off to his left, which he had understood were those of a Rhode Island battery, inflicted terrible punishment upon him, and that he lost more heavily in men, horses and material than in any one action of the war. Considering that we had but two guns in position, this was a high compliment to the efficiency of Battery D. Before or about nine o'clock the action was over. General Gordon says: "The contest ended at nine at night. Its close was terrific. Fire leaped in waves from the musket's mouth, and men saw in the darkness the angry flame; bullets filled the air or struck with heavy thud a living mark, and men heard the cruel sound; but neither fire, scream nor blow, nor the presence even of almost certain death, appalled the Federal lines."

This language, vivid as it is, does not fully paint the scene, nor could any language depict it. It can only be imagined, even, by those who have been under galling fire. Men standing at arm's length, as it were, figuratively speaking, giving and taking, life for life, each resolute and determined, ceasing action only from sheer exhaustion, which was as com-

plete upon one side as upon the other. Each held his own with a determination as conspicuous as ever inspired a song of Spartan courage. The loss of the battery had not been severe. No one was killed, so far as we could learn, but there were three missing, and one, Sergeant Andrews, was severely hurt by his own horse; besides these we had the loss of the caisson. After midnight commenced the movement for the ground upon which the Second Bull Run battle took place. We made a long detour, which, I think, even at this day, I could identify on the ground, but which I have been unable to trace on the maps which have been made of the territory covered by these operations. We reached the "Henry House" plateau some time early in the afternoon, and rested for quite a space of time, although the battle was going on in our front and at some distance to our right as we faced westerly. We performed some evolutions here, more for the purpose of occupying the minds of the men than anything else; in fact, we had a regular field drill on a battle-field, and one involving the most difficult of battery manœuvres.

The men, undoubtedly, thought this a most singular thing to call upon them for a drill in the direct presence of the enemy, but I wanted to know by experience how "steady" they could contain themselves with the immediate prospect of coming under fire. The result was satisfactory, and I would not have hesitated to march through the whole Confederacy with those men.

Toward night we were ordered to a position on the ground between the "Stone House" and the Dogan place, north of the Warrenton turnpike. We went into position on the low ground below Bald Hill, on the summit of which, and in our rear, were several batteries. We opened fire upon the enemy, the batteries in our rear firing over us. These batteries cut their fuses so short that their shells burst over us and we were forced to move to the rear to escape destruction from our friends. As we reached the top of the hill and went into position again, General Siegel, whose command occupied this ground to which we had been ordered, either through mistake or somebody's freak, said to me, "What you come back for?" I replied: "Your batteries

are hurting memore than the enemy." He answered, "I thought you could not stay there. I saw their shells burst over you."

As we went into battery a shot from the enemy struck one of our guns, but beyond a scar no damage was done, yet it was a narrow escape for the men about the piece. We were sadly worn by several days' heavy work, and when we laid down after having performed all our duties we slept the sweet and quiet sleep that tired nature requires, although within a few hundred yards of the enemy. Early in the morning we went into battery in the rear of the Dogan house, a fine position, that commanded an extensive plain of bottom land, heavy timber skirt-ing its further limit at the west of us. We had but little to do except to keep in readiness for immediate work, for in case the enemy drove our infantry from the timber and across the low plain in our front, we would be able to deliver a murderous fire upon him. A personal inspection of the plain was made in order to ascertain if it would be advisable to take the battery there, but it resulted only in ascertaining that it was no position for a battery, for the

enemy's bullets were peppering the ground, and there was no possibility of getting at him except at great risk to our own men (infantry). We were much amused early in the afternoon by the appearance of a battery in column, the captain of which asked why I did not place my guns on the plain below us. The reason was explained, but he evidently thought the reason given a poor one, for he took his command through the intervals of Battery D and went into battery several hundred yards in our front. Probably there was a lull in the fire of the enemy when he reached the position he thought advisable to take, and he gave a contemptuous look in our direction as he gave the order, "In battery!" The order was neatly executed, but the horses had scarcely come to a halt when I heard, "Limber to the rear! Caissons left about, march!" and in a jiffy the battery came toward us at a trot. The captain had found the bullet shower.

A shell came over to us occasionally, but we did not mind them, fearing that we might jump out of the frying-pan into the fire if we changed position, and not be able to be of much service if our infantry was driven out of the timber.

We had some casualties, however, losing several horses and one of the most efficient men of the battery, William Oaks, who was hit in the shoulder by a fragment of shell. In the form of parenthesis I will say what often has been said before, that such a position is one of the most trying to which men can be subjected. I have heard the remark, "The regiment was not in the fight; it only lay still all day and did not fire a shot."

Perhaps it did not, but if it occupied ground to which shot, shell and bullets came from the enemy and over the heads of our engaged line, it required nerve on the part of every individual member of the regiment to hold the command in position. The retreat of one man, who possessed the confidence and respect of the majority of a company, would stam pede the regiment.

The men of Battery D passed the long hours in inactivity, exposed all the time to a desultory fire, which occasionally disabled a man or a horse. We were armed with smooth-bore, twelve-pounder guns, which I believe is the most efficient arm known to the world even to this day, in the hands of skilled

men, for open field work. If the battery had been one of rifled guns, fire could have been directed upon the enemy over our infantry in the timber, and the men's time would have been spent in activity and their minds occupied with work. But situated as we were, with guns of limited range and the chances that our position might prove to be of inestimable value, there was nothing to do but to stand and take whatever came along. About four o'clock in the afternoon, according to my recollection, an officer of General McDowell's staff, whom I recognized, rode up hastily and ordered the battery up on the hill near the Lewis house, indicating the locality with his hand, and added, "For God's sake, hurry up, for they are massing in our front there." The guns were moved quickly as possible, and Lieutenant Parker followed promptly with the caissons, losing one by the breaking of a pole, considerable confusion already having set in.

We went into battery in a hot place, where the bullets were coming thick and fast and bursting shells apparently almost filling the air. There were batteries to the right of us and to the left of us, vomit-

ing fire and smoke and destruction to the enemy. We were well supported by infantry, for they were in a sunken road in our front and there were two lines in our rear. We fired solid shot, shell and shrapnel, but apparently to no purpose. Shrapnel began to burst over us and it came down like hail. As it struck the ground it was like the falling of pebbles into the sea when thrown up by the hand.

Lieutenant Harkness's horse was shot, and in falling injured the lieutenant's ankle so that he was obliged to go to the rear. Lieutenant Fiske's horse was wounded and disabled. The horse the captain was mounted upon was hit in the breast by a shell, and the remount was so wounded that another had to be secured. The guidon staff was shattered in pieces, and the flag itself, now in the archives of this Society, was riddled. Its bearer, Samuel Oglesby, dismounted from his horse, picked up the pieces of the staff, and waved the flag as if defying the enemy to come on. A general officer, a man crazy under the excitement of the occasion, rode into the battery, hollered, and made all sorts of exuberant manifestations, which would have been amusing if the situa-

tion had not been so serious. I would not refer to him particularly had he not, in an official report, somewhat reflected unpleasantly, to say the least, upon the command, although he did not give its name. Of this officer it has been written: "It often happens in this world that he who clamors most for recognition of heroic service is the most deceived as to the quality of his heroism. Milroy's achievements, as he officially reported them, were grandly heroic; while, as they were seen by others, they were the furious frenzies of a madman." (Gordon, p. 397.)

"Milroy's manner was very much excited, so much so as to attract attention of all present, and to induce many to inquire who that was that was rushing about so wildly and what he wanted." (Buchanan's correspondence with McDowell.)

"He (Milroy) does not hesitate, in his report, to censure the 'brass battery,' which he did not order to its station, and had no authority to command to remain or to depart, to fight or cease fighting, for taking advantage of his absence to withdraw." (Gordon, page 397.)

The infantry in our front broke and went pell-mell through us, but the battery stood firm and threw canister with all the rapidity that trained, desperate and determined men could effect. The infantry in the rear broke, still the battery held its ground, and it was not until the Johnnies were in among the guns that it ceased firing, and by extraordinary skill of the men went to the rear in safety. It was the only battery on that line that escaped intact, without the loss of a gun. The behavior of the battery, witnessed by many observers, called forth unbounded expressions of praise.

A few years ago I heard an officer tell how he and others saw the battery withdraw from its position and the same night that he told his story I wrote it, as nearly as possible, in his own language. Afterwards I submitted it to him, requesting that he would make corrections, if any were necessary. He assured me that it was perfectly correct. He is present in the audience and can tell you what a sight it was.* The story was as follows :

* Lieut. Pardon S. Jastram, Battery E (Randolph's Battery), First Rhode Island Light Artillery.

"The heat of the battle was over on the right of our line, at the Second Bull Run, and we were watching the movements of the troops away up on the plains at the top of the hill by the Lewis house, or where it had formerly stood.

"Kearney was there with us and several other general officers, as well as a large number of officers and men of the line, all watching with breathless interest the operations of the contending lines clearly exposed to our view, save where a clump of timber hid a portion of the rebel line and concealed what was going on. There was a line of our batteries supported by infantry all heavily engaged in an effort to repel a determined attack that the enemy's artillery and infantry were making.

"It was evident Lee had concentrated his efforts upon this point, and that he proposed to carry it by hurling all his available force against it. It was so plain, from our standpoint, that he would be successful, that Kearney remarked: 'You will see a second stampede from this field before night.' Slowly the rebel line advanced, and rapidly the rebel artillery poured shot, shell and shrapnel into the Union lines,

which stood steady and unbroken, but all aglow from the rapidity of the fire streaming from it, which had a sulphurous hue as seen through the enveloping smoke which rose in the air and floated away in great clouds. Guns were served, as it seemed, they never were before. It appeared as if the heavens would be rent in twain by the thunders of the artillery and the discharge of the small arms on both sides combined. The rebel line never faltered but continued to move on, notwithstanding the deadly havoc in its ranks. Finally came the charge, and, with yells that rang out clearly over the space between them and us, they impetuously dashed upon the apparently firm immovable line before them. The quickened fire of the artillery told that they were throwing canister with all their might and main, and that if human power, so far as those men were concerned, could stem the approaching crest of glittering steel, they would do it. It looked as if it was an impossibility for any living force, however determined, to advance through that storm of iron and lead, but the rebel line wavered for a moment only, then it gathered its strength again almost in the very second that it ap-

peared about to lose it, and with renewed ardor swept on.

"Our advanced line of infantry, occupying a sunken road in front of the artillery, broke and rushed pell-mell through the intervals between the guns and limbers; and the second line, just behind the limbers of the batteries, joined them in their mad race to the rear and down the hill. Double canister went from the well-served guns, and great gaps appeared in the hotly charging line, but it was only for a few seconds, for in that brief space of time they were in among the guns and gunners, the latter seeking safety in precipitate retreat. There was nothing else to do except to remain and become prisoners. The guns were silent; they could hardly be seen on account of the great number of the enemy in among them. The drivers hastily mounted the horses of the limbers, and making a short left-about, hurried away with the fleeing cannoneers.

"Not so, however, the limbers of one battery. Like lightning they dashed forward towards their pieces, and almost in the twinkling of an eye they emerged from the confusion in an unbroken line with

a light twelve-pounder attached to every one of them, the captain of the company proudly riding before, wildly waving his sword. It was a bold movement and evidently one that the enemy had not anticipated, and so quickly had it been executed, he did not have time to realize it until the guns were beyond his reach. Except the men with these guns, not a Union soldier nor a Union command of any kind, save in hasty retreat, could be seen on that, the south side of the Warrenton turnpike, while the rebel lines continued to increase in extent and to advance as rapidly as formations could be made.

"Our interest was centered in the battery, now all alone, entirely without support, and all expected to see it gallop to the rear and join the general stampede.

"To our infinite surprise, after advancing two hundred or three hundred yards to the rear, the captain again went into battery, as if, single-handed, to defy the whole center of the rebel army. The assurance of the battery commander, his effrontery and impudence were as much of a surprise to the rebels apparently as to us, and they seemed to be staggered

for a few minutes, as if in doubt whether or no our lines had reformed and were about to advance again. Their doubts were soon dispersed, and then they charged with such a dashing, impetuous rush that, apparently, the battery could by no possibility escape. Again the horses and limbers plunged wildly forward and it seemed as if the pintle-hooks of the limbers actually shot into the lunettes of the trails of the gun-carriages. Before the charging line reached the ground that the guns stood upon and fired from, the battery was moving away at a sharp trot. It looked as if the battery captain was playing and trifling with the enemy, for when he reached the crest of the hill leading down into the valley he went into battery again to pay a parting compliment to the Johnnies, but he failed to surprise them for a third time and they resumed their formation for a charge. The captain saw his danger, and without firing a shot he limbered to the rear and coolly moved down the hill, where he was lost to our sight.

"Several of us were light artillery officers, and we knew from our own experience on the drill-ground and under fire what skill must have been exercised

by the battery commander in training his men and horses to enable him to handle his battery like a plaything in the face of overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and to take what would have been enormous and unpardonable risks with a command not almost absolutely perfect in drill and discipline."

Such was the manner Battery D retreated from its position at the Second Bull Run battle.

The records at the Adjutant-General's office, State of Rhode Island, contains the following, as shown in a report made by Capt. J. Albert Monroe in September, 1862, of recent losses of Battery D:

AUGUST 28, 1862.

Prisoners—Henry W. Pratt,
Daniel W. Hopkins,
George E. Arnold.

Wounded—Sergeant R. H. Andrews.

AUGUST 30, 1862.

Killed—Corporal George A. Eldred,
" Otis F. Hicks,
Hugh Doran.

Wounded—W. S. Cushing, wounded in the leg;
Thomas Davis, wounded in the face;
William A. Oakes, wounded in the shoulder;
Charles A. Sheldon, wounded in the leg.

Overcome by Exertion and Sick—

Corporal E. R. Knight,

Willett A. Johnson.

Besides these there was a large number of slight casualties, which might have been taken advantage of by the injured men to escape duty had they been less true than they were.

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